Saturday Review

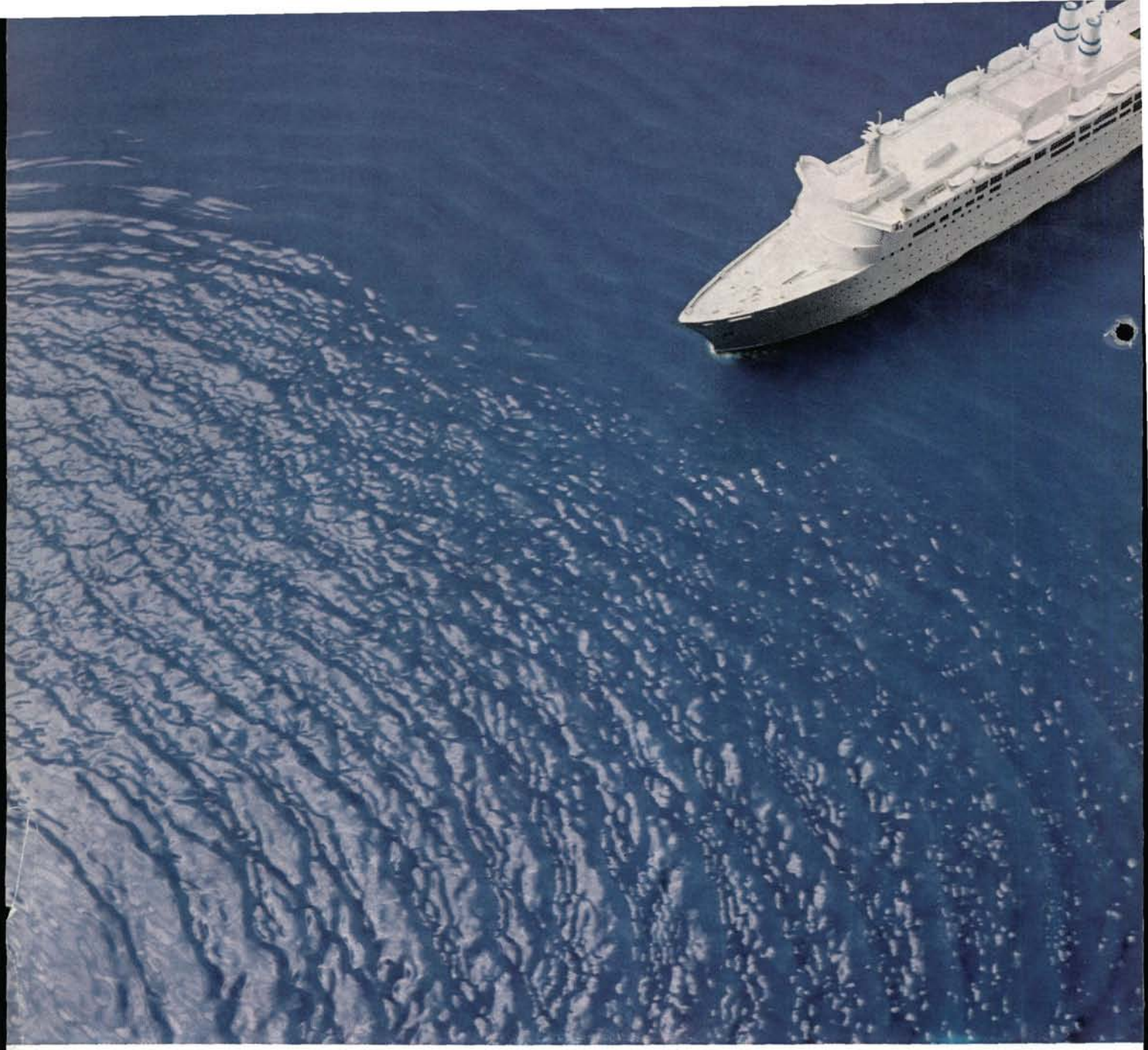
November 9, 1963 25¢

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK SU

MRS BOWER ALY
2210 E UNIVERSITY
URBANA ILL
399-360-430
S9100O7

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Once in a blue sea...a ship like Shalom

The Atlantic has a new love. Her name is Shalom. She flies the proud colors of an exciting young country—the colors of Israel. She reflects the unique spirit of that land—warm, adventurous, stimulating. Like Israel, she is totally new, but with a centuries-old heritage of hospitality and graciousness. Her crew is from her homeland. Master architects, artists and artisans from many countries have showered their talents on her. She is lavish and light-hearted—complete with every passenger-pampering detail. More than a luxury liner, she is an enchanting experience. Flagship of the Zim Lines, she will make her maiden voyage in the Spring of 1964, and will then sail monthly from New York to Israel and Mediterranean ports. Sail with her. Her name means peace. Israelis say "Shalom" when they welcome you, when they bid you farewell, when they wish you all the good things in life. Shalom.

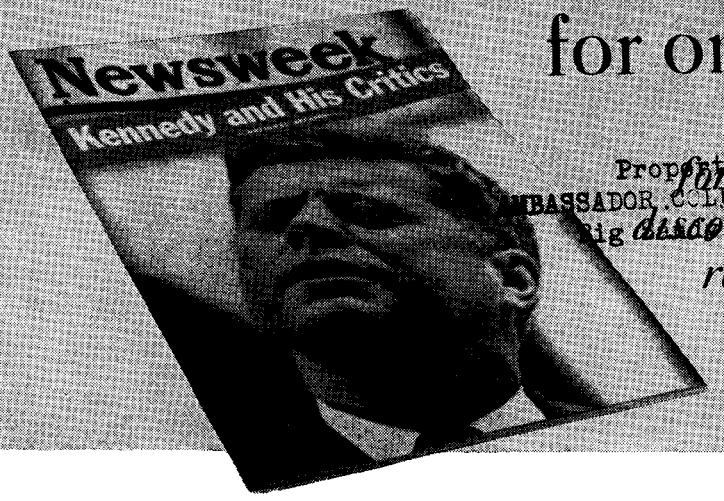
ZIM
LINES צ'ים

BE A "GUEST"...GO ZIM

OWNER'S REPRESENTATIVE: AMERICAN ISRAELI SHIPPING CO., INC.: NEW YORK CITY, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, MIAMI BEACH, MONTREAL

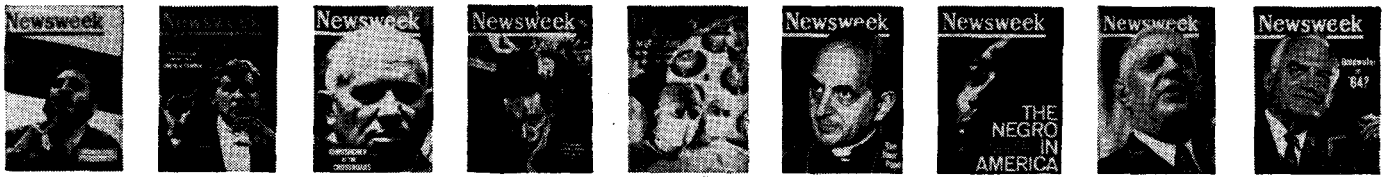
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An invitation to read Newsweek for the next 37 weeks for only $2.97



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

for the next 37 weeks discover how only **Newsweek** *reports the important news and reveals its significance for you*



Latin America: No. 1 Red target? | U.S. Culture: A 'middlebrow' monopoly? | The Kremlin: Who will succeed Khrushchev? | Broadway '64: Art, Entertainment, or Big Business? | Medicare: A key issue in 1964? | Church Unity: Can Paul VI achieve it? | Civil Rights: More turmoil ahead? | Common Market: Has DeGaulle halted its growth? | Conservatives: Can their man win?

HERE ARE THE KINDS OF VITAL QUESTIONS NEWSWEEK ANSWERS...

- What can we learn from underground testing?
- What is being done about unemployment?
- Juvenile delinquents from 'good' homes· Why?
- What solutions are possible in Berlin?
- How do rank-and-file Republicans feel about Rockefeller?
- Where will the next big gains in business come?
- Our remaining wilderness· Parks or profits?
- What are the economic implications of a Cold War thaw?
- Do marches and letters influence Congress?
- How much do farm subsidies cost you?
- What's new in books, movies, TV-radio, theater?

EVERY WEEK, discover how only NEWSWEEK reports the *important* news—probes the big questions which have the greatest meaning for you and your family.

Will inflation "eat away" your life's savings in a few years? Does Khrushchev have more Berlin-type crises planned for the U. S.? How will the President's plans for wide-ranging social changes affect you?

The answers NEWSWEEK provides every week to the critical questions in the news are the result of responsible, straight-from-the-shoulder reporting of the facts in the news and their significance for you every day. That's why when you read NEWSWEEK every week you are never left to pause and wonder "what's next?"...*you know!*

Take advantage of NEWSWEEK's special introductory offer —37 weeks for only $2.97, about 8¢ a copy. These same issues would cost $4.98 (about 13¢ a copy) on our regular subscription; $9.25 (25¢ a copy) at your newsstand. Read just three issues; you must be satisfied with NEWSWEEK's coverage of the news and how it relates to you, or receive a full refund on the unfulfilled portion of your subscription. Send no money now unless you wish. Mail the coupon—*today!*

NEWSWEEK'S 28 NEWS DEPARTMENTS COVER...
NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, BUSINESS AND FINANCE, MEDICINE, THE AMERICAS, NEWSMAKERS, SCIENCE, TRANSITION, EDUCATION, SPORTS, PRESS, RELIGION, ART, MUSIC, BOOKS, MOVIES, THEATER, TV-RADIO, *PLUS* THESE EXCLUSIVE ONLY-IN-NEWSWEEK FEATURES—

THE NEWSWEEK POLL—Famed political pollster Louis Harris and his national organization of over 5,000 interviewers go after in-depth answers to such questions as: How do Negroes feel about the battle for equality? Do the Kennedy Administration's successes outweigh its failures on the scale of public opinion?

SIGNED OPINION—Walter Lippmann, Emmet John Hughes, and other columnists speak out on significant events and trends. Their comments are guaranteed to stimulate thought, spark discussion!

THE PERISCOPE—In two terse, penetrating pages, you get behind-scenes highlights and ahead-of-the-news forecasts. Our experts—and their highly placed sources—let you know weeks early about scientific discoveries, Cabinet moves, Kremlin shake-ups.

SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS—Each week, this widely-quoted report brings you the facts on an economic sore spot, a special business situation, or a profile of a business or businessman to watch in the weeks ahead.

LIFE AND LEISURE—This sprightly feature devotes all its attention to the fads, fun, and pitfalls of America at play. Recent subjects: The California Life, Europe's 'In' Resorts, Bridgemanship.

N.I.C.B. STUDIES—These authoritative surveys on business spending give you clues to future economic trends, growth areas.

NEWSWEEK Dept. 575, 117 E. Third St., Dayton 2, Ohio

Send me 37 weeks of NEWSWEEK for only $2.97—with a guarantee of full satisfaction or a prompt refund on any unfulfilled part of my subscription after 3 issues.

☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed

NAME .....
(Please Print)

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

ZONE .....

STATE .....

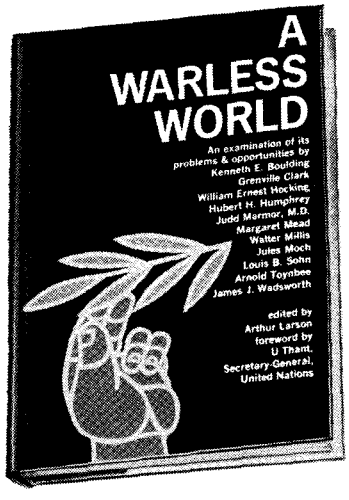
☐ Check here if you prefer 74 weeks for $5.94. Same refund guarantee

37 WEEKS OF NEWSWEEK
Newsstand Cost—$9.25
—25¢ A Copy
Regular Subscription—
$4.98—about 13¢ A Copy
Cost to You—$2.97—about 8¢ A Copy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can we survive without war?

If the world disarms, who goes first? With weapons destroyed, can the fight be taken out of the man? Who would sheriff the world against aggressors? What is to be done with all the "hardware"? Establishing the premise that threat of war had been abolished, twelve internationally known authors, including Hubert Humphrey, Ernest Hocking, Arnold Toynbee, Grenville Clark and Louis Sohn, play a "peace game," wherein they state the means by which a world can reconstruct itself to live in peace without fearing economic hardships, status quo existency, or loss of national and international security. A convincing presentation of the benefits of disarmament. A number of chapters have appeared during 1962 and 1963 in the Saturday Review. Editor Arthur Larson, former Director of the USIA and Under-Secretary of Labor, is now Director of the World Rule of Law Center at Duke University.



A WARLESS WORLD **$4.95**

The Problems and Opportunities of a Disarmed World Under Law
Edited by Arthur Larson
McGraw-Hill

Saturday Review

November 9, 1963

Cover drawing by Ginnie Hoffman.

SR: Ideas

25 The Politics of Destruction, by Harvey Wheeler and Eugene Burdick
28 Books and Banners: A Case History, by Joseph A. King
30 A Toast to President Hoover: An Editorial

SR: Communications

69 A New Frontier in Communication: Mitch's Biggest Pitch, by John Tebbel
74 The Weekly Newspaper: Commitment in Suburbia, by Wilson Sullivan

SR: Books

39 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
39 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

8 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin
12 Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr., on writers and wrangling
20 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi
31 Letters to the Editor
32 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews *Barefoot in the Park* and *110 in the Shade*
33 SR Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert reviews *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*
34 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon discusses *Congress and the Cosa Nostra*
35 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin on Krips with the Philharmonic
36 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton in Mt. Rainier National Park
44 Literary Crypt
45 Literary I.Q.
88 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1544

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscriptions $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVI, No. 45, November 9, 1963. Second-class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1963 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of addresses to Subscription Department SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.
BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr. Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To celebrate our Tenth Anniversary

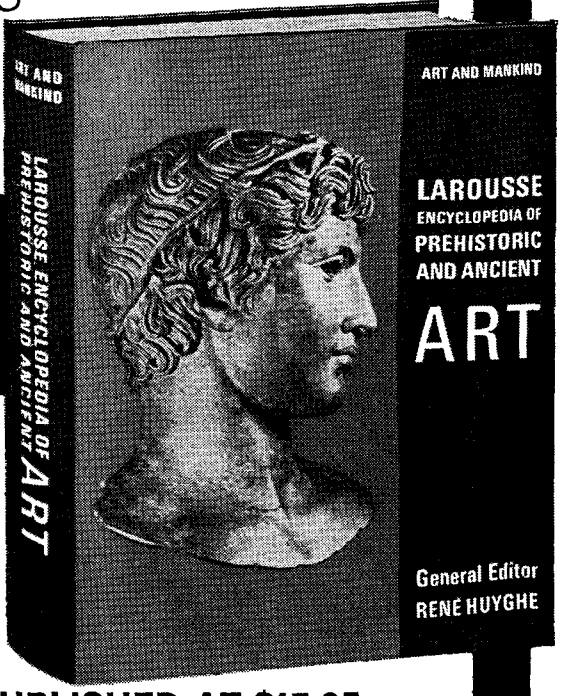
HUDSON BOOK CLUB

invites you to accept this monumental publishing achievement

FREE

with your first selection

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART



Spanning all the ages, cultures, and races of mankind from the dawn of human society to the Fall of Rome...and incorporating the most up-to-date knowledge in the fields of Art Criticism, Archaeology, History, Anthropology, Mythology, Iconography, Ethnology, and Comparative Religion.

To prepare the LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART, *celebrated scholars* labored for ten years to assemble, document, and interpret the art treasures of the Neolithic, Paleolithic, Chalcolithic, Archaic, Homeric, Biblical, Classical, Hellenistic, and Roman eras...as well as those of the comparable periods in India, China, Japan, *Oceania, pre-Columbian America...and of the primitive* societies that have survived into modern times.

The original French language edition from the famous publishing house of Larousse in Paris is one of the most highly acclaimed works of its kind in the world today. This is the first edition ever available in English. There is no other book like it.

EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO SEE AND KNOW can be found here in a few moments. Yet this great "reference" work is designed not only to be consulted for facts but read for pleasure. It will lead you spellbound through the history of art and the history of man as well...his ritual, folklore, myth, magic, mysticism, and symbolism.

"BEAUTY AND BESTIALITY INEXTRICABLY JOINED". Here are the cave paintings and megaliths of prehistoric man...the epic fusion of sex, religion, and art in the rites of the Mother Goddess...the lost civilizations of the Indus Valley...the art treasures of prehistoric China.

Read on and explore the art of the ancient Egyptians and Mesopotamians, Medes and Persians, Hittites, Canaanites, Phoenicians, and the long-neglected Carthaginians...the fabulous "Parisian" society of Minoan Crete...the Mycenaeans who brawled at the gates of Troy...the mysterious Etruscans...the stupendous art of Greece (greater and gaudier than the fig-leafed museum pieces have led us to believe)....the art of republican and imperial Rome...the barbaric splendors of the ancestral Celtic and Germanic tribesmen...the art of the incredible civilizations of ancient Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru...the ancient Negro empires in Africa...the art of the South Pacific (where family albums are composed of smoked ancestral heads)...and the 20th century primitive cultures in which the earliest gropings of human art live again before our eyes...**all of it illustrated and illumined in an incomparable assemblage of ancient, prehistoric, and primitive painting, sculpture, symbols, idols, rituals and sacrificial objects, many rarely seen by modern Western eyes.**

PUBLISHED AT $17.95

- **750 illustrations, many in full color**
- **A giant volume of 8½" x 11" pages**
- **Yours FREE with membership**

EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP OFFER. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART is typical of the kind of book offered regularly to members of the Hudson Book Club at reduced prices. Limited quantities have been set aside as Free Gifts for new members who join now. It makes *good sense to send for your free copy* today, with your first selection chosen from the list at right. If not delighted, simply return the books within 2 weeks and your membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. The club takes all the risk.

ONLY THREE MORE SELECTIONS NEED BE TAKEN WITHIN ONE YEAR. The Hudson Book Club pools your buying power with that of other discerning readers who share your tastes. By means of low Members Prices and free Bonus Books, it saves you an average of 50% on the very books you would otherwise purchase at full price.

IMPORTANT TO ACT QUICKLY. *Mail coupon today* while free copies of LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART are still available.

CHOOSE YOUR FIRST SELECTION NOW and receive free your $17.95 copy of the **Larousse Encyclopedia of Prehistoric and Ancient Art.**

AN AMERICAN DILEMMA. By Gunnar Myrdal. 20th Anniversary Edition of the most important book ever written on American race relations. With a review of recent developments. List, $16.50. **Members' Price $10.95**

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Is America's notorious philistinism rooted in our deepest democratic beliefs? A revealing study by the Pulitzer-Prizewinning author of **The Age of Reform.** List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

ASIATIC MYTHOLOGY. By J. Hackin, et al. Clear, explicit, lavishly illustrated survey of the Asian myths, by the greatest Orientalists of France. 369 plates. List, $12.50. **Members' Price $7.95**

THE PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS. *By Norman Mailer.* **Papers to remedy the President's "intellectual malnutrition" by a "court wit" and "amateur advisor"; a proponent of existentialist political thought in topics from Capitol Punishment and The Black Bourgeoisie to Cannibalism and The First Lady as a Television Entertainer.** List, $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

CITY OF NIGHT. By John Rechy. This novel about a male prostitute is electrifying the literary world. "A humbling and liberating *achievement.*"—**James Baldwin** List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

CELTIC HERITAGE. Ancient Tradition in Ireland and Wales. By Alwyn and Brinley Rees. The surviving manuscripts re-examined in the light of anthropology and comparative religion. *List, $8.50.* **Members' Price $5.95**

MARY McCARTHY'S THEATRE CHRONICLES 1937-1962. Uncompromising criticism, trenchant and original prose on the theatre as a branch of intellectual and social history. List, $4.50. **Members' price $3.45**

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN. By Henry Miller. **"A moral work of great perception and feeling." —Richard Seaver.** List, $7.50. **Members' Price $4.95**

JOU PU TUAN (PRAYER MAT OF FLESH). *"...a strange book, brimming with Buddhism. We are in the copulatory place of the* **Francion or of Sade."—Nouvelle Revue Francaise.** List, $6.50. **Members' Price $4.75**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE EARTH. Monumental compendium of geology, paleon*tology, geophysics, oceanography, meteorol*ogy, etc. 600 illus., many in full color. List, $15.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

AMERICA AS A MASS SOCIETY. Ed. by Philip Olson. A candid, scholarly and at times merciless study of our Mass Society through the *eyes of sociology, anthropology and psychia*try. These are major essays by some of the foremost authorities of our day. List, $7.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

THE MEDIEVAL WORLD. By Friedrich Heer. The high noon of medieval civilization, 1100-*1350, recreated with grandeur and excite*ment. 100 illustrations. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO. By Geoffrey Bibbey. Life in the time of Abraham, Troy, Stonehenge, Knossos, and the glory of Egypt. *List, $6.95.* **Members' Price $4.95**

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. By Ernest Jones. One-volume edition, edited & abridged by Lionel Trilling & Steven Marcus. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

O'NEILL. The distinguished biography by Arthur and Barbara Gelb. "An Everest of a book."—**Saturday Review.** Almost 1,000 pages, illus. List, $12.50. **Members' Price $7.50**

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS. A historical survey of the sexual culture of the East. By Allen *Edwardes. Intro. by Albert Ellis.* List, $6.50. **Members' Price $4.50**

THE HERITAGE OF PERSIA. By Richard Frye. One of the world's great civilizations—from the Medes to Darius, Xerxes, Zoroaster, and the Islamic conquest. 64 pp. of illustrations. *List, $7.50.* **Members' Price $5.50**

BLACK SPRING. By Henry Miller. The third volume in this forbidden trilogy. "A remarkable work of art. How could this ever be called pornographic?"—**Maxwell Geismar** List, $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

THE WILL OF ZEUS. By Stringfellow Barr. A history of Greece that is also a consummate literary achievement. Written with power, grandeur and beauty. Illus. List, $10.00. **Members' Price $5.95**

THEATRE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Sartre on Brecht. Ionesco on Pirandello—and other major figures dissecting each other with no holds barred. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $4.85**

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH COUPON

HUDSON BOOK CLUB, 131 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Hudson Book Club and send me Free: **LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC & ANCIENT ART.** As my first selection, send me, at the low Members' Price:

_____
(ENTER YOUR FIRST SELECTION HERE)

If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return these books within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided.

If I elect to remain a member I need choose only 3 *more books at reduced prices during the coming* year, and will be under no further obligation. Thereafter, every 4 books I accept from the Club will entitle me to a free Bonus Book of my choice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

☐ Please bill me for my First Selection plus shipping charge.

☐ My check for First Selection is enclosed (Club pays shipping). *Same cancellation privileges.* MS-1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edited By Martin Levin

ONS AND OFFS

MUCH has been said and written to prove that Russians and Americans are essentially alike. I don't believe it. True, all American babies begin to talk in Russian. The first word an American baby utters is "Da," which in Russian means "Yes." But there the similarity ends. The first word a Russian baby utters is "Nyet," which means "No."

Having started out in life on that negative note, we never falter. "Nyet" is no longer a word in the Russian dictionary; it is a slogan, a way of life. An American will seldom say "No" outright. If he disagrees with you he will say: "Yes, but. . . ." A Russian, whenever possible and most of the time when it is impossible, says "Nyet." If he is cornered and compelled to agree with you he will reluctantly say: "Nyet, but. . . ."

We Russians are confirmed nonconformists. Even the Russian grammar is topsy-turvy—from an American point of view, of course. Americans consider it ridiculously wrong to say: "Yes, we have no bananas today." They even concocted a song about this grammatical inconsistency, quite hilarious in their opinion. But this is precisely the correct Russian way of acknowledging the lack of bananas. If a Russian has no bananas today he'll say: "Da, we have no bananas today."

The entire Russian history from ancient times to the present is a Nyet-history. Our literature is a Nyet-literature. We are quite consistent on that score. We say nyet to others as well as to ourselves.

Dostoevsky, for instance. There was a Nyet-man for you! Dostoevsky never agreed with anyone, least of all with himself. He spent a lifetime squandering his genius on futile attempts to prove to the world how wrong he was. Or Tolstoy, who also devoted most of his life to arguing with himself, recounting the mistakes he had made by saying "Da" instead of "Nyet." Tolstoy finally became so involved in his quarrel with himself that he made an attempt to escape from himself and left his home. He pretty nearly succeeded.

A popular Russian adage says: "As Tolstoy and Dostoevsky go, so goes the nation."

I have heard a great deal about the rugged individualism of the Americans. Sorry, so far I have not met an American nonconformist, an American individualist, a Nyet-man. Americans, at best, are merely grumblers. Grudgingly and grumblingly they accept everything imposed on them—from high taxes to low calories, from Senatorial accusers to television defenders.

Caspar Milquetoast is an American national character, not a Russian. I wouldn't even know how to translate that name into Russian so as to convey its symbolic meaning. *Kaspar Molochny-Sukhar* sounds pretty good but it is meaningless.

Superficially it may appear incongruous that such a Nyet-people as the Russians should accept a regime that imposes an iron rule of uniformity on them. But this may be the only way to rule us—through forcible conformity. Otherwise we would get out of hand.

The Americans don't need that; theirs is a self-inflicted uniformity.

In the year 1882, during an earlier controversy between these United States and Russia, the Newburyport (Massachusetts) *Herald* made a remarkably astute observation about the difference between the Americans and the Russians. Look at the names, said the newspaper. Most of the names of the Russian leaders (including the Romanoffs) end in "off." Most of the names of the American leaders end in "on"—Jefferson, Madison, Jackson.

Makes you think. —M. K. ARGUS.

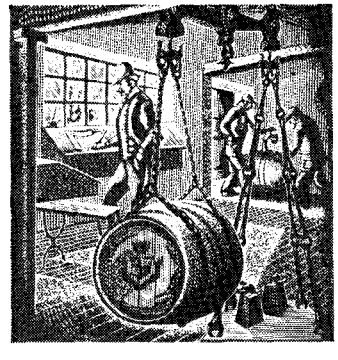
ROOMMATES

JOHN LARDNER and I lived together in our early years in New York City, first on West Seventieth and the Hudson River, next on Central Park West at Eighty-sixth Street, finally in the Village. John's father and my mother were brother and sister and John had come to work on the *Herald Tribune* the preceding summer. So when I arrived from the University of Michigan in June, 1932, to work for Stanley Walker it was the most natural thing in the world for John to take me in. John was always taking people in, or giving them money, never to be returned.

Naturally, we had no other roommates on West Seventieth Street, at least no permanent ones. I say naturally because the place turned out to be adjacent to a "massage parlor," regularly raided by the vice squad. Only two complete and total innocents could have taken the apartment in the first place since it had, along with interesting and highly active neighbors, no windows,

There are a few luxury Scotches.
They cost $2 to $3 more a fifth.

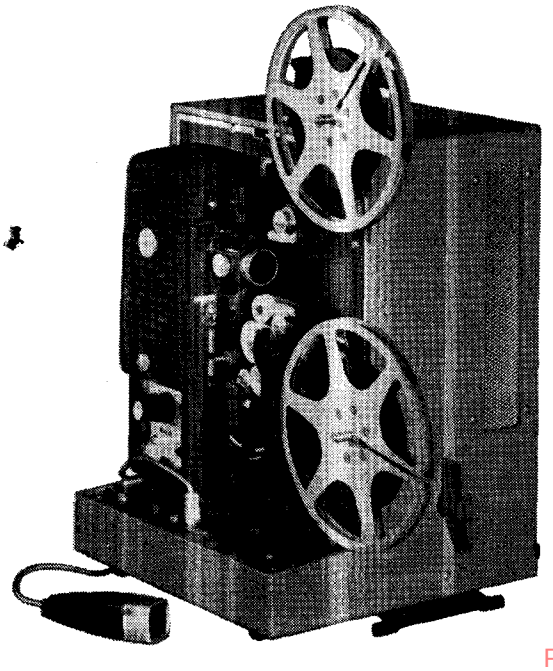
You can taste the same luxury *lightness* in...



HOUSE OF LORDS
THE TOP SCOTCH IN THE HOUSE
in every way but price

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · IMPORTED SOLELY BY INTERNATIONAL BRANDS, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY © 1963

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NOW YOUR MOVIES CAN SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES!

Whether your 8mm movies are old or new, the KODAK Sound 8 Projector makes it easy to add the extra excitement of quality sound. Just have your photo dealer put KODAK SONOTRACK Coating on your films. Recording any sound you like—voices, music or special effects—is as simple as picking up a microphone. Whether you record live, or from records and tapes, the sound plays back with wonderful realism and fidelity—a fidelity not often surpassed even in 16mm sound movies. Isn't it about time you brought your movies up to date? Let your Kodak dealer give you all the details on the KODAK Sound 8 Projector. Less than $346.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N.Y.

Price subject to change without notice.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

49 PROOF • ©1963 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Give handsomely...live handsomely!

CHERRY HEERING

LIQUEUR

Nothing expresses your best holiday wishes so handsomely as Denmark's famous Cherry Heering in its lustrous foil gift wrap. It's the difference between giving and giving grandly!

but only a door with a dirty glass top opening upon a filthy back court on the basement floor, and I mean basement.

The late sainted Thomas Sugrue, then also on the *Herald Trib*, and as generous as he was talented, visited us a few times and, when he could no longer stand to see two friends live a third of their lives below ground, arranged for the three of us to move to the grandeur of the Hotel Peter Stuyvesant on the park. This paradise lasted two years, until Tom's marriage. John and I then took over the top floor of 37 West Eighth Street, since John's brother [redacted] was by now also coming to the *Trib* staff and the hotel was fairly small quarters for newspapermen on different schedules.

Jim Lardner was an unusual boy, not a born newspaper hack like me or a truly gifted writer like his brother and father or Tom Sugrue. Jim was exceptionally bright. He took things very hard. Handsome, secure in his own mind, caring not the slightest for what anyone would think but painfully aware of logic, of right and wrong, of minorities and long-term truth, Jim eventually went to the Paris *Herald Tribune*, thence to Spain where, despite the pleas of Ernest Hemingway and Vincent Sheean, he joined the International Brigade because he saw Fascism as the ultimate menace and he could not wait for the monster to come to him. And in Spain he was killed. We never knew precisely where or how.

Visitors came and went after Jim had gone but John and I took on no more roommates. The shock of Jim's courageous death at twenty-three did not wear off easily and we seemed to feel, somehow, that no one else had a right to sleep in that bed, though of course we never said so. Living with John was an experience in silence. He spoke when it was necessary but most often he just sat down at the piano when he came in and we sang from old sheet music instead of talking. The rest of the time we read.

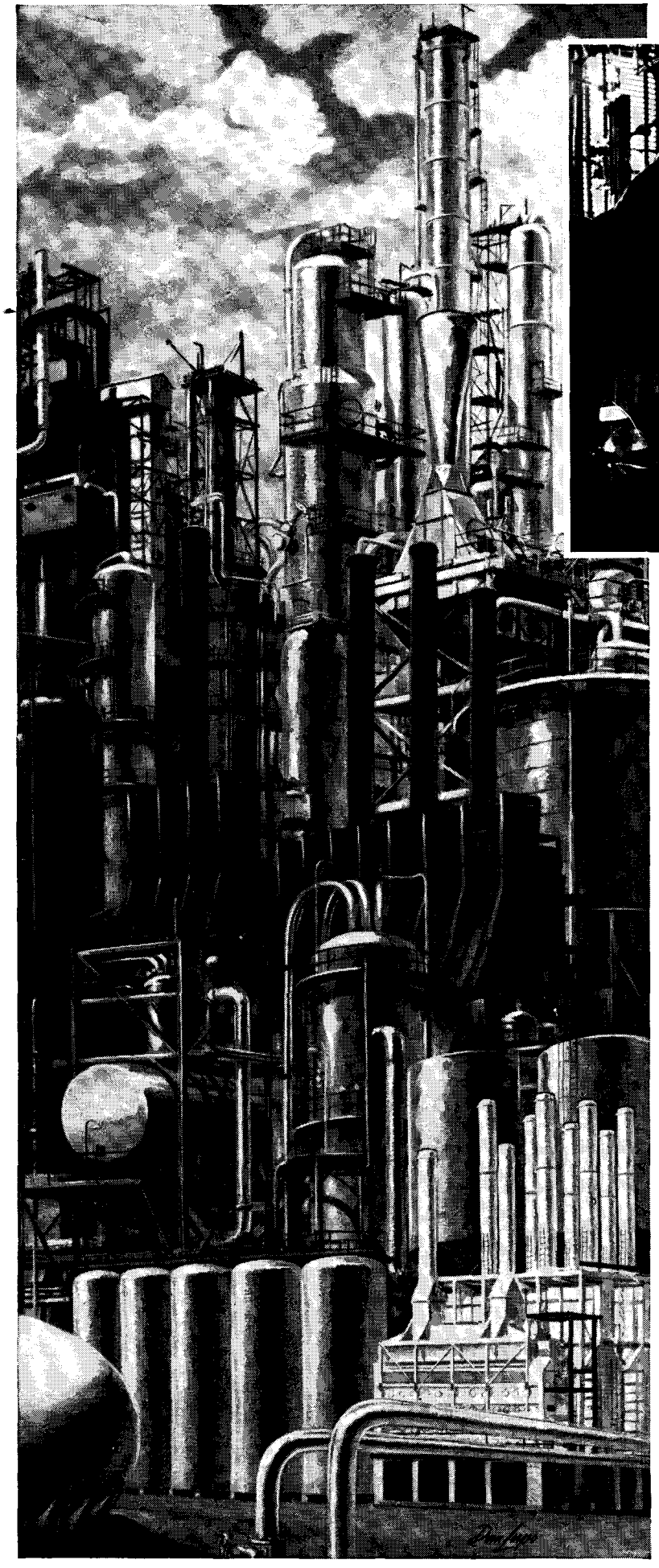
Then one night John brought home Don Skene and he stayed two years.

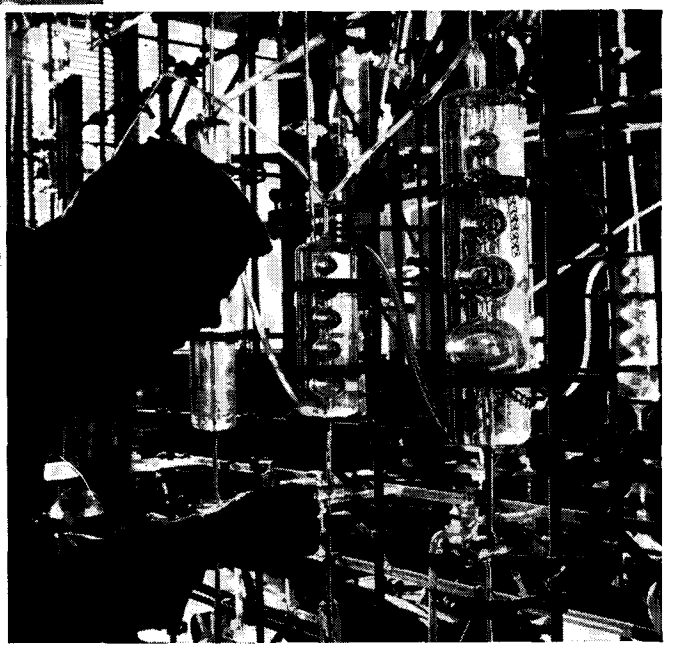
Don Skene was a wisp of a Scot who had come to New York from Oregon and could write us all under the table when he got around to it. The trouble was he rarely got around to it. Indeed, he seldom got out of Bleeck's, the *Herald Tribune* speakeasy, long enough to come within poking distance of a typewriter. He simply came in with John late one night, lay down on our couch, and stayed two years, or until I left to get married. Sylvia and I went to the ceremony at the Municipal Building, where Don was her maid of honor and John stood up for me.

Don Skene could never be persuaded to take Jim's bed, however. He would lie down on the couch and, as alcohol

(*Continued on page 38*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





TO SERVE A GROWING NATION

THE NEEDS OF AMERICA grow and grow . . . stimulated both by increasing population and by the insistent demand for progress. It is industry's task to anticipate and meet these needs.

TO HELP MEET THESE NEEDS Cities Service has streamlined operations, stepped up research, and invested substantial sums in improving and expanding facilities. It has broadened its services to all segments of our national economy . . . in hydrocarbon energy, basic petroleum products, such as new gasolenes and motor oils, and an ever-widening flow of petrochemicals and allied products ranging from plant foods to printing inks.

THE RESULTS are reflected in benefits shared by employees, investors, and customers. Of even greater importance, these achievements . . . united with those of all forward-looking industry . . . will help assure the continued leadership and security of this nation in the challenging years to come.

CITIES SERVICE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1963

Your opinion, please

The question is, should we advertise in the Saturday Review, or shouldn't we? It seems to us that VILLAGER® clothes would be at home in these pages. They are essentially liberal-intellectual clothes that avoid, at the same time, any taint of fanaticism or the arts-and-crafts syndrome. We believe you would enjoy their company and appreciate being told, from time to time, of new additions to their ranks.

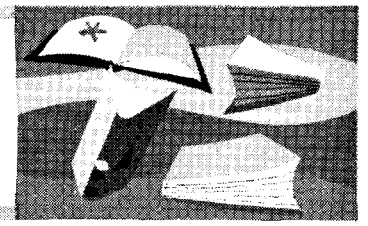
However, this may not be the place for such matters. You may feel that the purveying of clothes, no matter how literate they may be, is irrelevant to the mood of the magazine. We see your point, really. Only we didn't know where else to get in touch with you. (Also, you may feel the less advertising anywhere, of anything, the better.)

We don't want to force ourselves on your attention. There's far too much of that already. Therefore, won't you write and let us know your opinion, one way or the other? We shall abide by your decision. Thank you.

The Villager®

THE VILLAGER INC.
Department S.R.
1407 Broadway, New York

Trade Winds

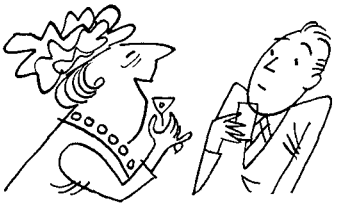


The other day I asked a writer how his book was doing. He said, "It has attracted a lot of attention." I translated this to mean that it didn't sell very well but that his family and close friends talked it up. Then I recalled other euphemisms we writers use to disguise what's really going through our heads when questions are asked about our books.

People are forever inquiring, "What are you working on now?" You can't say, "Nothing," even though it's the truth, because that's what most people think free-lance writers do all the time anyway. So you reply, "I'm finishing up a novel." You don't mention that it was started eight years ago, and that eight years hence you will be finishing it up.

Then they invariably ask, "What's the title?" or "What's it about?" My current ploy is to reply, "It's called *Catch-23* and it's about miscegenation."

You may have your back to the wall and you've just got to explain why it wasn't published. So you say, "What



they asked me to do to it would have ruined it." That simply means, "It was rejected."

As for the reception a book gets, if the author says, "The reviews were favorable," he means they were mixed. If he admits they were mixed, you can figure they weren't very good. If he declares, "The reviewers missed the whole point of the book," you know they were just terrible.

Last year a young actor named Harry Millard was browsing through the shelves of the Drama Bookshop on New York's Fifty-second Street. The title *I'm Just Wild About Harry* caught his eye. It was a New Directions printing of a brand-new Henry Miller play. Harry Millard decided he was the guy to play Harry.

He flew out to California to talk to Miller; he got a midget and two actresses for the principal parts; they all flew to the Spoleto Festival with the director, Herbert Machiz, and put on the play there. Millard then returned home the long way round, stopping off in California to report to Miller. He obtained American rights to the play and he is determined to give it an off-Broadway showing.

The only other performances were during the summer when it was put on in England. It closed after two nights. No one here is sure whether it was be-

cause of the Lord Chamberlain's protest against some of its language or the fact that the scene changes took up more time than the scenes themselves. In any event, Miller is a great believer in signs and portents. The fact that H. Miller, H. Millard, and H. Machiz have the right initials augurs well, he indicates. Now if they can get the money, Harry will play Harry in *Harry* and we shall have a chance to hear the language and watch those scene changes.

A new book has caused some comment. It is *The McLandress Dimension*, by Mark Epernay. Most of the comment has arisen because of the rumor that the real author is John Kenneth Galbraith, former ambassador to India and now a Harvard economist again. Galbraith and his publishers have denied this vehemently.

We should believe them. I don't know who Mark Epernay is, but he is inordinately fond of overwriting. The book is a wooden satire, fatally stricken by the author's inability to stop soon enough. Why are they trying to pin this one on Mr. Galbraith, an intelligent chap? A former White House ghost himself, he would certainly not dissemble in a case like this.

A group of neighboring merchants took legal steps to block the expansion of the institutionally-owned bookstore at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. They were successful. Their attorney, William J. Bachman of Milwaukee, filed his protest before the State Building Commission in Madison. He gave a lot of reasons why the university bookstore should not be a competitor of private enterprise. His arguments were

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eating habits children learn in the home often lead to obesity problems later in life

PARENTS WHO ARE really interested in the present and future health and happiness of their children cannot ignore the importance of cultivating sensible eating habits in the young. Allowing a child to overeat or to not eat a well balanced diet, with the hope that the child will ultimately outgrow these poor habits, is a good example of how some parents encourage the development of lifetime behavior patterns that cannot help but lead to frustration and unhappiness. The fat child too often grows into a fat adult, or the undernourished girl, the one who is not encouraged to eat a balanced diet, often becomes an adult woman who will experience difficulties in pregnancy because her body is not as well developed as it might have been.

Children acquire most of their lifetime eating habits, their food tastes and preferences, at the family table. The example set by the parents in the home is a powerful influence in determining how the children will eat through the rest of their lives. For instance, the mother who nibbles at a piece of toast and a cup of coffee for her breakfast certainly does not set a good example for her teen-age daughter.

LEARN THE SIMPLE FOOD RULES

Mealtime should be a pleasant occasion for all members of the family. Consuming food should not be mysterious, complicated, or a medical treatment. Learning and following some very simple rules can provide a daily food pattern that is nutritionally adequate and enjoyable.

Regardless of other purposes eating may serve, the basic reason for consuming food is to provide the body with the nutrients required for proper growth, maintenance, and energy. Teaching children to eat meals and snacks that are well balanced in both quantity and quality of foods is a parental responsibility which, properly performed, can contribute much to the longevity and happiness of the child. We should never forget that it is easier to teach by a good example than by preaching alone.

Nutritionists have tried to simplify food selection as much as possible. They have analyzed the nutrients our bodies need, and they have suggested food patterns to provide these nutrients. A variety of foods is recommended because the nutritionists are not yet certain about our needs for certain nutrients. Trying to rely on pills for essential food nutrients is not only a less pleasant way to feed one's self but also may possibly eliminate some of the nutrients present in a variety of foods.

FOLLOW THE DAILY FOOD GUIDE

Parents should set a good example for children by following the daily food guide established by nutritionists. This involves selecting foods from four main groups:

MILK AND DAIRY FOODS: Children and teen-agers should have at least three glasses of milk each day (or its equivalent in such dairy foods as cheese and ice cream). Adults should have at least two glasses of milk. Two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide these portions of the recommended daily allowances of food nutrients for an adult man: protein (of very high quality, ready for immediate use) 25 percent; calcium (which adults need to keep bones strong even after growth is completed, as well as for other vital processes) 71 percent; vitamin A 15 percent; riboflavin 46 percent; thiamine 10-12 percent; calories (which become undesirable only when we consume too many!) 10-13 percent. The percentages for an adult woman are slightly higher because of the slightly lower nutrient needs of the woman, but two glasses of milk still provide only 14-18 percent of the daily calorie needs for an adult woman. To obtain the protein, minerals, and vitamins in milk through other foods usually would require a much higher cost in calories. This is why the calories in milk are often called "armored calories" as opposed to foods which provide fewer or no other nutrients except calories.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS: Two or more servings each day from this group of foods provide additional high quality protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Weight reducers should select the lean cuts of meat to keep calories down.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS: Four or more servings, selected from the tremendous variety of these foods available today, help assure adequate consumption of vitamins and minerals. Selections should include a citrus fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A. Children do not have to be forced to eat any particular fruits or vegetables. Try many different kinds to find those they like best so that they get started in the habit of eating these valuable foods each day.

BREADS AND CEREALS: Four or more servings each day from this food group provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and calories. Weight watchers should select carefully in this group to keep the calories in balance with needs.

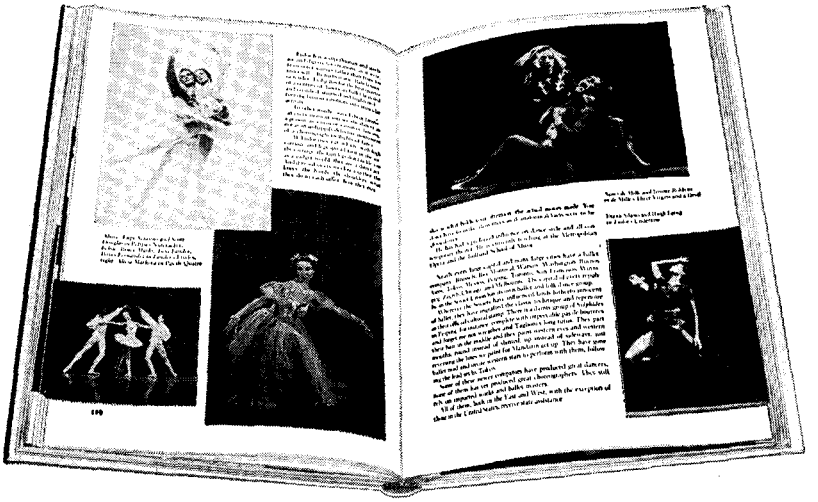
Selecting foods from the four groups and determining the amount of food required to maintain desirable weight are lifetime eating habits that should be taught very early. Children should also be taught, again by parental example, that daily exercise is an important element in building and maintaining good health. The time has come to expand the slogan "Families that pray together stay together" to read: "Families that walk together to pray together stay together." Surely, families that learn to eat wisely together also have greater opportunities to live longer and happier lives.

american dairy association
20 N. Wacker Drive Chicago 6, Illinois
"Voice of the Dairy Farmers in the Market Places of America"
(*Advertisement*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK

Fascinating. Beautiful. Definitive



AGNES DE MILLE'S
THE BOOK OF THE DANCE

In this richly illustrated volume, one of America's great choreographers tells the story of dance and dancers from earliest times to the present: from primitive rites to "Swan Lake"; from Beauchamps, the 17th-century choreographer who established the classic ballet positions, to Balanchine; from Isadora Duncan to Martha Graham; from Pavlova to Fonteyn. A special section shows how dances are created by the leading choreographers of our day. With 400 illustrations, 100 in full color. A dazzling gift. Just published, available at all bookstores. $12.95 through December 24th, thereafter $14.95.

GOLDEN PRESS NEW YORK

effective, but the most telling was that the store should cut back its inventory of paperbacks, "some of which I don't consider literature."

I understand some of the students have been saying the same thing.

My mention of Shakespeare's reference to the Republican quandary over a Presidential nominee has elicited some response. (I assume eventually we can cover the other party, so I won't appear partisan.) I have offered Governor Rockefeller a quote I found in another of the plays. I think he could bring down the house if, at the appropriate moment in the campaign, he would say: "I come to Barry Goldwater, not to praise him."

Sharps and Flats: A truck picked up some furniture at Betty Jackson's house. When she came home she found a receipt that read: "Chester drawers."

► Walker and Company has a book titled *How to Play War Games in Miniature,* by Joseph Morschauser. The company was pleased last month to get an order for a copy from the Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth.

► Bernard Geis Associates published a book on the Japanese attack on Guam. It's called *Yanks Don't Cry,* by Martin Boyle. Geis wants to give a copy of the book to each of the 126 men from the Marine Corps Detachment who were captured on the island in 1941. Where are they?

► The Reverend Harry Taylor found new copies of *Peyton Place* going for a nickel each in the Farmer's Market in Portland, Oregon. He wants to know if this is a sign of the times and if so what kind of sign.

► *The Long Winter* (Simon and Schuster) is the fourth of John Christopher's novels of fantasy and suspense. This is as ironic and exciting as the others.

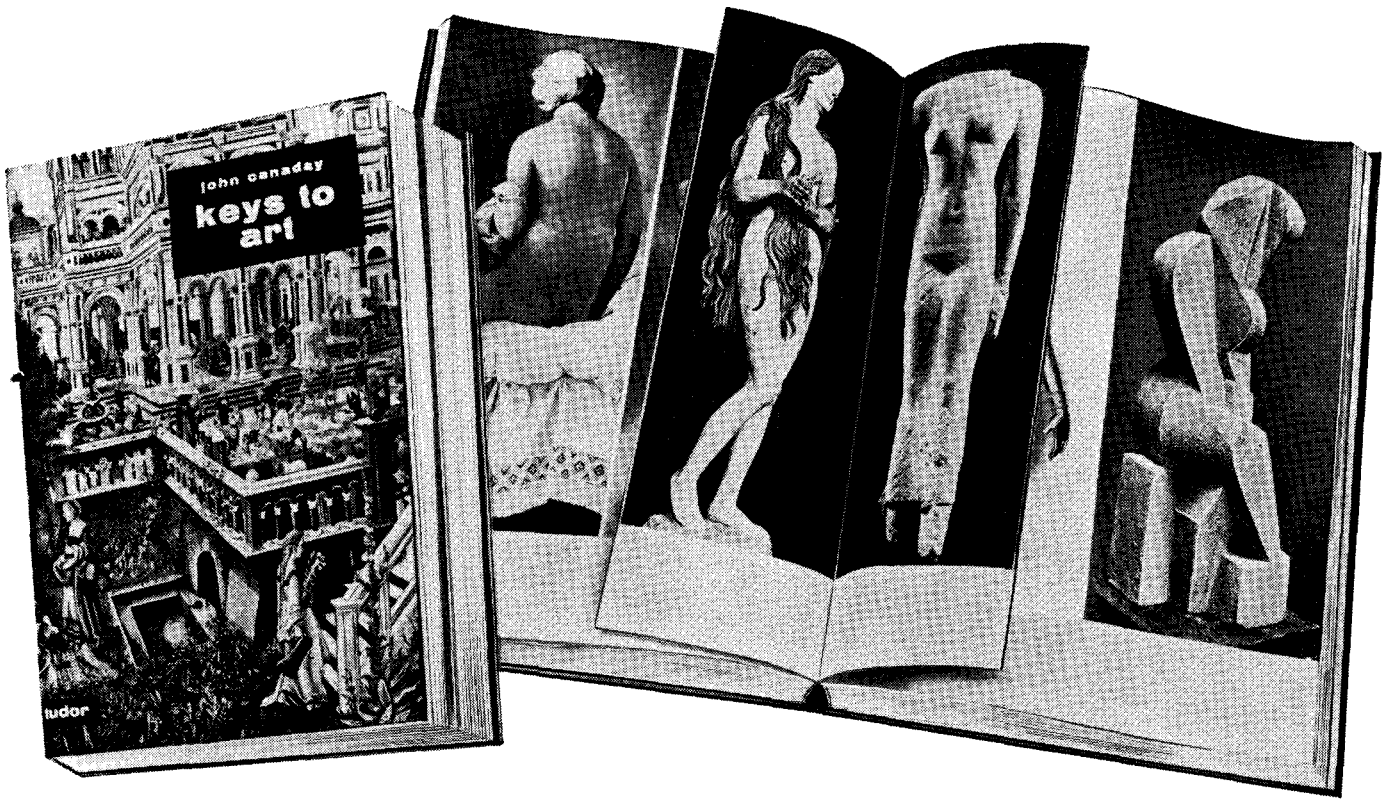
► My Idlewild Airport spy heard this public announcement and jotted it down: "Air France Flight number 700 non-stop to Paris and London ready for departure." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1543)

(COLIN) WILSON:
THE STRENGTH TO DREAM

(D.H.) Lawrence is not above his characters, detached from them, moving them around like pieces on a chessboard; he is down among them, reacting to them as a human being reacts to other human beings — with affection, irritation, boredom, interest.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Announcing the most stimulating and visually magnificent volume ever published on the ***art of seeing art***

KEYS TO ART

TEXT BY **JOHN CANADAY**

Captions and commentary by Katherine H. Canaday
Scheme and layout by Marcel Jacno

375 gravure illustrations, 18 tipped-in plates in full color

KEYS TO ART goes far beyond conventional "art appreciation" texts to open up whole new vistas for the art lover who wants to *free* his vision, to see not only with the eye, but *through* the eye into the heart of what really matters in painting, sculpture and architecture.

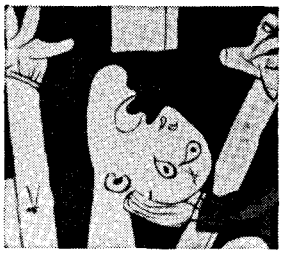
IN ITS RICHLY-ILLUSTRATED pages, John Canaday, art critic of The New York Times, guides you on a brilliantly-arranged tour of some of the world's most sensuous and significant art – from prehistoric carvings and Greek architecture to the paintings of Botticelli and the sculpture of Henry Moore; from Gothic cathedrals and Rembrandt self-portraits to the Buddhist temple cities of Burma and the woodblocks of Hokusai.

THERE ARE NO CHRONOLOGICAL outlines in the lively, unpedantic text, no lists of names and dates. Mr. Canaday's sole purpose is to help you transform passive habits of looking into active, intelligent *perceiving* . . . to guide you to a greater knowledge and enjoyment of art than you ever dreamed possible.

HERE YOU WILL LEARN to see a painting not as an imitation, but as a *revelation;* a building as a *symbol* of a civilization; a sculpture as a *transfiguration* of stone, bronze or wood into an expression of the human spirit. And you will learn how to discern and discriminate, how to recognize the grand, persisting themes, and how great artists extend our experience by the very force of their vision.

KEYS TO ART not only provides a fundamental approach to art criticism and connoisseurship, but offers what may well prove to be a milestone in art education. In any case, we guarantee that after reading it, you will never, never "look" at art in the same way again.

A SUPERB GIFT VOLUME, printed in sheet-fed gravure and handsomely bound in France. 9″ x 11¼″. **12.50**



At all bookstores or from

TUDOR PUBLISHING CO. / 221 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

52 WEEKS of this kind of useful business news...YOURS FOR $7

NOW YOU CAN GET 52 weeks of this kind of important business news – for only $7 a year – interpreted for your quick reading to help you plan your business and personal business affairs. Here's just a sampling:

- **Common Market — Europe backing down in "chicken war"? Will we soften our retaliatory tariff stand?**
- **No-Strike Rail Law: Will unions take edict lying down — or fight new anti-union laws? Labor leaders afraid strike weapon is doomed?**
- **Tax Cut: Why won't Congress move faster? Is it an anti-Kennedy vendetta? What will you gain?**
- **Autos — why is Chrysler's Townsend sure he can recapture 15% of the market? Why are dealers grumbling? What's Chevy got that Chrysler's imitating?**
- **Why are we in a pickle over the balance of payments? What is Kennedy's "Action Program"?**
- **Marketing: How do you reach the affluent culture-conscious audience? What are they buying?**
- **Does it make sense to buy health insurance through insurance companies — rather than "plans"?**

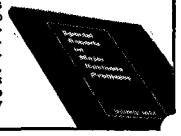
What's more – SIX 2-PAGE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE NEWSLETTERS ARE BOUND INTO BUSINESS WEEK EVERY WEEK. These fast-reading, informative reports are worth many times the price of subscription: BUSINESS OUTLOOK. WASHINGTON OUTLOOK. INTERNATIONAL OUTLOOK. THE TREND. PERSONAL BUSINESS. FIGURES OF THE WEEK.

Send no money – Cancel Any Time

Now you can get BUSINESS WEEK for only $7 yearly by accepting a full year's subscription. If not satisfied, tell us and we'll cancel your subscription and refund balance of subscription price on all undelivered issues. Send no money now; we'll bill you (or company) later. BUSINESS WEEK is not sold on newsstands, only by subscription. Fill in coupon below and mail today.

FREE 160-PAGE EXECUTIVE'S GUIDE FOR 1964

14 Special Reports on Major Business Problems with your subscription to Business Week. Exclusive information on European markets, electronics, space & satellite communications, Russia, California, Congress, etc.– a "long look" at what lies ahead, possible course of action to take now. Your name handsomely engraved on the cover.



BUSINESS WEEK 330 West 42nd Street New York, N.Y. 10036

NOTE: Subscriptions are solicited only from management men in business, industry, finance and government.

Send me my free 160-page Executive's Guide for 1964 and enter a subscription for me to Business Week–52 weeks for only $7.00. I may cancel my subscription at any time and receive a full refund on all undelivered issues.

☐ Bill me ☐ Bill my company

☐ I prefer 3 years for $14 (save $7)

NAME .....

TITLE .....

BUSINESS OR PRODUCT .....

COMPANY .....

NO. OF EMPLOYEES .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE .... STATE .....

☐ Mail publication to my home address.

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE .... STATE .....

S-1163

SR's Check List of Current Books

Anthologies

THE BASIC WRITINGS OF TROTSKY. Edited by Irving Howe. Random House. $5.95.

Archeology, Anthropology

IN THE BEGINNINGS: Early Man and His Gods. By H. R. Hays. Putnam. $10.

THE ROCK PAINTINGS OF TASSILI. By Jean-Dominique Lajoux. World. $15.

Art

CHINESE ART, Volume II: The Minor Arts. By R. Soame Jenyns and William Watson. Universe. $37.50.

FLORINE STETTHEIMER: A Life in Art. By Parker Tyler. Farrar, Straus. $15.

KEYS TO ART. By John Canaday. Tudor. $12.50.

Current Affairs

THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA. By Harry Braverman. Macmillan. $5.

THE POLITICS OF SOCIAL CHANGE IN THE MIDDLE EAST AND NORTH AFRICA. By Manfred Halpern. Princeton Univ. Press. $8.50.

STATE OF THE UNION. Edited by Edward Boykin. Funk & Wagnalls. $6.50.

TAXES, LOOPHOLES AND MORALS. By Jerome R. Hellerstein. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

A WARLESS WORLD: The Problems and Opportunities of a Disarmed World Under Law. Edited by Arthur Larson. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

Essays

CONVERSATIONS: Cries, Croaks, and Calls. By Robert Tallon. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS. By Norman Mailer. Putnam. $5.

Fiction

AUSTRALIAN SHORT STORIES. By Brian James. Oxford Univ. Press. $2.75.

THE BACKWARD ROAD. By Edevain Park. Doubleday. $3.95.

LADY ON THE COIN. By Margaret Campbell Barnes. Macrae Smith. $4.50.

THE McLANDRESS DIMENSION. By Mark Epernay. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

THE OTHER. By C. F. Keppler. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

SCOTTISH SHORT STORIES. By J. M. Reid. Oxford Univ. Press. $2.75.

SEVEN DAYS OF MOURNING. By L. S. Simckes. Random House. $3.95.

THE STONE FACE. By William Gardner Smith. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

History

THE AGE OF MAGNIFICENCE: Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV by the Duc de Saint-Simon. Edited and translated by Sanche de Gramont. Putnam. $5.95.

THE BANDITTI OF THE PRAIRIES: A Tale of the Mississippi Valley. By Edward Bonney. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $2.

THE FIRST NEW NATION. By Seymour Martin Lipset. Basic Books. $5.95.

FLOWERING OF THE CUMBERLAND. By Harriette Simpson Arnow. Macmillan. $6.95.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By Mazar and Davis. Harper & Row. $24.95 to Jan. 1; $30 thereafter.

ON TO KILIMANJARO: The Bizarre Story of the First World War in East Africa. By Brian Gardner. Macrae Smith. $4.95.

Literary Criticism

THE ART OF BERTOLT BRECHT. By Walter Weideli. New York Univ. Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95.

THE ART OF PAUL VERLAINE. By Antoine Adam. New York Univ. Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95.

BALZAC AND THE HUMAN COMEDY. By Philippe Bertault. New York Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.25.

ENGLISH LITERATURE 1815-1832. By Ian Jack. Oxford Univ. Press. $10.

LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION IN SOVIET RUSSIA, 1917-1962. By Leopold Labedz and Max Hayward. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

THE POETRY OF W. H. AUDEN. By Monroe K. Spears. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.75.

A SHORT HISTORY OF LITERARY CRITICISM. By Vernon Hall, Jr. New York Univ. Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95.

Miscellany

THE ATOMIC AGE. Edited by Morton Grodzins and Eugene Rabinowitch. Basic Books. $10.

EATING AND DRINKING IN EUROPE. By William E. Massee. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THE ENGLISH INN. By Denzil Batchelor. Hastings House. $5.95.

THE GREAT WINES OF GERMANY. By André L. Simon and S. F. Hallgarten. McGraw-Hill. $12.50.

AN HERB AND SPICE COOK BOOK. By Craig Claiborne. Harper & Row. $5.95.

A LITTLE SICKNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU. By Dr. Herbert S. Benjamin. Luce. $4.95.

LIVING WITH ANTIQUES: A Treasury of Private Homes in America. Edited by Alice Winchester and the staff of *Antiques* magazine. Dutton. $11.95 to Nov. 6; $15 thereafter.

THE MAKING OF A PUBLIC RELATIONS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAS has 216 tours

(216 ways to have the time of your life)

Mediterranean Cruise The SAS "Sea and Sun" Cruise offers you two full weeks' holiday afloat, at a bargain price. You jet transatlantic with SAS, board the luxury liner "Athinai" in Venice. Off you go down the glorious Dalmatian Coast to Athens. Then across the Mediterranean to Haifa, with shore excursions to Galilee, Nazareth and Jerusalem. Next you cruise to Cyprus and Rhodes. There's a fresh fascinating place to see almost every day, shipboard fun in between. You visit Greece again, then Venice—17 wonderful days, including First Class on ship, all meals, excursions and economy round trip air fare from New York, from only $799!

Europe by Motorcoach Take your seat in a luxurious Pullman motorcoach, relax, and watch the kaleidoscope of Europe roll by. The quaint villages, the amazing contrasts in scenery, the famous cities. A friendly tour escort looks after your comfort all the way, down to the smallest detail.

Choose from 7 different tours, from 3 to 9 weeks. Example: the "Popular" Tour takes you through 13 countries, includes such highlights as London, Amsterdam, the Rhine, Heidelberg, Lucerne, Venice, Florence, Rome, Paris and Copenhagen. 35 days (and not a dull moment) inclusive from New York, $1263.50.

Eastern Europe A trip to the little-traveled lands of Eastern Europe—U.S.S.R., Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, the Balkan countries—is an experience you'll be talking about for years. Choose from five SAS tours, any of which gives you a fascinating "close-up" look at the ordinary people and their lives. Travel is by comfortable motorcoach, and a multi-lingual tour escort smooths your way and takes care of all formalities.

For example, the "Companion" Tour includes Helsinki, Leningrad, Novgorod, Moscow, Smolensk, Minsk, Warsaw, Prague and Berlin. 28 days all-inclusive from New York, for only $1261.

The Middle East With expert planning, it's amazing how much you can see in 3 weeks. Cairo, the Nile and Pyramids. Cosmopolitan Beirut. Immortal places from the Scriptures—Damascus, Bethlehem, Jericho, Galilee, Jerusalem. Bustling modern Israel. The mosques and bazaars of Istanbul. Athens, and the glories of ancient Greece. See them all on an SAS escorted tour. Frequent departures, year-round. All-inclusive from New York, now through April 30th, from $1297.

Around the World SAS has three ways to do the greatest trip of all. Eastbound in three weeks, via Copenhagen, Istanbul, Cairo, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Calcutta, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokyo and Hawaii, for only $1797 all-inclusive from New York or Los Angeles.

Or Westbound in four weeks for $1999. Or another Westbound tour taking seven weeks for $2999. All tours are escorted. Any of them is an unforgettable travel experience.

Isles of Greece and the Levant On an SAS "Sun Line" vacation, you can combine a holiday in Italy or Greece with a 7 or 14-day cruise on the "Stella Solaris" or "Stella Maris". The shorter cruise takes you through the golden Aegean to Crete, Rhodes, Istanbul, Delos and Mykonos. The longer cruise is from Naples to Alexandria, Port Said, Haifa, Beirut, Cyprus, Rhodes, Athens and Malta. A complete 21-day trip from New York, including the 14-day cruise, costs from $983.00.

Europe on $5 a Day SAS offers you hotel room, breakfast, sightseeing in 22 of Europe's most important cities for only $5 a day. Or, if you limit yourself to any five of the 22 cities, 21 days will cost you only $99! It's probably the lowest-cost European vacation ever offered as a prearranged tour. The cities include Athens, Copenhagen, London, Madrid, Paris, Rome and Vienna. The hotels, while not pretentious, are clean and comfortable, and have proved perfectly satisfactory.

Scandinavia You have dozens of SAS tours to choose from. Independent or escorted, from 3 to 39 days.

A typical escorted tour takes you by motorcoach through Norway's magnificent fjord country, from Bergen to Oslo. On through Sweden's lakes and forests to beautiful Stockholm and Gothenburg. Then over into Denmark, to Aarhus, Odense and wonderful Copenhagen. 23 days inclusive from New York, $1177.

Or you may prefer to concentrate on the capitals, flying between Copenhagen, Oslo and Stockholm. Or you can pick one of the air-sea adventure tours that takes you north of the Arctic Circle to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Plan Your Own Tour With the ingenious folder called the SAS Travel Planner, you arrange your itinerary, decide how long to stay in each city, and determine practically all your costs in advance.

It shows you how to see many cities for the fare to just one, with the SAS Extra Cities plan, and the best buys in hotels and sightseeing for each city. Jot down the costs, add the air fare and . . . you've planned your tour. Then turn the planner over to your SAS travel agent.

Two Travel Planners are available, one for Europe, another for Around the World. Ask your SAS travel agent for the one you want, or check the coupon.

Ski Vacations Come to the Alps or to Norway, dream country for skiers. Limber up on open slopes, whizz down mile-a-minute trails in the world's finest ski areas—the Tyrol, Engadine, Bernese Oberland, Haute Savoie, the Dolomites, Gudbrandsdal. Choose from over 100 different SAS ski packages, including conducted tours. For example, you can ski in three of Norway's centers, spend 14 days for only $579.80 inclusive from New York. Or a 21-day holiday in Austria and Switzerland, with skiing in Kitzbuhel, Parsenn and St. Moritz, inclusive from New York, is yours from $601.40.

SAS SR11

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

638 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10020

Please send me full details of these SAS tours:

_____

_____

and ☐ money-saving guide "Europe on $5 a Day", for which I enclose $2.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

My SAS travel agent is _____

All rates quoted are based on double occupancy in hotels.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAN. By John W. Hill. David McKay. $5.

NEWPORT: Pleasures and Palaces. By Nancy Sirkis. Viking. $10.

ORIENTAL RUGS IN COLOUR. By Preben Liebetrau. Macmillan. $2.95.

SMOKE SCREEN: Tobacco and the Public Welfare. By Maurine B. Neuberger. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

A VISION OF PARIS: The Photographs of Eugene Atget, The Words of Marcel Proust. Edited by Arthur D. Trottenberg. Macmillan. $17.50 to Dec. 31; $19.95 thereafter.

Mysteries

DEATH OF A PAINTED LADY. By Brian Cleeve. Random House. $3.95.

THE MEN WHO EXPLAINED MIRACLES. By John Dickson Carr. Harper & Row. $3.50.

Personal History

APOSTLE FOR OUR TIME: Pope Paul VI. By John G. Clancy. Kenedy. $4.95.

AS I REMEMBER THEM. By Eddie Cantor. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.95.

BAMIE: Theodore Roosevelt's Remarkable Sister. By Lilian Rixey. McKay. $5.95.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. By Lona Mosk Packer. Univ. of California Press. $9.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ADVERTISING MAN. By David Ogilvy. Atheneum. $4.95.

THE JOURNALS AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTEBOOKS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON: Volume III, 1826-1832. Edited by William H. Gilman and Alfred R. Ferguson. Harvard Univ. Press. $10.

FDR. Photographs selected by Robert D. Graff and Robert Emmett Ginna. Text by Roger Butterfield. Harper & Row. $10.

THE LOVES OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. By C. G. L. Du Cann. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.

PETRARCH AND HIS WORLD. By Morris Bishop. Indiana Univ. Press. $7.50.

ROBERT FROST AND JOHN BARTLETT: The Record of a Friendship. By Margaret B. Anderson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.

THE ROSSETTI-MACMILLAN LETTERS: Some 133 Unpublished Letters Written to Alexander Macmillan, F. S. Ellis, and Others, by Dante Gabriel, Christina, and William Michael Rossetti, 1861-1889. Edited by Lona Mosk Packer. Univ. of California Press. $4.

Reference

THE ATLAS OF BRITAIN AND NORTHERN IRELAND. Planned and directed by David P. Bickmore and M. A. Shaw. Oxford Univ. Press. $100.

Religion, Philosophy

AGAINST HEAVEN'S HAND. By Leonard Bishop. Random House. $4.95.

CRITERION FOR THE CHURCH. By J. Robert Nelson. Abingdon. $3.

EVIL AND SUFFERING. By Louis Lavelle. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE FAMILY AND THE BIBLE. By Mary Newland. Random House. $5.95.

IN THE STEPS OF JOHN WESLEY. By Frederick C. Gill. Abingdon. $5.

MYTH AND REALITY. By Mircea Eliade. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE NEGLECTED FACTOR. By Eric Baker. Abingdon. $2.25.

THE RECOVERY OF THE PERSON. By Carlyle Marney. Abingdon. $3.50.

SIX THOUSAND YEARS OF THE BIBLE. By Gunther S. Wegener. Harper & Row. $6.95 to Jan. 1; $7.95 thereafter.

Sociology

AMERICA AS A MASS SOCIETY: Changing Community and Identity. Edited by Philip Olson. Free Press. $7.95.

THE HAUNTED FIFTIES. By I. F. Stone. Random House. $5.95.

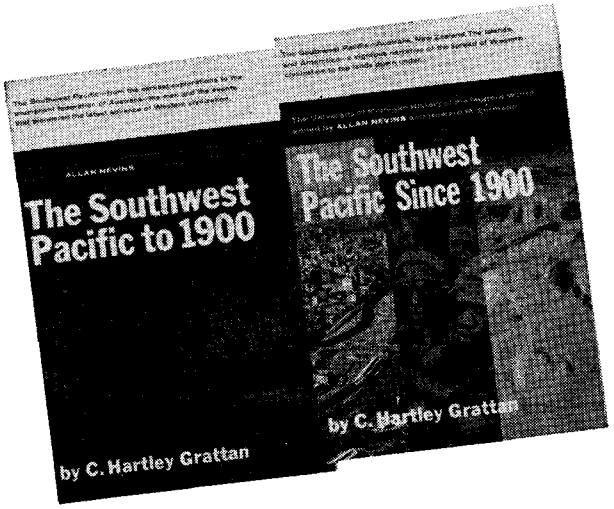
LAW, LIBERTY, AND PSYCHIATRY: An Inquiry into the Social Uses of Mental Health Practices. By Thomas S. Szasz, M.D. Macmillan. $7.50.

PASSION AND SOCIAL CONSTRAINT. By Ernest van den Haag. Stein & Day. $6.95.

RESOURCES AND PEOPLE IN EAST KENTUCKY: Problems and Potentials of a Lagging Economy. By Mary Jean Bowman and W. Warren Haynes. Johns Hopkins. $10.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

The University of Michigan History of the Modern World • Edited by Allan Nevins and Howard M. Ehrmann



592 pages 10 maps $7.50
From the earliest explorations to the triumphant federation of Australia—the men and the events that pioneered the latest advance of Western civilization.

800 pages 11 maps $10.00
Australia, New Zealand, The Islands, and Antarctica—a vigorous narrative of the spread of Western civilization to the lands down under.

These are two of the most interesting volumes in The University of Michigan History of the Modern World because they treat a region of the globe commonly neglected by historians. (The volumes may be ordered separately.)

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND—THE ISLANDS—ANTARCTICA

Just published

The Southwest Pacific Since 1900

By C. Hartley Grattan

The publication of the second volume completes the history of The Southwest Pacific by C. Hartley Grattan.

The Southwest Pacific to 1900

By C. Hartley Grattan

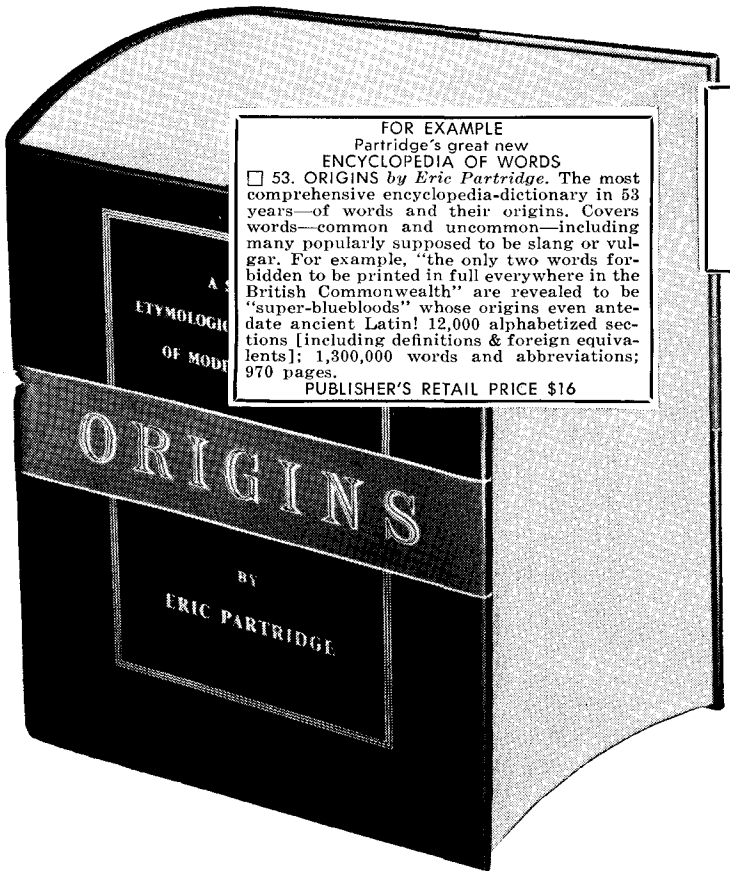
"...the Pacific is a world in itself; a region of the world with its own history and culture, its own problems and opportunities. Towards a wider recognition of its importance this book marks an important step. It is a well-written and well-produced volume and all who read it will look out for the sequel *The Southwest Pacific Since 1900*....One of the most valuable parts of this book is its list of *suggested readings*—not a mere list of titles but an analytical and descriptive guide to the literature available on this fascinating and important subject."
—C. Northcote Parkinson

"...remarkable volume...highly readable....Since *The Southwest Pacific to 1900* is such an excellent guide to colonial politics, we are bound to learn a great deal about the national and international politics of the area in *The Southwest Pacific Since 1900*."
—New York Times Book Review

University of Michigan Press Ann Arbor

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another remarkable offer from
"America's most rewarding book club"
—Mid-Century Member



FOR EXAMPLE
Partridge's great new
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORDS

☐ 53. ORIGINS *by Eric Partridge.* The most comprehensive encyclopedia-dictionary in 53 years—of words and their origins. Covers words—common and uncommon—including many popularly supposed to be slang or vulgar. For example, "the only two words forbidden to be printed in full everywhere in the British Commonwealth" are revealed to be "super-bluebloods" whose origins even antedate ancient Latin! 12,000 alphabetized sections [including definitions & foreign equivalents]: 1,300,000 words and abbreviations; 970 pages.
PUBLISHER'S RETAIL PRICE $16

ANY BOOK

FREE

WE WILL GIVE YOU —

- ANY BOOK FREE—even if you choose this $16 encyclopedia!
- PLUS 1 OR MORE OTHER BOOKS for only $2.95 each *regardless of regular retail prices up to $10 and more!*
- PLUS $2.50 BONUS VOUCHER for each and every book you buy later—which may be applied immediately, at any time, toward other books of your choice—are given *in addition* to massive *outright discounts* on club offerings. You receive at least one $2.50 Voucher for each purchase—even on the many books offered to members in the low $3 to $5 range. Other books often earn *more* than one voucher.
- SAVE OVER 90% NOW. New readers may save over 90% by joining the Society *at this time.* While you need take only one book at the introductory *extra-discount* price, the more you take the more you save.
- PLUS STILL ANOTHER FREE BOOK [See coupon below] if you remit *now* for each book you take at the extra-discount price for new members.
- CANCELLATION. *Either* return all these books after 2 weeks' free examination, without cost or obligation. *Or*—take only two more books during the coming year out of hundreds to be offered.
- THE MID-CENTURY MAGAZINE FREE, bringing you advance reviews of new books published each month—with informed recommendations of books to both read & *keep* [no fall-apart paperbacks] in every subject-category—books for pleasure, profit, reference . . . for the many interests, needs and appetites of America's "New Renaissance" readers . . . the best *novels, non-fiction, reference works, biographies, art books, histories*—and many more.
- PROFIT SHARING: Because the Society can order books in large quantities, it shares profits with members through sensationally *lower prices* plus the *Bonus-Book Vouchers.* Members can thus buy first-run books—in publishers' regular cloth-bound editions for their permanent libraries [not cardboard-bound "cheapies"]—for less than throw-away paperbacks *cost!*
- BECAUSE many of the books offered in this announcement are in short supply, **fulfillment of this offer can only be guaranteed for 30 days. Please, therefore, enter all your choices by number on the Request Form—and mail without delay.**

PLEASE ORDER BOOKS BY NUMBER

☐ 994. BOSWELL'S UNEXPURGATED " Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides." The best of all Boswell Journals now offered unexpurgated by virtue of the recent discovery of Boswell's lost papers. Retail $10.00

JAMES BALDWIN on the NEGRO IN AMERICA

☐ 205. THE FIRE NEXT TIME. Best-seller Baldwin bares his soul — on the NAACP, the Black Muslims, and the rise of Negro power in the U.S. Here is the book that is lighting fire under both black and white America. Retail $3.50

☐ 163. ANOTHER COUNTRY. The famous novel that propelled Baldwin, virtually overnight, to the top rank of American writers. Retail $5.95

☐ 919. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST. The four vicious novels of a writer whose violent cynicism cast a strong influence over contemporary American novelists. *The Dream Life of Balso Snell, A Cool Million, Miss Lonelyhearts* and *The Day of the Locust.* Retail $5.00

☐ 211. SPECULATIONS ABOUT JAKOB *by Uwe Johnson.* The chilling new novel by Germany's prize-winning *Wunderkind.* On the surface a gripping "thriller," between the lines a disturbing and moving view of East versus West. A major novel of this half-century. Retail $4.50

☐ 221. FLOWER IN MY EAR. *Polynesian Lays of Love & Life translated by E. Burrows.* Despite joltingly amatory content, these lyrical works (supplemented with photographs) of the gentle Polynesian people — their own song poems, folk legends and ceremonial speech-making—have a tender and childlike charm. Retail $6.75

☐ 135. THE GENIUS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. Leonardo's mind as revealed through 132 illustrations in color and monochrome and his own brilliant writings, supplemented by Andre Chastel's perceptive interpretations. Retail $12.50

☐ 223. MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN *translated by Grace Frick.* A newly illustrated edition of this enduring classic. An overwhelmingly sensitive reflection of the awe-inspiring accomplishments, profundities and vicious indulgences of the multifaceted Roman Emperor Hadrian. Retail $7.00.

☐ 938. RIMBAUD and BAUDELAIRE *by Enid Starkie.* Two (2) separate books—exciting and illuminating biographies of geniuses whose poems recreated the passions and sorrows of their tortured—and legendary—lives. Dr. Starkie's interpretations of Baudelaire [dandy and drug addict] and Rimbaud [slave trader and debauchee of remarkable pertinacity] are stimulating, sensitive and original. Combined Retail $20.00

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO and THE CONQUEST OF PERU

☐ 916. William H. Prescott's immortal histories of Cortes and Pizarro in a *complete and unabridged one-volume* edition. This story of the small bands of *conquistadores* in Mexico and Peru is one of the most dramatic narratives of all time. 1288 pp., fully indexed. Retail $12.50

☐ 195. BLACK MAN IN AMERICA. In this deeply moving *recording* best-selling author James Baldwin recollects his childhood — and his painful steps to status as a great writer in a white man's world. Retail $3.98

☐ 192. THOMAS MANN: THE "JOSEPH" TETRALOGY. A 1200-page single-volume edition of 4 of Mann's great novels: *The Tales of Jacob, Young Joseph, Joseph in Egypt,* and *Joseph the Provider.* Retail $8.50

☐ 229. AMERICAN NEGRO POETRY *edited by Arna Bontemps.* 171 poems by 55 poets, spanning 70 years, reflect the spontaneity, warmth and folklore of the Negro people in this most extensive and representative collection of American Negro poetry yet published. Among the poets: *Frank Yerby, Richard Wright, Langston Hughes, Gwendolyn Brooks, LeRoi Jones.* Retail $4.95

☐ 149. A WORLD ON THE WANE. Perhaps the most remarkable work ever published on a sexually-uninhibited primitive culture. Includes 116 revealing photographs and drawings. Retail $12.50

☐ 167. THE RELIGION OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS. A beautiful prose-and-pictorial presentation of the earthy cults and rites of the Graeco-Roman religion—from the austere athleticism of Athena-worship to the hitherto shadowy doings of the Vestal Virgins. 124 breathtaking photographs. Retail $10.00

The GERMAN "CATCH 22"

☐ 181. THE OFFICER FACTORY *by Hans Hellmut Kirst.* Revolving around a mysterious murder in a Nazi officers' training school in 1944, this great new novel [overlooked in the N. Y. newspaper strike of 1962-63] presents an intimate picture of the behind-the-scenes chaos of Hitler's Third Reich in a series of gripping events that range from nerve-tearing tragedy to high comedy. [502 pp.] Retail $6.50

☐ 169. THE WESTERN: *From Silents to Cinerama.* A lavishly-illustrated presentation of the most American of film art forms — the wild and woolly Western. All the magic names, including William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Gary Cooper, John Wayne, *The Great Train Robbery, High Noon, How the West Was Won* [to mention just a few]. Retail $12.50

FREE
if payment is enclosed with order

THE DELIGHTS OF DETECTION *edited by Jacques Barzun.* Here is Mr. Barzun's choice of the best tales of pure detection, collected because "detective feats have been, since Voltaire and Poe, the delight of intellectuals," and designed to appeal to addicts and "uninitiated" alike. *Retail $5.95.*

REQUEST FORM SR-37

Mail to: **THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY,** 115 East 31st Street, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Enroll me as a trial member and send me the FREE book indicated below—charging me only for the one or more other books ordered at the *special new-member price* of only $2.95 each.

My only obligation is to buy two future selections during the coming year from the 100 or more to be available at average savings of 50% under the publishers' retail prices. Over and above outright *Discounts,* I am to receive at least one *$2.50 Bonus Book Voucher* with each book purchased—no matter how low the price. [PLEASE INDICATE YOUR CHOICE BELOW BY NUMBER.]

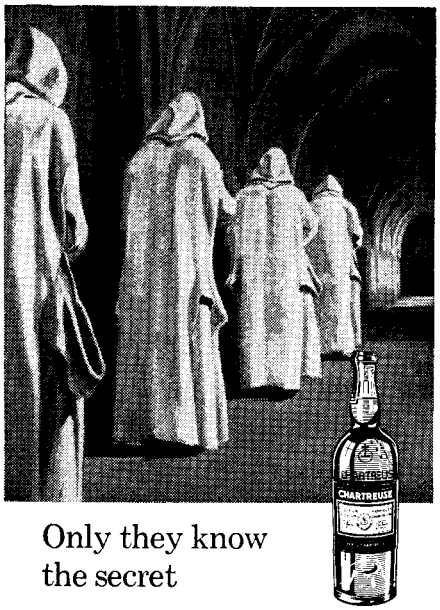
I. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION FREE with New-Member Purchase(s) at the right.

II. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION(S) AT SPECIAL NEW-MEMBER'S PRICE [$2.95].

Name .....

Address..... City..... Zone..... State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

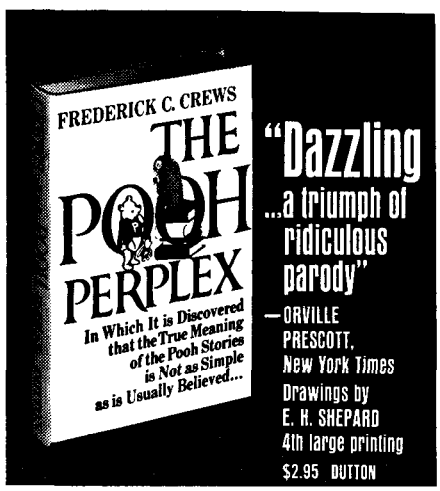


Only they know the secret

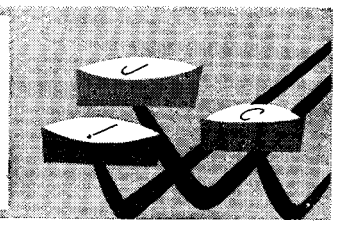
Only four monks of the Carthusian Order know the secret of making Chartreuse, a secret preserved for more than 350 years. Their dedication is rewarded by your enjoyment of this superb liqueur. Before or after dinner, or as a delightful chilled drink, Chartreuse is enjoyable in a variety of ways. For illustrated booklet on Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, Dept. Y

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof


FREDERICK C. CREWS
THE
POOH
PERPLEX
In Which It is Discovered that the True Meaning of the Pooh Stories is Not as Simple as is Usually Believed...
"Dazzling ...a triumph of ridiculous parody"
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, New York Times
Drawings by E. H. SHEPARD
4th large printing
$2.95 DUTTON

Manner of Speaking



War Surplus: I know nothing about the Army's way of taking inventory and of checking its accounts, but in the course of a recent conversation on something else I was reminded of a question I have long wanted to ask the officer in charge of the ammunition inventory at Mather Field, California, toward the end of 1945. Specifically, I should like to know what he did about approximately 12,000,000 rounds of belted fifty-caliber ammunition that was not supposed to be there but was.

I know both that it was there and that it was not supposed to be, a bit of information I came by as part of a long process that began in October of 1944. At that time the B-29 on which I was technically a gunner and actually a rather expensive piece of excess baggage left Walker Field, Kansas, for something called "staging" at Kearney, Nebraska. At Kearney, after a month-long fiddle-faddle, we were finally set to move on. As one part of the final preparations, our ammunition cans were filled with 12,000 rounds of machine-gun ammunition, one belt of 1,000 rounds to each gun. Our immediate destination was Mather Field, California, which was designated our Port of Aerial Embarkation for a top-secret Pacific destination—and certainly no more than 100 per cent of the people at Walker, Kearney, and Mather, and something less than 90 per cent of the people within fifty miles of those fields knew for sure that it was Saipan.

Within the technicalities of everything, as I dimly understood them, we were in the American Theatre of War until our wheels left the ground at Mather, whereupon we were instantly in the Pacific Theatre. The relevant point within the technicality was that in the American Theatre we were accountable for a number of items of equipment, including ammunition, that became officially expendable the instant we were in the Pacific Theatre. So at least the case was explained to me.

The legalist who did the explaining was an enterprising sergeant at Mather. His particular enterprise was whiskey, his system was flawless, and even his prices—as befitted his status as a large-scale jobber—were moderate.

What he proposed was a happy coordination. The final inspection would be finished at least an hour before take-off. If, immediately after the inspection, we would strip the ammunition belts out of the cans and pile them by the aft hatch, he would arrive with a truck, haul off the ammunition to put back in the dump, and sell us, at $60 a case, enough whiskey to fill up our ammunition cans.

There were eleven men on a B-29 flight crew and we were flying our maintenance crew chief with us. Not everyone was interested, but it took the rest of us something like ten minutes to ante up $1,500 wherewith to stake a claim on twenty-five cases. For the word had also found its way back from our top-secret destination (maybe written on the back of the sealed orders?) that the going price for black market whiskey on Saipan was $35 a fifth.

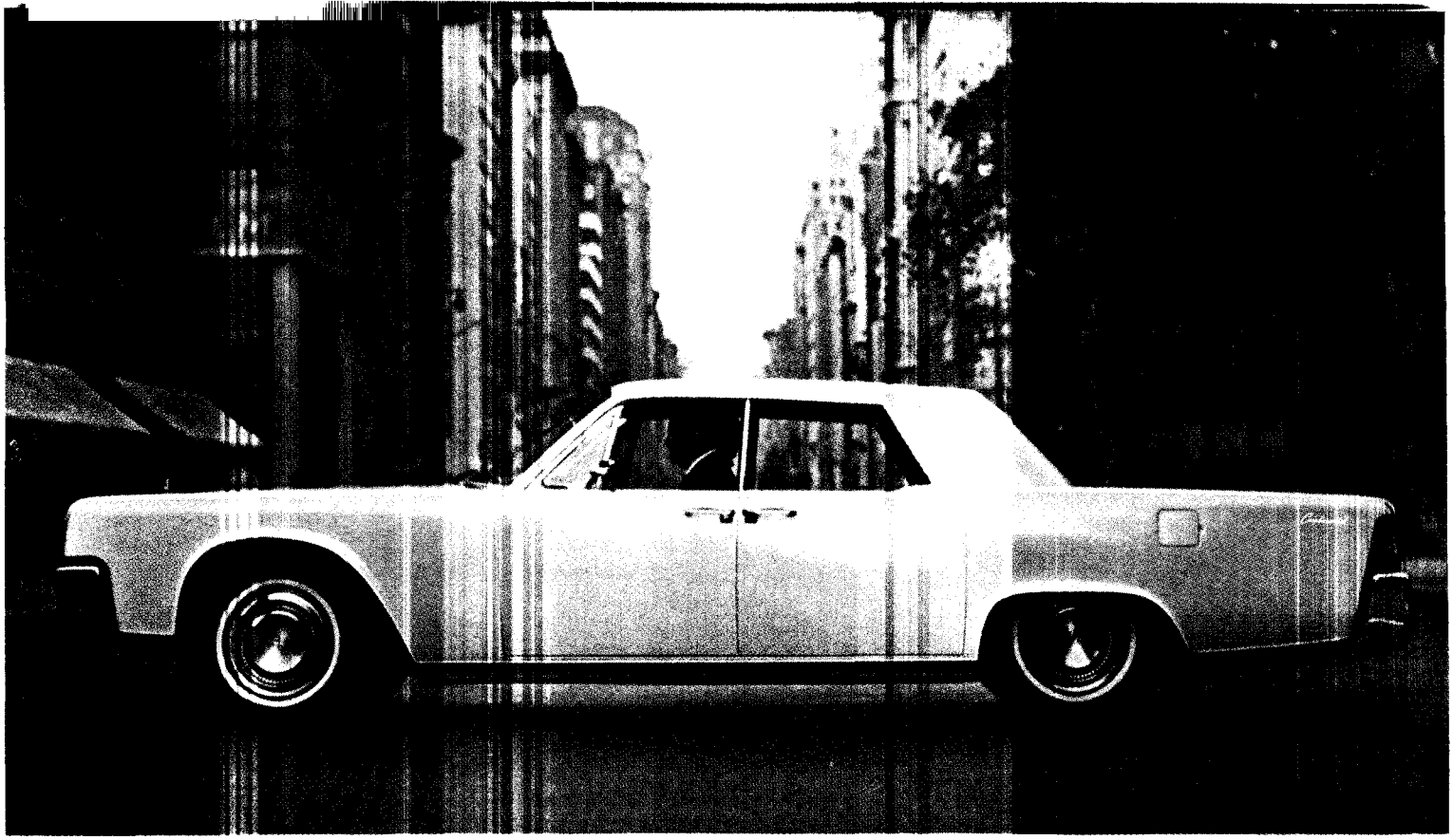
The information, moreover, turned out to be exactly right, though we did not know then that the whiskey being blackmarketed to G.I.'s at $35 was a back-flow from the monthly ration supplied to officers at something like $1.10 a fifth.

IN ANY case our deal was made, the ammunition belts were stripped from the cans and dumped in the sergeant's truck, the twenty-five cases were lovingly stored in the ammunition cans. Off we went (our ammunition obviously expended the minute we took off) for Oahu, and then to Kwajelein, and so to Saipan. We could not, of course, have fired our guns, but that was no problem since there was nothing to fire them at this side of Saipan, or, for that matter, this side of Japan.

We arrived on Saipan in time for the first Tokyo raid in November of 1944, and I flew back (with the same pilot but with an otherwise different crew) in late September of 1945. In the meantime, well over 1,000 B-29s had flown out from Mather to Saipan, Tinian, and Guam. And as best I could check into the fact of things, by observation and by exchange with other rumor-mongers, practically every incoming plane was armed with 90-proof ammunition cans. A thousand whiskey-specials out of the total arrivals seems in every way a conservative guess. Which is to say that at least 1,000 times in the course of that bit-less-than-a-year, the B-29s that left Mather had made a gift to the ammunition dump of twelve belts of fifty-caliber ammunition, each belt containing 1,000 rounds, whereby a total of 12,000,000 rounds must have free-enter-

(*Continued on page* 84)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For 1964, new size, new styling, but unmistakably Continental:

The Continental has been lengthened to provide greater interior space. There is more luggage room. Inspect this car, and discover why more than half the people who buy in our price range choose the Continental.

The timeless silhouette is now just three inches longer than in 1961-2-3, yet this change accomplishes a remarkable gain in passenger compartment spaciousness.

A longer legged Continental

In the rear compartment, leg room has been increased four inches over 1963, and knee room 2.5 inches. This is double the knee room of the 1961 and 1962 Continental. You will also enjoy broader visibility and easier entrance through the wider rear doors.

The luggage compartment has 15% more usable space than in 1963, an increase of 33% over the 1961-2 models.

Yet with all this added space, the classic Continental retains the distinctions that continue to set it apart:

What sets it apart?

1. The famous profile is modified only to incorporate functional improvements.
2. The Continental is available in the four-door sedan and the only four-door convertible made in America. Each is built to the highest engineering standards. There cannot be any compromise. There are no lower priced models.
3. Only the Continental has all four doors opening from the center, for more graceful entrance to the rear compartment.
4. Unusual strength of integral construction contributes to an unsurpassed ride.
5. Within, you will find virtually every luxury. Down-soft leathers or opulent damasks featured on foam cushion seats. Deep cut-pile carpeting. And much more.

Complete power assists

6. The Continental includes, as standard equipment, full power auxiliaries.
7. Each Continental is built in a special plant at Wixom, Michigan, that sets the world's highest automotive engineering standards in constructing this car.

189 straight A's

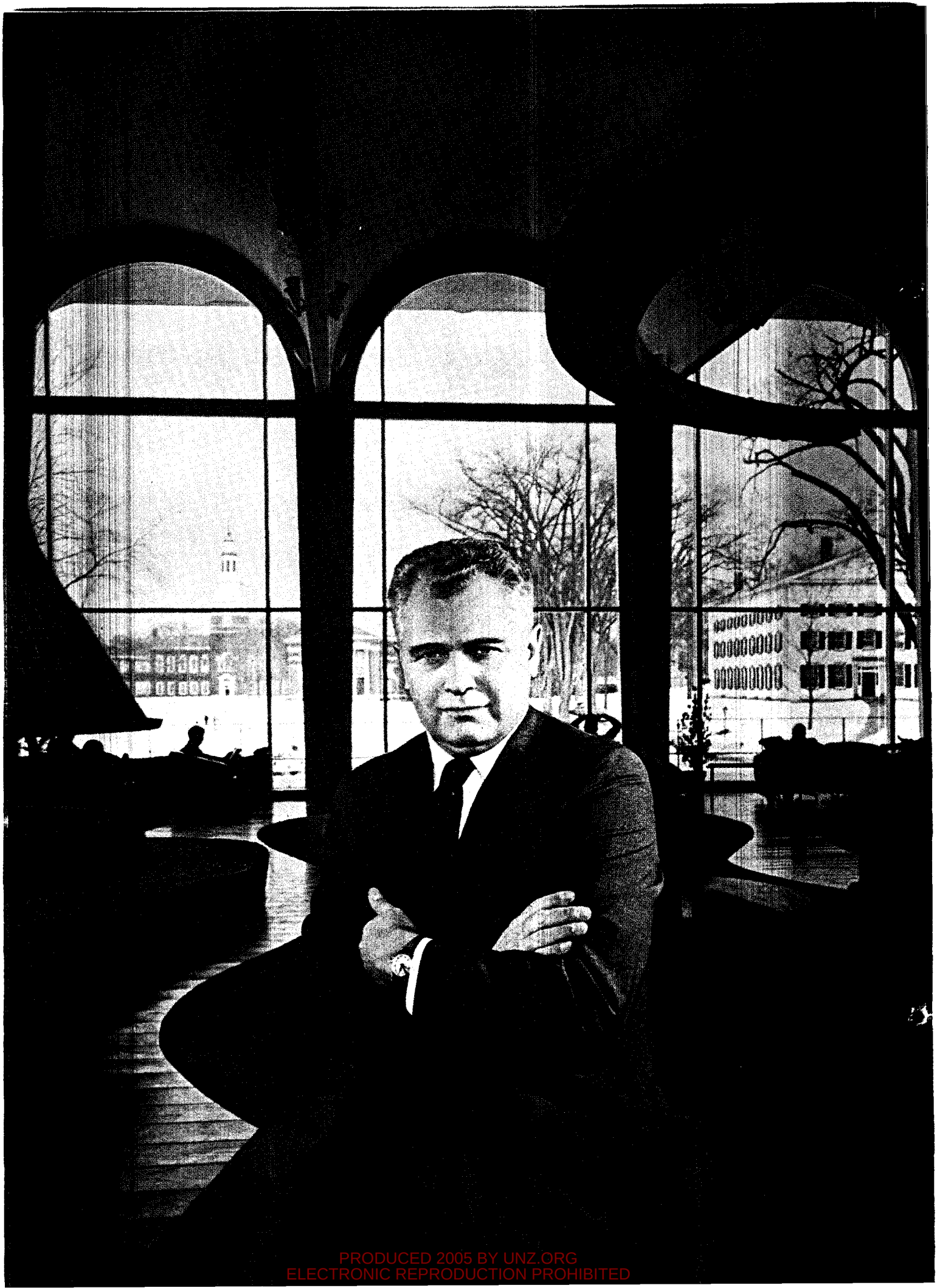
8. No other car is so thoroughly tested. Every Continental must pass 189 performance tests on the road in addition to thousands of tests during manufacture.
9. Because its precision standards of construction are the world's highest, Continental is built to last and retain its value.

When you see this car, look again. Notice the kind of person who drives it.

And before you decide upon your next automobile, drive this one yourself. It is the world's finest automobile. If you will call your Lincoln Continental dealer, he will arrange a demonstration.

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL
Product of the Lincoln-Mercury Division, Ford Motor Company

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Send me a man who reads!"

International Paper interviews the man who may someday screen your child for college

"Never before has reading been so vital to success in college," says Edward Chamberlain, Jr., Director of Admissions at Dartmouth College. Read why.

"Today colleges are looking for students who have already demonstrated their eagerness and ability to learn," says Edward Chamberlain. "Invariably, these eager students are *readers.*"

Reading explosion at Dartmouth

"At Dartmouth, we think reading is so important we have set up a special reading program in addition to regular courses.

"This program includes books on world politics, science, philosophy, drama, poetry and novels. The students must take tests or write commentaries to prove they understand what they have read."

Are Dartmouth students reading more? Library figures indicate they are. Although student enrollment has been the same for the past five years, Baker Library shows a 35 percent increase in the circulation of its 850,000 books.

And the local bookstore has doubled its sale of hardbound and paperback books since 1953.

Start your child early

If you have a child who is contemplating college, remind him of the importance of reading. All the evidence indicates *men who read more achieve more.*

Free reprints. To date, over two and a half million reprints of this series have been requested. If you would like reprints of this advertisement write: International Paper, Box 68, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

and "Send me a man who reads!" are marks of International Paper Company.
©International Paper Company 1963

INTERNATIONAL PAPER

Manufacturers of papers for magazines, books, newspapers • papers for home and office use • converting papers • papers and paperboards for packaging • labels • folding cartons • milk containers • shipping containers • multiwall bags • grocery and specialty bags and sacks • pulps for industry • lumber, plywood and other building materials

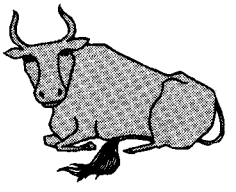
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random House Books

Honor Tracy

THE FIRST DAY OF FRIDAY

This new novel is Miss Tracy's funniest, most delightful Irish brew since *The Straight and Narrow Path.* A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. (Coming November 22) $4.95



James A. Michener's

CARAVANS

"A Michener tale to remember!"—*Chicago News.* A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. $5.95

The Essential Lippmann

A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy. Walter Lippmann's best writings. Edited by CLINTON ROSSITER and JAMES LARE $7.50

Alfred Hitchcock Presents

STORIES MY MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME

Includes a chilling novel, 3 novelettes, and 21 haunting short stories. $5.95

The Dot and the Line

A Romance in Lower Mathematics
By NORTON JUSTER. The book that will do for geometry what *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has done for game-keeping. Illustrated in 2 colors. $1.95

The Civil War

FREDERICKSBURG TO MERIDIAN

SHELBY FOOTE continues his magnificent narrative that is being hailed as "a turning point in the writing of Civil War history." Over 988 pages. 48 maps. $12.50

Now at your bookstore **RANDOM HOUSE**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

November 9, 1963

By Harvey Wheeler and Eugene Burdick

THE POLITICS OF DESTRUCTION

IT IS RARE in history that one can point to a definite event and say that it presented an entirely novel problem to mankind. The advent of the atomic bomb was one such historical occurrence. The reason for this is very simple. A tool, in order to be of use to mankind, must be finite. It must be something that can be used to accomplish a goal, preserve life, or enrich the conditions of living. A tool with infinite capabilities is perverse; it refuses to be merely a means to accomplish another end. It becomes, instead, an infinite end in itself. But an infinite end is the end of everything, and this is the gruesome potential of the atomic bomb.

War has always been one of man's finite means toward his goals. There has always been reason for doubting the efficiency of war as a means. It has always been possible to criticize war, and related forms of violence, as being inefficient means. Now, however, the inefficiency of war has been superseded by its inadmissibility as an infinite means for achieving a finite goal. Nuclear war is, literally, the end of everything. It is purposeless, because it destroys all purpose. This is the reason war must be eliminated from the variety of means available to mankind.

This imperative has raised a new question: the possibility of a genocidal accidental war. It has always been realized that war could start by accident. That is, unintended or fortuitous incidents have occurred which have triggered large-scale conflicts. We have not taken such accidents seriously in the past because of a kind of speculative serenity furnished us by the hindsight of history. For in the history of every great conflict we can go back over the events leading to the outbreak of hostilities and prove to our satisfaction that profound underlying causes made war inevitable, and that had this not been the case an accident could not have brought war about. Moreover, the fact that underlying causes existed made irrelevant the specific event or incident that served to trigger the outbreak of war. For this reason, accidental war never received serious or independent treatment as a fundamental problem.

However, the ominous facts of our day give new cause for concern. By any test of history, the range of conflicts and disagreements now existing between the Western world and the Communist bloc are of such profundity that had they existed in any previous time one cannot but conclude that war between the two protagonists would have been inevitable. The historically-minded observer must accordingly conclude that the times are ripe for an incident or accident capable of giving birth to the violence implicit in the antagonism between the two blocs. But there is a difference. Today, such an accident threatens the immediate utilization of our awesome, infinite means of destruction. Accordingly, not only war as an institution but, more importantly, accidental war (more tragic because unintended) must be prevented. It is bad enough for man to obliterate himself on purpose. It is even worse, in a cosmic, ironic sense, for man to stumble blindly into obliteration.

It is not the existence of thermonuclear weapons alone that makes accidental war a deadly peril. It is the existence of thermonuclear weapons plus the elaborate counterpoised thermonuclear delivery systems that are kept ready for massive utilization on an instant's notice. These vast civilization-killing systems must be capable of instantaneous activation to fulfil the purposes of their designers. But in possessing such capability, they also possess the power of accidental and irrevocable destruction. This power is

EDITOR'S NOTE: Two events in recent weeks have served to lower the nuclear temperature, the first being the limited test ban treaty, now signed by more than 100 nations, and the second being the progress made toward a functioning agreement to keep nuclear weapons out of orbiting vehicles. But grave problems remain, even apart from the saturating stockpiles. One of these problems has to do with the varying circumstances that might lead to war by accident. Harvey Wheeler and Eugene Burdick recently wrote a novel, *Fail-Safe*, on this theme. Defense Department officials have declared that the kind of accident dramatized in that novel was far-fetched and should cause no concern. Against this was the fact that, during the week of the Cuban crisis in October 1962, an American military plane did wander off course and it became necessary to offer assurances that the flight had no aggressive significance. In any event, Messrs. Wheeler and Burdick examine herewith the persistent problem of accidental war.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what gives urgency to the problem of preventing accidental war.

One point should be clear at the outset. Because of the infinite destructive capability of these counterpoised systems a mere reduction of the statistical probability of accidental war is insufficient, no matter how infinitesimal the probability might allegedly become. The reason is very simple: the mere fact that a probability is small is no guarantee that it will occur only in the distant future. One might think that if there is a one-in-a-million chance that an accident will occur, the one-in-a-million instance will take place only at the end of a million chances. But, of course, the one-in-a-million chance can occur immediately. Several one-in-a-million chances can occur in immediate succession and still not disprove the statistical calculation that assigned the one-in-a-million ratio. The golfing odds against a hole in one are astronomically high. Recently Don January made a hole in one during the Palm Springs Classic. The odds against the same man making another hole in one are even higher, against his making it on the same hole higher still, and against his making it on the same hole in a replay of the same tournament almost so high as to be incalculable—yet this very thing happened. The odds in favor of accidental nuclear war are far higher.

All knowledgeable persons have been aware of this frightening possibility for many years. The possibility was not created by the novel *Fail-Safe*. As early as the 1950s various governmental agencies commissioned private studies of the problem. The Rand Corporation has a special project devoted to the study and prevention of accidental war. The United States Congress commissioned a report that was compiled on the basis of declassified information. Sir Charles P. Snow brought the matter to public attention a few years ago in his now famous Harvard lectures. Monographs and articles on the subject abound in nontechnical as well as technical journals. Accidental war, in short, is recognized as a real problem by anyone familiar with defense problems. For a governmental agency to claim otherwise, fearing that an alerted public opinion might demand that the danger be eliminated, is more than an act of dishonesty. It is an official subversion of the principles on which democracy rests by the very governmental agencies that are presumed to be servants rather than manipulators of the people. Just such behavior, however, increasingly characterizes our governmental agencies. And the possibility of creating a public opinion receptive to any fundamental criticism of established governmental policies is rapidly disappearing. At this moment a strange campaign is being waged against the novel *Fail-Safe* and its authors. A potent distortion of the book is being circulated as a basis for discrediting general discussion of the problem of accidental war. Yet accidental war is an immediate threat, and promises to grow rather than lessen. It behooves us all to see that the issues it raises are given public attention and discussion.

"OK—Where are the jewels?"

Here is one way of classifying types of accidental war:

First, war through miscalculation or misinterpretation by one side of an act taken by the other. For example, NATO forces are sometimes called "trip-wire" forces. This means that they are not regarded as capable of defending Europe against an attack from the East, but they can serve to alert the world to such an attack and to trigger the retaliatory thermonuclear capability of the West. But a trip-wire can be set off by mistake. An action taken by one side may in fact be an innocent maneuver, but it may be mistakenly interpreted by the other side as an aggression. So high is the premium placed on instantaneous reaction that such an incident may activate the thermonuclear trip-wire and plunge the world into war. An illustration of this sort of danger was seen in the recent Cuban crisis. Shortly after the crisis had subsided, a series of inside stories was published about the "eyeball-to-eyeball" showdown between the United States and the Soviet Union. We all knew that the world was close to war. We did not know how close, or how precarious the balance was. But later we were told that one thing that kept war from breaking out was the fortuitous happenstance which found a group of Russian and American exchange observers visiting each other's headquarters in Europe just at that time. During the entire crisis these groups were able to keep in contact with their own chiefs and report the fact that neither side was preparing aggressive troop or materiel actions in Europe. Had the observers not been able to do this, some accidental maneuver might have been mistakenly interpreted by the other side as an act of aggression.

A SECOND type of potential accident grows out of the strange strategic world created by the hair-trigger readiness of both sides. Suppose a Russian plane flying a routine course accidentally drops a large thermonuclear weapon. Suppose that the weapon accidentally explodes upon impact with the ground. The explosion is large enough to be detected throughout the world. The first question the other side must ask is: What happened? Was it an accident? Suppose the Russians immediately call and announce it was an accident; can

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they be believed? If it was not an accident, why did they do it? Suppose it was an accident. How will they know that we believe it was an accident? If they cannot be sure that we believe it was an accident, how will they predict our reaction to it if we conclude it was done on purpose? Is it possible that we would attack? If it is possible, is it not necessary for the Russians immediately to follow their own accident with a true attack out of doubt about what we will do? If this is so, and we know this to be a possibility, then we have a changed situation. We may believe that it is an accident. But we know that the Russians do not know that we know it is. We know that if they are unsure about this, they might decide upon the necessity for an attack. Knowing this, is it not necessary for us to attack immediately, even though we know it to be an accident and know that they know it is an accident?

This is the convoluted logic of the strange world of thermonuclear strategy. Reference to it occurs in the book *Fail-Safe*, but it was not invented by these authors. Such considerations, which have been talked about for years, were given their greatest currency by Herman Kahn. That such an accidental detonation could occur was revealed recently in Ralph Lapp's impressive book, *Kill and Overkill*. Mr. Lapp states that not long ago just such an incident nearly occurred in North Carolina. An American bomber accidentally dropped a thermonuclear device. This device had six safety-locks on it preventing accidental detonation. Each one of them was foolproof. That is, none of them could possibly be triggered by accident. The SAC was justifiably proud of its compounding of infallible mechanisms and had given wide publicity to its foolproof systems. Only one thing was wrong: The system was *not* foolproof. On inspecting the fallen device it was discovered that five of the six foolproof safety switches had been thrown accidentally as a result of the fall. When asked about this report by Mr. Lapp, the Defense Department refused either to confirm or deny.

A third type of accidental war is one that is increasingly called "unintended." This refers to the possibility that some restricted military incident that is entered into or supported by one of the sides with the intention of keeping it restricted to local confines, becomes "escalated" accidentally into a full-scale war involving the two thermonuclear principals. This is the sort of thing that might occur in any of the world's underdeveloped areas: Southeast Asia, Africa, Latin America, etc. Each country has interests in these areas. We have announced our intention to maintain sufficient strength in these areas to fight "limited" wars for limited aims. We hope to be able to announce these aims in advance of such actions, and warn off our opponent.

"What this round table proposes to find out tonight is 'are we becoming a nation of softies?' "

The model used in discussing limited war used to be the Korean conflict, in which neither principal was formally involved. A stalemate resulted. Thermonuclear war was avoided. It is argued that this can happen in other places. However, the fact that an agreed stalemate was the price of keeping the two principals from resorting to thermonuclear devices serves to mitigate the force of the Korean example. In any case, it is outmoded. We must now examine the limited war theory in the light of the Cuban precedent. Here, the restriction of the conflict depended upon one side's threatening the other with thermonuclear war. If limited war can be resorted to only under such conditions, then limited war disappears as an independent strategy. It is always dependent upon the will of one side really to use thermonuclear weapons to keep it limited, and the disinclination of the other to risk their use by entering the so-called limited conflict. Unfortunately, the possibility of escalation is present in every military conflict that occurs anywhere in the world. Khrushchev has already expanded the "Cuba-model" to include Vietnam, North Korea, and Berlin specifically and other Communist countries by implication. Hostile limited action against any of these countries would presumably be followed by a Soviet ultimatum, which, if not accepted, would be followed by a nuclear attack. Yet it would be theoretically unintended, because each side would have hoped that the other would back down when faced with the threat of thermonuclear war.

Actually, the entire theory of limited war presupposes the old concept of "spheres of influence." Before it could work there would have to be a clear understanding between the two principals about which areas of the world each would be free to control. The sphere-of-influence idea was never very satisfactory. It is even less so today when the cold war has spread over the entire surface of the globe. Under these conditions, the ability of the two principals to agree upon spheres of influence would be a major step toward peace.

A fourth type of accidental war is what has sometimes been called the "madman" theory. The possibility of some person going mad—even temporarily—is easy enough to understand. The Defense Department has initiated elaborate screening and psychological examinations to reduce this possibility to a minimum. The largest and most impressive of these was announced early last winter. People in official or semi-official positions seldom discuss the problem of accidental war. But when they do, it is this possibility that appears to concern them most. Accordingly, many checks and counterchecks have been instituted. Agreement by at least two persons is necessary before an attack can be begun. More than one man is required for the arming of thermonuclear devices. No attack can be ordered without Presidential authority.

There are several things to be said

(*Continued on page* 83)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS AND BANNERS:
A Case History

By JOSEPH A. KING

WHEN Dr. Max Rafferty, California's Superintendent of Public Instruction, labeled the *Dictionary of American Slang* "a practicing handbook of sexual perversion" and urged citizens to see that school boards removed the book from library shelves, the ultra-right in California was quick to support his challenge. Even though the dictionary is a scholarly reference work, and even though the State Board of Education unanimously repudiated Dr. Rafferty, advising school districts to disregard his advice, the ultras had heard his call. He had given them an issue, one that could capture the imagination of the man on the street: dirty words.

The monthly *Bulletin of the John Birch Society* urged members to get busy on the book, and front-group activity was not long in appearing. In San Bernardino, Santa Clara, Kern, San Joaquin, Butte, and Tulare counties pressure was directed by such fronts as the "Kern County Christian Laymen's Association," "The Women's Protective League," and "The Tulare County Citizens Committee to Remove the Dictionary of American Slang."

One surprising event was the failure of a Birch front group in Tulare County, my home. A rural county that was the setting for much of Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, it is highly conservative in voting habits and was therefore an ideal place for a test of power. The history of that test is an illuminating example of ultra-conservative tactics and prejudices, as well as of the ability of ordinary citizens to confront such a threat successfully.

Last spring Jay Kude, a full-time organizer for the John Birch Society, arrived in Visalia, the county seat, and established residence. A beachhead already existed in the form of a local Birch Society chapter headed by a reputable dentist, and another Birch beachhead, commanded by a physician, was functioning in Porterville at the other end of the county. Before long, the front group appeared publicly when the Tulare County Board of Education adopted a resolution calling for the ban of the dictionary from high school library shelves and urging the County Board of Supervisors to remove the book from the county libraries as well.

The front group's appearance came in the form of an announcement from a Visalia woman, reported in the press, that she was heading the "Tulare County Citizens Committee to Remove the Dictionary of American Slang." She further stated that petitions were being circulated. Attached to each petition was a seven-page printed list of allegedly offensive words and definitions. Letters urging a ban on the book had already begun to appear in the local newspaper.

Curious, I took the advice of the committee's handbill, phoned "for further information," and arranged for an interview at the committee leader's house. I found her there with two other thirtyish ladies counting the petitions as they came in. One of the ladies informed me that her husband was Jay Kude, area "coordinator" for the Birch Society, but that the committee was not a front group. "Birch Society members are individuals acting as individual citizens," she explained.

That evening these three individual citizens attended the John Birch Society meeting in the Veterans Memorial Building in Visalia, huddling more than once with both the Birch Society area coordinator and the local chapter leader. I was there, too. And so, of course, was Mr. Kude, a tall, huge-shouldered man dressed nattily in dark suit, white shirt, and tie. He appeared to be in his early thirties and had all the outward signs of an ex-Ivy League fullback. Glib of tongue, with a debater's ability to humiliate a hostile opponent, he plainly enjoyed parrying the remarks of unfriendly students in his audience: "You can't trap me, sonny," he would say with a grin. "Why don't you come back in about ten years?" Clearly, he liked his work.

Mr. Kude told me that the *Dictionary of American Slang* was "all part of the Commie conspiracy to undermine American youth and morals in general. . . . It's all down in the Commie writings. The difference between you and me is that I believe the Commies; you don't." He said he was prepared to speak at the hearings on the book the next morning in the Board of Supervisors' chambers. I told him I would be there, too.

Mr. Kude and I met again in the Supervisors' chambers the following morning, July 23, he hugging a *Dictionary of American Slang*, I armed with a *Webster's New World Dictionary*. The crowd numbered over 200. Sitting inside the guard rail separating the supervisors from the spectators was County Librarian Hilda Collins, holding a copy of the slang dictionary. Seated beside her was her reference librarian, Josephine Rhodehamel, who took careful notes (to which I am indebted for much of what follows in this report of the hearings).

CHAIRMAN CRAWFORD: I think we are ready to open the hearings, which have been called to discuss the *Dictionary of American Slang*. I would like to ask Mrs. Collins, our county librarian, how many copies of this book are in the county libraries.

MRS. COLLINS: Five.

CHAIRMAN CRAWFORD: By whom are they used?

MRS. COLLINS: They are used by adults.

CHAIRMAN CRAWFORD: Are high school students adults?

MRS. COLLINS: We consider them so.

CHAIRMAN CRAWFORD: We shall hear a statement from the county counsel on the position of the county librarian in this matter.

COUNTY COUNSEL: The California State Education Code . . . gives the County Librarian the responsibility for selecting and purchasing books and equipment as she sees fit for the efficient operation of a County Library. . . . The Board of Supervisors cannot act legally on the request of the County Board of Education.

CHAIRMAN CRAWFORD: We've called the hearings, though, and we'd like to hear both sides. Is there anyone who would like to speak *for* the Dictionary?

DR. HENRY MADDEN (introducing himself as librarian for Fresno State College): The *Dictionary of American Slang* is a scholarly reference work published by an old and reputable firm, Thomas Y. Crowell Company. . . . The people who have compiled and distributed the list of words from this dictionary have violated the copyright law of the United States. . . .

CHAIRMAN CRAWFORD: Are there others who want to speak on behalf of the book?

MRS. COLLINS: I have a statement I

The author of this article, an English instructor at the College of Sequoias in California, was the principal figure in a highly publicized controversy last summer after he defended the use of the *Dictionary of American Slang* in school libraries. A group of citizens demanded that the college's trustees fire him for supporting a book "not in keeping with high morality." The trustees rejected the demand.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would like the clerk of the Board to read. [The clerk read the following statement.]

> It is the policy of the Tulare County Free Library to provide books and material with which to fill the general reading and reference uses of all the residents of the county. . . . It is worth noting that this library has good dictionaries in over fifty fields. . . . Most of them are used often; some may be used infrequently, but this does not mean that they are not valuable.
>
> The *Dictionary of American Slang* falls in the latter category. Like all the books bought by the library, this was ordered after reading the reviews in book review publications, which were favorable. This book is a standard, reliable reference work of 669 pages containing over 20,000 definitions of over 8,000 words. It deals with the origin, history, and usage of slang words and phrases; entries come from every period of American history. Its treatment of taboo words relating to sex is factual and historical; such words form only a small part of the whole, and taboo and derogatory terms are clearly indicated as such. The book is intended for the use of scholars in the fields of literature, history, language, and psychology.
>
> The legal definition of the word "obscene" is given in Section 311 of the Penal Code of California, which says in part: "The predominant appeal of the matter, taken as a whole, is to prurient interests . . . which goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters and is utterly without redeeming social importance." If any individual believes this reference book to be obscene, according to this legal definition, he should take action under Section 311 of the Penal Code of the State of California.

YOUNG MAN: As a resident of Three Rivers, I would like to submit to the Board a petition signed by forty residents who believe the dictionary should remain in the Tulare County Free Library and that *censorship* of books is more dangerous than any *book*.

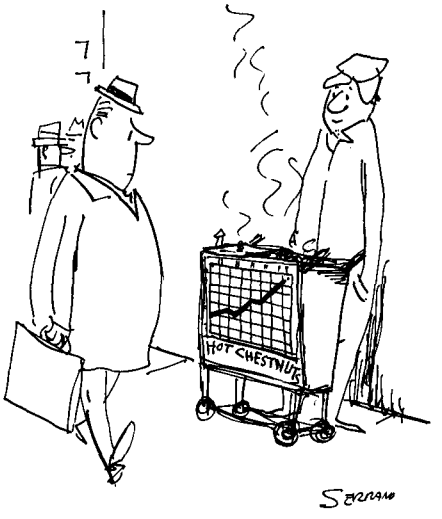
MR. KING (introducing myself as an English instructor at the local college): This book is the product of ten years of scholarship, a very valuable reference work for any library. . . . I would like to read a paragraph from the scholarly fifteen-page preface. . . .

MR. KUDE (shouting out): What page, please?

MR. KING: The preface, roman numbers one through fifteen. . . .

MR. KUDE: Page number, please!

MR. KING: The people here should know that I am being baited by Jay Kude, the area coordinator for the John Birch Society. [Up to this point no mention of the John Birch Society in connection with the censorship controversy in Tulare County had been made in the press or at the hearings. Mr. Kude looked stunned; Chairman Crawford reached for his gavel and asked that no personalities be brought into the discussion. I continued.] The English language contains over 600,000 words, has expanded four times over since Shakespeare's day, largely because of the freedom and inventiveness of the English-speaking peoples, with no official censorship body to put the language in a strait jacket. . . . But if the censors here today are right, then *Webster's New World Dictionary* should also be censored. [I held up a copy.] The censors argue that young people might read a word and a definition describing a bad thing, then go out and do that thing. If this is so, then look at all the damage Webster's dictionary could cause. Under just one little letter, the letter S, I find such words as—I blush—s-e-x, which my six-year-old son can already read! [Laughter.] Soon he'll be able to make out the definition. I shudder at the thought of my own little monster being turned loose in the neighborhood if I return this book to my home shelves. [More laughter.] Close by s-e-x in this same dictionary is s-i-n. Also s-n-a-f-u, and every veteran of World War II in this room knows the true origin of that interesting combination of letters. [Loud laughter.] And don't forget s-o-d-o-m-y, of biblical origin, also in the lewd and vicious S section of this dictionary. Maybe we should abolish this nasty letter S from the alphabet before it does further damage. . . . But if the censors are wrong, I hope the Board of Supervisors will do more than just ignore their request. I hope they will repudiate this latter-day attempt to mute free speech and free reading, and give a vote of confidence to our county librarian. The history of censorship is a dark one. I hope our supervisors will not write a dark page in the history of our county today.



LAWYER'S WIFE (singing out, spiritedly): He speaks for us. [Applause.]

YOUNG GIRL: So far nobody has presented the view of the teen-ager. I am sixteen years old, therefore one of the people the censors are worried about. My parents taught me the difference between right and wrong. They trusted me to come to this meeting. They allow me to go to the library, and do not want to hold my hand as I take out books. . . . The teen-agers I know who might have reason to consult this dictionary have sense enough to use it intelligently. . . . Let us think for ourselves once in a while.

CHAIRMAN CRAWFORD: An opportunity will be given now to those opposed to this dictionary. Let each speaker identify himself, and please limit applause as time is short.

VISALIA MAN: I represent the "Tulare County Citizens Committee to Remove the Dictionary of American Slang." I'm against censorship when it's done by a person or a group. But this is censorship by the *people*. Here are petitions signed by 2,000 citizens supporting our position.

TULARE WOMAN: I am the mother of four children. My husband censors the books our children read, and we do not want to pay taxes for rotten books. Today's authors are not living very high in the morality [*sic*].

[Her remarks brought the first Ahmens from the audience. Many more would follow. The tent meeting spirit prevailed among many of the book burners.]

JAY KUDE (identifying himself merely as a "citizen of Visalia"): The editors have deceived the people. . . . They say that certain bedroom words often considered slang are not really slang at all. I believe the book is misnamed. Its proper title should be *The Dictionary of American Slang and Obscenities*. If our librarian does not consider it obscene, then I ask her to please read, in front of this audience, a list of words from this dictionary.

SUPERVISOR BOOTH (addressing Mr. Kude): Would you read those words?

MR. KUDE: I wouldn't read such obscene words. [Applause.]

SUPERVISOR BOOTH: Then you should not ask Mrs. Collins to do so. [Loud applause.]

TULARE MOTHER: I send my children to school and they are given these books. I am not going to send them to school next year. I have that right.

PREACHER FROM VISALIA: Now I'm not about to kid you folks. I have impure thoughts sometimes, but I depend

(*Continued on page* 66)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL M. STEINHAUS

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
ALICE DALGLIESH
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

A Toast to President Hoover

THREE years ago, in a village deep in the interior of Soviet Georgia, I lifted my wine glass in response to a toast to the health of Herbert Hoover. The man who proposed the toast was not a Republican; in fact, he was not even a Democrat. He was a Georgian farmer and, so far as I knew, an authentic Communist.

Since the dinner conversation was being routed through a double set of interpreters—Georgian into Russian into English and back again—I wanted to be sure there had been no error in transmission.

"Would you please ask our host whether he means Herbert Hoover, former President of the United States and the outstanding Republican of his generation?" I asked.

My question went through the double filtration process and produced an instant reply.

"But of course," the farmer said. "Who else? Mister Herbert Hoover, the man who was blessed by my mother and father and my grandparents. They prayed for him. Why are you confused? How many Herbert Hoovers do you have in America?"

I said it was now clear we were talking about the same man but I was eager to know why my host should offer a toast to Mr. Hoover and why his parents and grandparents blessed him and prayed for him.

The farmer looked at me severely.

"You don't know why we like Mister Hoover? Very well, I will tell you why we like Mister Herbert Hoover. Years ago, just after our revolution, we were without food. It was a terrible time. We wondered what would happen to us. Herbert Hoover came to us with food and saved our lives. We will never forget it. My parents blessed him and prayed for him even when he became a big capitalist and a Republican President. He liked us and helped us as human beings even if he didn't like our government. A very great man. We will drink a bottoms-up toast."

The farmer rose to his feet and held his glass high.

"To Mr. Herbert Hoover," he said, "a very great human being."

"To Mister Herbert Hoover," we responded, "a very great human being."

For the next fifteen minutes, the farmer spoke of his family's ordeal during those early years. He spoke, too, of the vision he had of America as the result of the Hoover mercy expedition. He spoke of letters he had received from distant relatives who had migrated to the United States. As a result, he had a high opinion of the American people. Then he launched into a series of new toasts, at least fifteen in number, in which he made known his gratitude and good feelings.

This experience was unusual and memorable but it was not unique. Few facts about the Soviet people today are more significant than their warm feelings toward the American people. Indeed, what seems most to impress visiting Americans about the Soviet Union is the friendliness of the Russian people, notwithstanding years of hostile propaganda. The extent to which the Hoover food supply mission is responsible for these feelings is difficult to say. But it is significant that so many Russians refer to it when they discuss their attitudes about America.

The existence of a human community beyond national boundary lines is a prime fact of life today. Some governments, especially those of monolithic political character, like to resist identifications higher than or beyond national sovereignty. But the sense of membership in the human family is natural to man and needs only the slightest exercise to become manifest. American foreign policy has been most effective not when it has operated on the hard level of formal diplomacy but when it has acted on the broad level where needs and hopes interact.

A CASE in point exists today. The United States has a surplus of food. The American people are paying more than $1,000,000 a day just to store crops, even as they rot. The Russians have a food shortage. Some claim this is the result of natural causes. Others claim it is the result of fallacious Marxist theories applied to agricultural production. It is possible that both factors are responsible in varying proportions. No matter. The relevant fact is that the American people have a surplus and the Russian people have a shortage. The Russians are not asking us to give them wheat. Nor has the American government proposed to give them wheat. They are asking to buy and we are offering to sell.

But all sorts of objections are being raised. It is said we should not be giving aid to a Communist government. It is said that we ought to use the food as leverage to gain political ends. It is said we ought to exploit the opportunity to attach conditions.

The trouble with these questions is that they flow out of the assumption that food should be used as a political weapon. This is a dangerously volatile assumption, prone to backfire. A food surplus is a moral fact even before it is an economic fact or a political fact. Herbert Hoover was correct in recognizing that we should make food available, not because it is the strategic thing to do, but because it is the right thing to do. The attitude that sees food in strategic terms leads to a vital shrinkage in our own conception of what this nation is all about and most certainly to a shrinkage in the idea of America held by the rest of the world. It transforms us into moral midgets, clinging to useless merchandise and losing those things out of which a sensible future can be built. —N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

How to Rank a Poet

WHY ARE MINOR POETS given to writing so patronizingly about the great ones? John Frederick Nims's article on T. S. Eliot [*SR*, Oct. 19] is a case in point. Nims brings against Eliot all the old charges of tiredness, dreariness, the absence of people, and a new one—that of being translatable (which turns Shakespeare, I suppose, into a minor talent).

People who find in Eliot's poetry the exhilaration that Nims misses are likely to think it full of humanity; for me the best poems vibrate with strong feeling in almost every line. What Nims means is simply that Eliot's attitudes and tones are not congenial to Nims; he prefers Yeats's exuberance: "The very things that depress Eliot, Yeats sees as a splendid challenge." Other readers may find some of Yeats's attitudes at least as unacceptable as Eliot's. And no doubt every reader will be drawn to the kind of sensibility that is nearest his own. But this is very different from grading the poets according to their nearness to one's own sensibility.

GEORGE T. WRIGHT.

Knoxville, Tenn.

LOUD CHEERS for Mr. Nims and his courage in telling the truth about T. S. Eliot. His article would suggest that Emperor Thomas is approaching decline in his stifling reign over English letters. *Shantih, shantih, shantih.*

R. C. CONWAY.

San Francisco, Calif.

Facing Facts

WHILE I AM MOST grateful to *SR* and Charles Shapiro for the perceptive comments on *The Whistling Zone* [*SR*, Oct. 19], I must protest that unknown image that has been published as my photograph. Though I may have written an earnest novel, my face is rather a jolly affair. I am not angry.

HERBERT KUBLY.

New York, N. Y.

Kubly

Mayewski

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A photograph of Pawel Mayewski, author of "The Journey and the Pity," was inadvertently identified as that of Mr. Kubly. SR regrets the error and is glad to set the record straight.*

"After you've heard my son's side of the story, I'd like you to hear mine."

Criticizing the Critics

YOUR REVIEWER'S lightheaded approach to Maxwell Geismar's *Henry James and the Jacobites* is a dismal example of what a review needs least to be, from the embarrassingly corny attempts to ridicule the writer to the display of the reviewer's own superior knowledge of how the subject should have been handled in the first place. If the three or four chapters of Mr. Geismar's book that I have read so far are any guide at all, the book is by no means the monster Will C. Jumper so happily finds it.

L. ZIMPEL.

San Francisco, Calif.

FROM THE SUPPRESSED violence of the reviews I have seen of Maxwell Geismar's *Henry James and the Jacobites*, it is apparent the book has struck home. The howls indicate that a basic and terrible taboo is threatened; and the natives, unaccustomed to such rude intrusions, mean malice for the intruder. But history has somewhat more objective standards and it shall absolve Mr. Geismar.

LEE BAXANDALL.

New York, N.Y.

CONGRATULATIONS ON Emile Capouya's review of Margaret Halsey's *The Pseudo-Ethic* [*SR*, Oct. 19]. This beautiful little book on the last, sad decades of American history—which has been widely ignored in the press, or sneered at just because it names the names which Mr. Capouya mentions—deserves great praise, and a wide reading audience.

It is also, if I may say so, a kind of companion volume to my *Henry James and the Jacobites*, since in my view the Cult of James is a literary symbol of the cultural conditions which Miss Halsey attacks so brilliantly. I certainly hope that both books sell like crazy.

And while I am at it, wherever did you find that galloping cowboy professor—Will Jumper, was it, of Idaho?—who did that utterly frivolous, false, and cheap review of my Henry James book [*SR*, Oct. 5], and who is a prime example of pseudo-ethics in the area of literary criticism?

MAXWELL GEISMAR.

Harrison, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *". . . Geismar is more than partially right when he says that the Jamesian canon has become an object of adoration instead of an object of study with too many critics and teachers of writing," according to SR's critic Will C. Jumper, of Iowa.*

Last Words

I STRONGLY PROTEST your weekly flaunting of temptation in the faces of weak-willed readers. As if we couldn't find enough time-wasting diversions of our own, you offer not only a steady diet of Cryptograms, Double-Crostics, and Literary I.Q.s, but a veritable smörgasbord of other tempting tidbits such as the newspaper game in the October 19 TRADE WINDS.

Oh well, I'll have just one more—and tomorrow I'll quite forever.

Until I do, may I suggest that you'd enjoy meeting the *Courier*'s Swift, the *Post*'s Mortimer, and *Time*'s R. Harter. Also the men from the *Sun* (Burns), the *Globe* (Trotter), and the Constitution (L. Wright).

Gad, I'm hooked!

MARY HUGHES.

Burney, Calif.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Sixth Heaven

WHILE it would be foolish to expect every new play to match the combination of theatrical excitement, vigorous humor, and provocative substantiality that makes *Chips with Everything* (*SR*, Nov. 2) by far the best of the new season's plays, it is a little baffling to find oneself so satisfactorily entertained by an evening that seems to be about practically nothing. For Neil Simon's new Broadway comedy, *Barefoot in the Park*, adds up to little more than a casual series of amusing reactions to such physical discomforts as stair-climbing, inadequate steam heat, and the exotic aftereffects of an Albanian dinner.

The plot is simply the temporary resolution of a minor quarrel between two young newlyweds. The pretty wife has been put on the defensive because she has foolishly rented a sixth-floor walk-up in a rundown building full of odd tenants we never meet. And her lawyer husband, who doesn't fully share her passion for such enchanting pastimes as walking barefoot through the park in freezing weather, tight-lippedly endures every illogical event his wife's adventurousness inadvertently evokes. The crisis (although one hesitates to dignify it with such an important-sounding word) comes when she decides to do something about her mother, who, now deprived of her daughter, must either go to seed by herself in New Jersey or become a well-meaning nuisance to the newlyweds. A bit recklessly, she arranges a party in which they all go out with an irresponsible and unprepossessing fifty-eight-year-old gourmet and lady-fancier who lives upstairs. Though the party, which takes them all the way to Staten Island for an exotic meal of ouzo, brown salad, and sheep dip, turns out disastrously, the playwright suggests a happy ending in which the somewhat too conventional husband and mother dubiously loosen up a bit, and the somewhat too irresponsible wife and gourmet resignedly agree to a more moderated existence.

The enormous effectiveness of such facetious and arbitrary goings-on may come from the fact that we all recognize how accurately these incidents catch the flavor of starting out married life in today's mad Manhattan. Nowhere else is one called upon to adjust to so much illogical and unusual environment so quickly.

Beyond this, *Barefoot in the Park* manages again and again to achieve the special kind of humor we associate with *New Yorker* cartoons. It is a humor based upon our absurdly casual acceptance of and ways of dealing with contemporary civilization's enforced incongruities. For instance, the mother forlornly but belatedly discovers that she has washed down the pills she is taking for the aftereffects of too many martinis with another martini. Or the wife matter-of-factly removes a few logs, which probably cost her a dollar apiece, from a smart new suitcase and shoves them into a dilapidated old stove. Some of the fun is obvious but nonetheless very funny parody, as when the parcel service man, totally exhausted from his six-flight climb, delivers his package with the speechless last-gasp fervor of a soldier who has brought the news from Ghent to Aix. And a laugh that defies categorizing results from the unvociferous complaint of a man the morning after eating and drinking strange things, as he mutters uneasily, "My teeth feel soft."

ONE suspects that director Mike Nichols deserves a considerable share of the credit for the evening's success. Not only has he found ways of staging the same basic jokes freshly each time, but he has also seen to it that the actors say their funny lines as if they had slipped out before they were aware they were funny.

Of his principal performers, Mildred Natwick is the best. As the mother desperately trying to say something nice about their horrible new apartment, Miss Natwick most amusingly pushes self-defeating phrases through smiling gritted teeth. And she is a master of the technique of following a politely agreeable comment like "Of course you can put a bed in there" with a bluntly eruptive "How?" Robert Redford, as the stuffy young husband, entertains us nicely with his sarcastic rejoinders to the forces of unorthodoxy. Elizabeth Ashley looks alluring (despite the supposed cold, she generously runs around blouseless while the play is warming up), and also scores when to her husband's question "Was that supposed to be funny?" she makes the barbed reply, "It was supposed to be nasty—it just came out funny."

While the play is technically a romantic comedy, its success has little to do with love or with intrigue. Rather, it owes its effectiveness to the fact that each of the characters is represented as being a self-centered victim of the various madnesses we all put up with in order to live in this wonderful damned city of ours.

IT IS most difficult to write a joyous musical that takes place in a heat-parched dust bowl. But after a slow beginning, *110 in the Shade* moves away from a physical to a spiritual climate and gets to its real subject, which is the freeing of people from dried-up lives that are the result of inhibition and lack of self-confidence.

N. Richard Nash has based the new work on his play *The Rainmaker*, and Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt have written songs for it that sustain the simplicity and tenderness of the story. It is a story of the emotional soarings and dips inside Lizzie, a "plain" girl whose marvelous potential for becoming an adoring wife, a warm mother, and a happy homemaker is evident only to children and to her father. And as performed by Inga Swenson, it is touching, humorous, and innocently entertaining.

Miss Swenson shows us her private fearful loneliness when she sings the delicate "Love Don't Turn Away." A little later she engages in a showdown song with Starbuck, the con man who pretends he can bring rain. Because they share a hidden vulnerability, this song, "You're Not Foolin' Me," really unites the two adversaries. Then in a wonderfully funny number called "Raunchy," Miss Swenson makes fun of sex, at the same time revealing her great capacity for it. In a magical second-act scene Starbuck visualizes her as a fairy-tale princess, but she simultaneously realizes that her anticipated pleasures are smaller but more real. The show's best ballad is Lizzie's "Is It Really Me?" in which she rejoices at her release from inhibition. And at the evening's end this release is further expressed by Oliver Smith's spectacular scenic effect.

Robert Horton is a vigorous and handsome Starbuck, and under Joseph Anthony's direction and Agnes De Mille's dance supervision there are capable and attractive performances by Will Geer, Stephen Douglass, Scooter Teague, and Lesley Warren. The latter pair almost stop the show with "Little Red Hat."

As musicals go, *110 in the Shade* is by no means overpowering, and it lacks complexity and sophistication. But its integrity, its simplicity, and its tenderness are endearing without being the least bit sentimental, and to date it is certainly the finest musical of the new season.

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

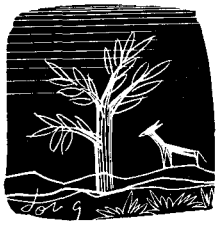
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Crazy, Man

STANLEY KRAMER'S *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, which runs for three hours and fifteen minutes on a Cinerama screen, is certainly the longest and probably the most premeditated comedy ever made. Everything that might cause some laughter has been piled on. Several dozen comics participate, including Milton Berle, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, Dick Shawn, Phil Silvers, and Terry-Thomas. There are chases by the score, up mountains, down mountains, through villages, towns, and cities, usually on the wrong side of the road or street. During a fight a garage and gas station are razed; during a flight a 1916 vintage biplane begins to shed its baling wire, while Sid Caesar and Edie Adams hang on for dear life—and for money. Another plane, its pilot unconscious and Buddy Hackett at the controls, rips through a billboard extolling the refreshing virtues of Coca-Cola. Caesar and Adams, locked in the basement of a hardware store, attempt to blast out, using various hardware supplies that include acetylene torches, fireworks, and sticks of dynamite. I have mentioned only a few of the gimmicks, gags, and special effects that are heaped, laid on, and loaded onto this movie.

But the question is: Is it funny? And the answer is: Sometimes. Dick Shawn and Barrie Chase are delicious in a parody of beachniks dancing moodily. Terry-Thomas toothily telling Milton Berle about the bosom mania of Americans, and being a stickler for sportsmanship while attempting to hijack $350,000, is impeccably amusing. Several of these moments occur, some of them flashing by and leaving a quick hoot or guffaw in their wake. But the effort to crowd laugh upon laugh, to maintain a dizzy farce and a suspenseful yarn through that long stretch of time, succeeds unfortunately only in making one think that maybe it all isn't so funny. Which is not to say that Caesar, Silvers, and such are not, at times, brilliant. Edie Adams stands out. Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, and Jonathan Winters do expert jobs.

The premise of the story has approximately a dozen honest citizens learning of a criminal's cache of stolen money, and setting out to get it. Each is perfectly willing to cheat the other of his rightful—or wrongful—share, and in fact, works hard to do so. In chasing after the money they cheerfully break two or three dozen laws of the land ranging from car theft to arson, from traffic infractions to several kinds of fraud. Nice people? Consider, for instance, Ethel Merman's role as the strident-voiced mother-in-law of Milton Berle, a shrieking harridan, a grasping, hard horror underneath her mask of respectability. Consider Spencer Tracy, a hard-working police captain, who decides to grab the loot for himself. Every one in this immense cast is motivated by self-seeking, meaningless greed. Remove the superstructure of running gags and cinematic tricks, and you find that William Rose in his 340-page script has written a vicious portrait of people dominated by nothing but the insatiable, nagging urge to get hold of a big pile of dough.



NOTHING wrong with this, of course, if it still manages to be funny. But make the contrast with what has been called "the golden age of silent comedy," out of which came spills, thrills, chases, and running gags, and we see a vast difference. Was there an ounce of nasty acquisitiveness in Chaplin's "little fellow"? How above such mundane matters was Buster Keaton! Laurel and Hardy, Harold Lloyd, Ben Turpin—lovable fellows all. I'm afraid the trouble with Kramer's people (and Rose's) is that most of them, most of the time, are being led by a stick that contains an illusory pot of gold at its end. I'm not sure that this is a basically satiric or a basically cynical notion, but whatever it is, it's the foundation for what purports to be the world's longest, largest, loudest chase comedy, and with so unimaginative a base for the wild goings-on we can only wind up being puzzled and confused. For we find that we are expected to laugh at what, sensibly, is really quite appalling, especially around the third hour or so.

Another milestone is marked, nevertheless, in our cinematic progress. The Cinerama screen on which the film is shown turns out to be free, for the first time, of those divisive lines. But the divisiveness is clear enough in Mr. Kramer's movie, which splits right down the middle into half clever madness, half meanness. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

Showplace of the Nation **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** Rockefeller Center

Broadway's Number One Hilarious Hit

Mary Mary

STARRING
Debbie Reynolds
CO-STARRING
BARRY NELSON • DIANE McBAIN
and MICHAEL RENNIE
A MERVYN LEROY Production
Produced and directed by Mervyn LeRoy.
Based on the play by Jean Kerr
A Warner Bros. Picture In Technicolor®

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"ALL AROUND THE TOWN"
Spectacular revue with Ballet Company, soloists, famed Rockettes, guest artists, specialty acts, and Symphony Orchestra.

An Entertainment Event Of Unsurpassed Beauty!

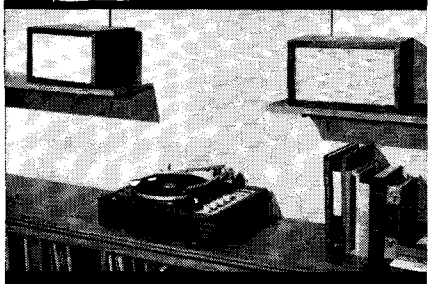
WALT DISNEY'S Fantasia
with
STOKOWSKI
TECHNICOLOR®
FULL STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Re-released by BUENA VISTA Distribution Co., Inc. ©Walt Disney Productions

PRELUDE
Music In The Making From Stone Age to Stereo!
Walt Disney's **Toot, Whistle Plunk and Boom**
TECHNICOLOR® CINEMASCOPE

LOEW'S TOWER EAST
72nd St. & 3rd Ave.
TR 9-1313

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the music—



in the most compact instrument yet

The KLH Model Fifteen
Compact Phonograph System

Nothing with such sound quality was ever so compact and convenient before. Performance never before possible in an instrument of this size derives from 4 revolutionary full-range KLH speakers and the use of frequency contouring in the KLH-designed solid state amplifier. A complete stereophonic music center in 3 oiled walnut cabinets, with inputs and outputs for tuner, tape recorder, earphones, etc. **Includes:** Garrard changer, magnetic pickup with diamond stylus, solid state stereo amplifier (15 watts music power), two speaker systems, and control center.....$259

KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION
30 CROSS STREET, CAMBRIDGE 39, MASSACHUSETTS

FREE EUROPE BY CAR CATALOGUE 32 PAGE FULL COLOR

SAVE UP TO 35% CAR RENTAL & PURCHASE

VOLKSWAGEN HILLMAN
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, etc.

EUROPE BY CAR
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20, N. Y. LT 1-3040
CAR (S)_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____SR-9

TRY NEW KAYWOODIE PIPE TOBACCO
YOU'LL LIKE IT
Send for free sample and pipe booklet, Kaywoodie Pipes, N. Y. 22

YOUR POSTMASTER SAYS
TAKE A TIP FROM MR. ZIP . . .
SHOP AND MAIL EARLY — USE
CHRISTMAS STAMPS,
AND INCLUDE ZIP CODES IN
ALL ADDRESSES

Congress and the Cosa Nostra

TELEVISION'S handling of the testimony of Joseph Valachi before the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations is an example of self-defeating rigidity in network program structure. The complete coverage of the mild-mannered mobster's fingering of the Mafia was easily the best show of the new season, yet only CBS News carried unabridged telecasts of the hearings in Washington (and these were shown during the daytime in the first week only). All nets had excerpts in their evening newscasts, plus boiled-down specials for the workaday worldlings who couldn't watch *Congress and the Cosa Nostra* morning and afternoon. But such compressions couldn't begin to catch the full flavor and fascination of the nearly forty-year saga of the New York West Side school drop-out who became a lowly killer-soldier or "outside button-man" in the army of Vito Genovese, "boss of all bosses." It was superb entertainment and important public information, yet none of the networks would or could clear away chunks of prime time at night for Valachi's unedited singing exercise, despite the fact that the telecasts would probably have piled up impressive ratings.

Radio, which so often stimulates the listener's imagination, proved a distorting medium in the case of Valachi. A friend, who heard the proceeding on his car radio in Washington, was struck by the vividness with which Valachi fulfilled the stereotype of the hoodlum—course, uneducated, sinister. The camera revealed an anti-stereotype mobster. Here was a confessed burglar, loan shark, narcotics dealer, and murderer, yet paradoxically he impressed television viewers as the prototype of the kindly immigrant fruit peddler. He caught on quickly to Congressional testifying, and seemed ahead of several of his inquisitors.

Often he would patiently lecture the committee members, solicitous in his query: "Do you understand, Senator? Want me to explain it further, Senator?" He was the lower class in the Capital, but he was mentally agile. Even tough-minded viewers might speculate how different this man's life could have been if the breaks in a more rational society had fallen his way more softly. His revelations of secret oaths and blood-pricking at Cosa Nostra swearing-in-ceremonies were touched with comic opera, and humor was rampant through this morality play—with middle-class judgment at one side of the table and the locked-out, no-status criminal at the other. The supporting cast was great. Off-stage, in Valachi's memoirs, the figure of "Buster," who looked like a "collegian" and carried a violin case with a concealed submachine gun, was the incredible fusion of truth and a *Little Caesar* movie of the Thirties. On stage, the collision of Valachi's mob jargon with Senator John McClellan's Arkansas accent was spectacular Americana. If there was a villain in the piece, it was the chairman himself, whose incessant interruptions of the witness were maddening. One could only conjecture that he wanted to make sure his constituents back home in the hills understood this fellow from New York's underworld: that's why he persisted in translating every word, no matter how clear, for the television audience. The show even had charts showing the proliferation of the mob dynasties. And when the chairman, at one juncture, recessed the hearings until after lunch, he announced (in next-week trailer fashion) that Valachi would be back in the afternoon with the details of three murders in which he participated.

All such vigor, and more, was bled away in the truncated versions of the hearings that the networks showed at night.

It's rich human documentary, and perhaps some imaginative ETV station can get the video-tapes and show them complete for future nighttime audiences. Knowledgeable analysts from several disciplines would enrich such telecasts. Among them might be Daniel Bell, the sociologist at Columbia University, author of *The End of Ideology*, an excellent collection of essays in a Collier Books paperback. In one chapter, "Crime as an American Way of Life," Mr. Bell wrote in 1953 (and let stand in 1962) the view that the Mafia was a myth. "Unfortunately for a good story," he noted, "—and the existence of the Mafia would be a whale of a story—neither the Senate Crime Committee in its testimony, nor Kefauver in his book, presented any real evidence that the Mafia exists as a functioning organization." I'm sure it would be both engrossing and instructive to watch Mr. Bell—for whom I bear a high respect—eat whale.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Krips, Lowenthal—Russians—*War Requiem*

AN excellent way for a guest conductor to bring an orchestra around to his view of music—assuming he has one—is to begin an engagement with Strauss's *Don Juan* as Josef Krips did with the New York Philharmonic. By the end of its half hour of blends and mixtures, solos and ensembles, riotous outbursts and quiet confidences, the conductor is either master of the orchestra, or. . . . It is a gambit that Krips has used before here, with the Symphony of the Air half a dozen years ago, and it served him no less well this time. There was no question, when it was over, whose will had prevailed in a resonant demonstration of Straussian verities.

Having thus established an authority that was, nevertheless, not authoritarian, Krips went on to a poised, finely spirited performance of the second Bartók concerto, in which the pianist was Jerome Lowenthal, and a well-balanced review of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Lowenthal's background includes birth in Philadelphia, studies with William Kappel and Eduard Steuermann, and prizes in foreign competitions. His foreground should include return engagements with orchestras here, for he is not only a fluent but a tactful soloist, with a musician's flair for detail as well as a virtuoso's command of bravura. For the two outer movements of this work such qualities are sufficient, but the slow movement poses questions of poetic sensitivity to which Lowenthal gave unequivocal answers. Something of a transitional work between Bartók's earlier stylistic mannerisms and the fully developed mastery of the later creations, this is very much of a study in sonorities, especially the first movement, in which the strings are omitted. But Bartók's was invariably a superior musical mind, and its probing by Krips and Lowenthal was consistently engrossing.

The art of the Russian string player was on view in both microcosm and macrocosm on the evening when Mstislav Rostropovich returned to give a cello recital in Carnegie Hall while the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, directed by Rudolf Barshai, made its first New York appearance in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Artistically, the level was as high with the many as it was with the one.

If Barshai's direction of the intently responsive players grouped around him in a semicircle sometimes suggested the participation of another string player, that is understandable, for he was the best violinist in the USSR before becoming a conductor. Such a background was evident in the deftness, precision, and unfailingly poised sonority of the players, whether the work was Mozart's A-major Symphony (No. 29), the Bartók Divertimento in F, his own arrangement of fifteen *Visions Fugitives* by Prokofiev, or the B-minor Concerto of Vivaldi with four solo violins. Here is an aspect of music in which one may say it is Russia against the world, with nothing close in the way of a second.

Barshai's taste, musicianship, and sense of style were as valid in the Mozart, a web of gossamer lightness, as in the Bartók. Trills were exquisitely formed, ensemble passages bowed as if by one instrument, and the rounded phrases made more supple still by the caressing phraseology. How much the ensemble had in reserve was apparent when the oboes and horns left the stage and the sixteen strings tore into the Bartók. Gone was the gossamer, to be replaced by an urgent stress of wire-covered gut being tugged and vibrated. Immediately available, however, was the lightest kind of pianissimo, for use when appropriate. Indeed, the extremes of dynamics became something of a pattern after a bit, leaving the impression that what should be cherished as a resource was being exploited as an effect. The Prokofiev arrangements have proven their validity in a recording that made the live demonstration a welcome reacquaintance.

There were similar echoes of a *fait accompli* with Rostropovich, whose program included a Britten sonata written for him. Though properly marked a first New York performance it, too, had the familiarity, to some, of the preceding *Pieces in Folk Style* of Schumann. In company with pianist Alexander Dedukhin (as on the recording with Britten), Rostropovich showed every facet of the artistry that prompted this creation on his behalf. It was apparent through the evening (which began with the C-major Suite of Bach and also included a Kabalevsky suite) that Rostropovich was fully recovered from the illness that prevented his appearance at several European festivals last summer.

String playing of excellence was also heard from the Philadelphia String Quartet at their opening program of a Beethoven-Bartók-Schönberg series in the recently rebuilt and redecorated Carnegie Recital Hall. Thanks to discreet air conditioning, a new stage and vastly improved seating arrangements, the Recital Hall is now a prime choice for any room-sized ensemble that chooses to address itself to 297 listeners. Given a sequence of Beethoven (Opus 18, No. 3), Bartók, (Third Quartet), and Schönberg (Opus 7), it is beyond doubt that every one of the 297 was awake, aware, attentive.

THE group led by Veda Reynolds (all are members of the Philadelphia Orchestra) showed a substantial measure of ability in the Beethoven and the Bartók, but it was in the Schönberg that they locked minds with the evening's most formidable challenge and unlocked its innermost secrets. At this point of his career (1906), Schönberg was still a tonalist but a supremely demanding one—demanding of himself, demanding of the players, and no less demanding of the listener. Miss Reynolds does not have the tonal muscle to dominate three males on second violin, viola, and cello, but she maintains an intellectual domination for which they provided suitable tonal adjustments. Working together in a spirit of thoroughgoing collaboration, they made apparent Schönberg's manipulation of a basic group of phrases which has nobility as well as mobility, expressibility and exploitability, a crux of meaning at the end of a labyrinth of complication. The preceding Bartók was not always on target, technically, and the opening Beethoven scratched as often as it sang, but the concluding forty minutes of Schönberg were redemption for prior shortcomings.

In other circumstances, the first three performances in New York of Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* would have headed rather than concluded this resumé, but the auspices in Philharmonic Hall were exactly those of its American première at Tanglewood last summer: the Boston Symphony, the Pro Musica Chorus, and the Columbus Boychoir led by Erich Leinsdorf, with soprano Phyllis Curtin, tenor Nicholas di Virgilio, and baritone Tom Krause. Opinions may vary as to this or that detail, but the facts are that three audiences listened with unvarying absorption in the tidal flow of Britten's musical imagery, with a thunderous ovation at the last extra performance on Saturday afternoon.

As an example of compositional science, Britten's *War Requiem* is overwhelming in its majesty. Now that it has been exposed by Leinsdorf, one

(*Continued on page* 66)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Our Own Rainier

AMONG the world's great sights from the air is that high ride north from San Francisco when the jet begins its invasion of the Northwest and the white cones of the mountains float there in the mist like a dozen marshmallow sundaes dished up in the peaked shape preferred by Howard Johnson's.

Mountains are always appearing in the distance in the Northwest. The sight of Mount Baker, all 10,750 feet of it, sitting considerably inland from the coastline, is a fascinating view from a comfortable chair in Oak Bay, a suburb of Victoria, far across the straits on Vancouver Island. Nor does the memory dim of the picture of Mount Rainier, only the top of her visible, sighted from the top of the still unfinished Space Needle before the fair opened in Seattle. The only trouble with the Northwest's mountains is that it is hard to get close to one. In our last session I told about trying to penetrate Olympic National Park, a preserve of mighty mountains which, besides Olympus itself (at 7,954 feet), offers a handful of other snow peaks in the 6,000-to-7,000-foot class.

One mountain that can really be approached is Rainier, and one day this summer I drove down from Seattle to have a look at her right in the eye. Rainier is the centerpiece of a national park that is nearly square. The mountain itself stands 14,410 feet high, and although the peak and the surrounding slopes seem to rise out of a mild and moderate land to meet the early snows, the park is one of the most popular playgrounds of all the Northwest. Although Paradise Inn is open only nine weeks a year (it is snowed in almost all the rest of the time), the park stays unlocked the year around. Last year 2,000,000 visitors were clocked at the gate, and this year the figure seems certain to rise. Sunday traffic among skiers and snow-watchers is as heavy on the mountain in midwinter as a Long Island highway on a Sunday night in July.

Rainier, the park, was first chalked out in 1899, and the inn was built seventeen years later. Within its enclosures, there are thirty-four waterfalls, sixty-two lakes, 130 kinds of birds, and fifty kinds of animals, among them black-tailed deer, bear, elk, mountain goats, and goggle-eyed tourists. There are also twenty-six glaciers on the mountain, and they cover nearly forty acres, which means that Rainier has more land under ice than the main floor at Tiffany's. And Rainier's ice probably moves faster. One glacier thunders along at a merry clip, covering eight inches a day.

The time I was there Rainier was cloaked in a swirl of mists, and there was relatively so little snow on hand that the rangers were apologizing for it. The Indians, who called the mountain Takhoma, wrapped it in a certain mystique that is still honored by some today. They respected the storms that brewed in its lofty crags, the snow slides that rumbled down its sides, and the threat of volcanic eruption. Some experts in such matters believe that Rainier might once have been 16,000 feet high, having lost 2,000 feet of its head in a blow-out.

When Paradise Inn was first built in 1916, it offered the hardy tourists of that day some rooms in its main lodge and others in 125 tents. About 500 people could be accommodated under canvas, and it probably took that many huddled together to keep them all warm. The tents were taken out in 1930, but the old building is still there, and it still collects rent, at $8.50 a night for two, from its thirty-eight rooms, none of which is equipped with private bath. The nation's penchant for cleanliness finally caught up with Paradise Inn, and 100 newer rooms, which cost between $11 and $12 a night, all have private plumbing.

For its nine-week season the inn hires a crew of 145, most of them college students. Chairs are set out in front of the fireplace in the huge rustic lobby. Slot machines dispense color slides, but live sales clerks are on hand to sell such remembrances of the mountains as T-shirts that say "Mount Rainier," collections of polished rock, Navajo bracelets and rugs bought on the reservation, and kappa shell wind chimes imported from the Pacific.

Although a good Sunday may bring out 6,000 skiers, it is not feasible to keep Paradise Inn open since the snow falls from September to July, and in March the drifts may swell up to forty feet, just about covering the roof. It usually snows in July and, although it might not snow in August, by September there are normally two to three feet, by December about seven. The most it ever snowed was twenty-seven feet on a level area, and by spring the fall was packed so hard they could have shot the chariot scene from *Ben-Hur* on its surface. Most of the snow melts off in August, but the inn usually has to bore a tunnel through the snow to the entrance, and that snowy passageway may well stay in place through what passes for a summer season.

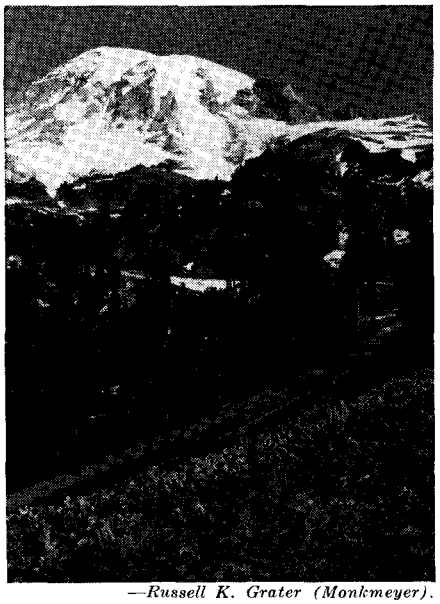
There is all manner of activity in season on the slopes of Rainier, but probably the most unusual are the guided foot trips which include tin pants slid-

—*State of Washington.*

Ice cave on Mount Rainier—tin pants sliding, snow camping, and seminars in the sky.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, a sport of considerable local note. The so-called tin pants are in reality rough trousers reinforced with a canvas seat that has been ironed with paraffin. An improvement features patches of plastic. The tin pants may be hired from the guide shop, which also does a rental business in such unusual impedimenta as crampons, ice axes, alpenstocks, sun goggles, riding boots, and climbing boots.



—*Russell K. Grater (Monkmeyer).*
Mount Rainier from Paradise Valley—Bring your own oxygen.

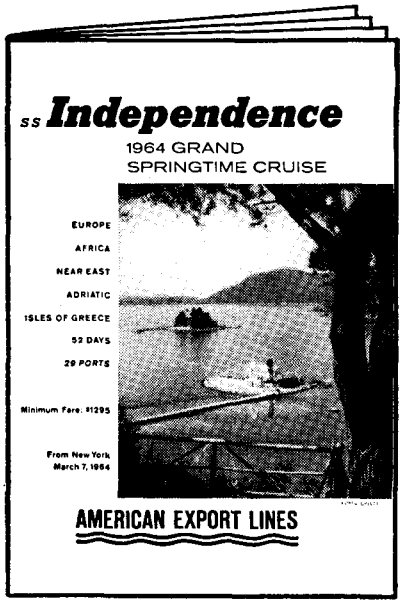
Snow climbing, ice climbing, and rock climbing are other endeavors, and the guide shop also conducts regular classes in all these specialties. Most of the classes are held on Nisqually and Paradise Glaciers, and on the nearby rock cliffs and snow fields. The school requires students to bring sweaters, boots, jackets, sunglasses, face cream, ice axes, and lunch. Ropes, slings, and crampons are furnished. Once one graduates from basic climbing school with flying colors in roped snow and glacier travel, belaying, and crevasse rescue, he is ready to set out for a guided assault on Mount Rainier, or for that matter on other peaks in the area.

Seminars are held at Camp Muir at the 10,000-foot level of Mount Rainier. The first four days are spent in practice, and in demonstrations and discussions, followed on the fifth day by a climb up Rainier. Two of the nights, should all these be endlessly appealing to you, are spent in practicing the methods of snow camping with side instruction in such pertinent subjects as snow camping, how to pitch a tent in a drift, and how to build and survive in your own igloo. Why, in Buffalo and Minneapolis that's how they spend the winter.

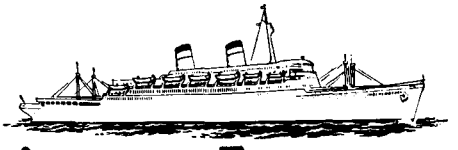
The fee of $95 gives you all the above-mentioned privileges as well as food and equipment. You bring your

Which would you rather visit? Europe? Africa? The Near East? The Adriatic? The Isles of Greece?

This free brochure shows you how to visit them ALL in one complete cruise. Rates $1295 and up.



Cruise in American comfort aboard the s.s. Independence: Madeira • Casablanca • Santa Cruz • Tangier • Gibraltar • Alicante • Beirut • Algiers • Messina • Alexandria • Port Said • Palma • Haifa • Rhodes • Cruise the Bosporus to the Black Sea • Istanbul • Izmir • Piraeus • Lisbon • Mykonos • Cannes • Marseilles • Barcelona



AMERICAN EXPORT and ISBRANDTSEN LINES

American Export and Isbrandtsen Lines, Dept. SR-11-9
24 Broadway, New York 10004
Telephone: 797-7222 (N.Y. Area Code 212)

Gentlemen:

Please send me your illustrated brochure on the 52-day Mediterranean Cruise of the Independence, sailing from New York March 7, 1964 to 29 ports including the Isles of Greece and the Holy Lands. I understand that there is no charge or obligation.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

MY TRAVEL AGENT IS:_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Moon Rise" by Richard Florsheim
$10 matted 14" x 18" (plus $1 shipping)

COLLECT
Signed ORIGINAL
ETCHINGS
AND LITHOGRAPHS
BY AMERICA'S
FOREMOST
ARTISTS

A unique cooperative venture enables you to buy original works of art for as little as $10 each. Discover for yourself—through Associated American Artists—the rare and fascinating experience of owning and collecting original works of art; works by such great artists as Altman, Hirsch, Greenwood, Soyer, Florsheim, Gross and others.

For free 40-page catalog containing 47 different illustrations of signed originals, send 25 cents for handling.

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS
605 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, Studio 711

Name

Address

City, Zone, State

MEDITERRANEAN
AEGEAN SEA
CRUISE/TOUR

SEA AND SUN
FROM $799
ALL INCLUSIVE
FROM NEW YORK
VIA SAS JET

GREECE, RHODES, CYPRUS, ISRAEL, HOLY LANDS, ITALY. October through April, 17 to 22 days, 9 departures plus special Christmas and Easter tours. SAS Jet to Italy, then cruise from Venice aboard the ATHINAI. Florence, Rome, Naples, and Pompeii Extension. FIRST CLASS CRUISE AND HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS, all meals, all shore excursions, Maupintour's own Cruise Tour Director. For folder, see your SAS/Maupintour Travel Agent or write Dept.A082. MAUPINTOUR, 400 Madison Ave., New York City.

MAUPINTOUR

own oxygen. Climbers who set out for the summit from Camp Muir usually begin their morning walk at about 2 A.M. in order to reach the summit and return before the sun begins to melt the ice and the rocks become a problem. Summit climbers are back at Muir by noon and, unless they want another night in an

igloo, they can be back in Paradise—well that's what *they* call it—by half past four that afternoon.

I must say there are gentler pleasures too, among them nature talks and conducted walks to Nisqually Glacier and the ice caves. Live shows are staged seven nights a week in summer by the indefatigable college students. And then, by daylight, those who don't hear the call to conquer mountains may just saunter about sniffing the glacier lilies, the anemones, and, as the summer snows leave, the blue lupines, the brilliant scarlet and purple penstemons, the pale purple heather, the asters, the daisies, and, on the edge of the glaciers, the water marigolds. In late August and September the hillsides are covered with huckleberries that are picked as avidly by bears as by people.

Some thirty part-time rangers leave the mountain when the summer ends, but somewhere among the snowflakes thirteen rangers stay behind, keeping the mountain company and waiting for those winter Sundays when 6,000 skiers storm the slopes, sending the rope tows around at a dizzy clip, and, I suspect, dispatching the bears to the safety of higher ground. —HORACE SUTTON.

Coming December 7th

SR's Christmas

Book and Record Issue

Phoenix Nest

Continued from page 10

gradually began to slow him, get up from it more and more infrequently, But he never complained in any way, was highly entertaining, did a great deal of John's legwork in the sports world they both covered (John was writing his own column by now), and shared my evening meal with me. I had had to learn to cook to save Skene from actual starvation, since he never ate out, only drank.

Damon Runyon characters would appear from time to time for dinner, not because of my cooking but to enjoy Skene, who was mighty witty and, in his way, a genius. He could write as well as anyone in New York, or anywhere else for that matter. Once, when Browning threw Londos out of the ring in Madison Square Garden, the gigantic wrestler landed on Skene's typewriter. Skene wrote in the *Trib* next day: "In an exclusive but necessarily short interview, Londos said 'Ugh.' " Skene's book, *The Red Tiger,* featured a prizefighter character, a gentle soul who made fierce faces to frighten opponents in the ring. Once he made his worst face into his own mirror and promptly fainted. Skene also wrote, in *The Red Tiger,* a lovely parody of Grantland Rice sports poetry on the eve of a title fight:

THE NEXT CHAMPION

Launcelot of the larrupers,
  Storming the resined trail,
Stalking the drums of glory,
  Knight of the leather flail.
Crowned with myrtle of maulers,
  True to ring's grim law,
Hurling his strife to the April sky,
  Tiger of crimson claw.

My own marriage robbed Skene of regular meals, though his end had long since been forecast by medical cronies. He had beriberi, a bad heart, practically no liver, half a kidney left, indeed very little but spirit to keep him going. So, when he was taken to New York Hospital late one night after an ankle had burst from edema, all of his friends were asked for blood. The only one whose blood type matched Skene's was Richard Watts, his oldest drinking companion. Skene happily if weakly smiled across the chasm of beds where Watts was opening and closing his fist to drive life back into his friend when Skene whispered, "Make mine with plain water." Later that night he pulled John's sobered face to his and in an agony of effort gasped to the man who above all others had befriended him, "All right professor, put me back in the box." And then he stopped breathing.
—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

39 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews three first novels

40 Traveling with Charley to the USSR, by David Dempsey

41 The Emergence of Malaysia, by Ronald McKie

42 Mandate for Change, 1953-1956: The White House Years, Vol. 1, by Dwight D. Eisenhower

44 The Memoirs of Lord Chandos: An Unexpected View from the Summit, by Oliver Lyttelton, Viscount Chandos

45 Israel: Years of Challenge, by David Ben-Gurion

46 A Touch of Color and Other Tales, by Alvin Johnson

47 The Countess, by Hans Habe

47 The Hack, by Wilfrid Sheed

48 When the Wolves Howl, by Aquilino Ribeiro

49 The Creative Present: Notes on Contemporary American Fiction, edited by Nona Balakian and Charles Simmons

50 Edgar Allan Poe: The Man Behind the Legend, by Edward Wagenknecht

53 Children's Book Week Supplement, with articles by Alice Dalgliesh, Marcia Brown, and Ezra Jack Keats

LITERARY HORIZONS

Three Tales Told Out of School

HERE we have three first novels: *The Innocent Curate,* by Paris Leary (Doubleday, $3.95); *Confusions,* by Jack Ludwig (New York Graphic Society, $4.95), and *The Island,* by Robert Creeley (Scribners, hardbound, $3.50; paperback, $1.65). Although they are publishing first novels, all three authors are experienced writers. Creeley and Leary are poets, the former with eight volumes to his credit; Ludwig has published short stories, and was an editor of *The Noble Savage.* The three of them are currently college teachers.

In spite of their authors' experience, two of the novels are pretty bad. The one writer who has done something approximating what he set out to do is Leary: he has written a comic novel that is funny and makes a point.

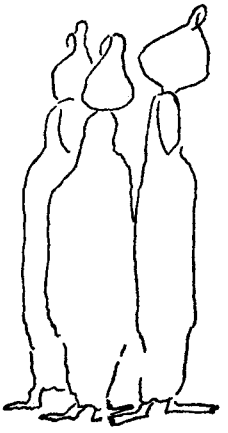
The action of *The Innocent Curate* takes place in an upstate New York city, called Schinderhook but obviously to be identified with Schenectady. Leary's disguises are faint: National Electric for General Electric, Federal College for Union College, Mohican River for Mohawk River, Van Curlen Hotel for Van Curler Hotel, and so forth and so on. (I hope, for Leary's sake, that his people are less recognizable than his places, but I'm not convinced, in spite of his conventional disclaimer, that all of them are.)

The novel is put together in a rather odd way, nearly the first half of it being a series of character sketches introducing the *dramatis personae.* These sketches are extravagant, malicious, and amusing, even though I sometimes feel that Leary has tried too hard and has come closer to caricature than to characterization. Having presented his people, he unfolds a surprising fable about a seemingly stupid young curate who receives—if that is the correct word—the stigmata. Leary has a good time showing the effect of this phenomenon on a variety of persons.

Although most of the villains are connected with the Episcopal Church, Leary makes it clear that he is not attacking all clergymen or all laymen; and, indeed, the general tenor of the book can only be described as pro-Christian. The story, once Leary gets at it, is skilfully developed and comes to a neat climax.

Jack Ludwig has also written what is supposed to be a funny book, and once in a while it is, but not often enough. It is the story, told in the first person, of Joe Gillis, born Joe Galsky, who grew up in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and took his A.B., A.M., and Ph.D. at Harvard. He introduces himself by saying, "I sing confusion, I, Joseph Gillis, myself confused, or, to put it another way, an American. Look at me, tall, slim, gray-eyed, a typical washed-out paleface with a father swarthy, squat, burning with Hasidic joy and fervor, a mother so Semitic she's frequently snubbed as an Arab." He turns out to be bumptious, smart-alecky, and incorrigibly juvenile.

Confusions proceeds in a desultory fashion, with Gillis talking about anything that comes into his head. After telling us a little about his youth, education, and marriage, he describes his migration to Royce College in California, where he teaches English. Like Leary, Ludwig introduces a series of character sketches, his teachers being even more contemptible than Leary's clergymen. After a time he gets around to a story of sorts which concerns a psychotic student named Devereux Peterson IV, but, since the story obviously doesn't amount to much, he again digresses. He spends some time, for example, on an instructor, Flamand by name, who is a devotee of Thoreau, Reich, and wife-swapping. (In his home Flamand has a fireplace that is "a perfect reproduction of Thoreau's at Arrowhead." This is something I should like to see.) At last, the novel having grown to a respectable length, Ludwig comes back to the psychotic student, and winds the story up.



After that there is an epilogue which makes it clear that the novel is supposed to be significant without managing to suggest what its significance is. "Why have I told you all this?" Gillis asks. "*To make you change your life!*" (Ludwig's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

italics.) How this badly constructed, loosely written novel, which is even more confused than its author supposes it to be, could have any effect on anyone's life is a mystery. Ludwig has perhaps been influenced by Saul Bellow's *Adventures of Augie March* and J. P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man*, but his achievement is so meager that one cannot talk confidently about influences.

In a vague way—and vague is exactly the word—Robert Creeley's *The Island* is an example of what is sometimes called "the new novel"; that is, there is no formal characterization but merely the presentation of a series of states of mind. The island of the title is somewhere off the coast of Spain, and here live two Americans, called simply John and Joan, with their three children. They appear to have plenty of money, which is a good thing, for it seems highly unlikely that John could ever earn a living.

JOHN, from whose point of view the story is told, is supposed to be a writer, but, instead of working at it, he spends most of his time brooding over his inadequacies and lamenting his lot in life. Not much happens. Periodically John spends a night drinking with a friend named Artie, and then he and Joan quarrel. Two or three visitors come and go. Joan has to have a serious operation. At last the book stops, nothing having been settled.

The style attempts to be poetic, and sometimes is successfully so; but often Creeley spoils his effects by ignorance of or indifference to grammar and syntax. He is capable of writing, "when all the others but she and him were asleep." A more common fault is the long sentence that cannot be parsed and that can be understood only with difficulty: "John, too vague to move, returning the bulky collection of bills to his pocket, at first confused as to where they had come from, but then remembered he had been to Cook's with Artie to cash a small check, catching a waiter, went back to thinking and drinking, waiting for Artie, for whom he was there, he remembered, while Artie went to get the radio." (There is an even worse sentence on the same page that is too long to quote.)

Creeley also has an annoying way of being flatly factual and detailed about matters of no importance: "He took off his pants, folded them and put them over the back of the chair. He took off his shirt, and hung it over the pants, took off his shoes, his stockings, and put them in the shoes, and took off his underpants and undershirt, and put them in the chair." We know how John undresses if we don't know much else about him. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

Traveling with Charley to the USSR

RADIO LIBERTY, an agency of the privately financed American Committee for Liberation, broadcasts to the USSR over eighteen powerful short-wave transmitters from Spain, Germany, and Taiwan. For the past several years it has been filling in the cultural gap that exists in the Soviets about things American—and, for that matter, about things Russian—by means of an around-the-clock barrage of news, political commentary, music, and discussion of leading U.S. writers and their works.

At the beginning of this year it occurred to officials of Radio Liberty to offer actual copies of new books that were popular over here. As a result, an enterprising Soviet citizen can get a free copy of J. D. Salinger's *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters* simply by writing to a certain midtown Manhattan book dealer. An encouraging number of Russian listeners have responded to the offer, and more are expected to do so as the word gets around.

The give-away began last January when *Travels with Charley* was offered on an experimental basis. John Steinbeck is well known in the USSR, and, although his later works have not been published there in book form, he is sufficiently *persona grata* so that Russians can ask for *Charley* without fear of official displeasure. Requests for the book have been coming in at a modest but steady rate, indicating (a) that the New York mail address has been attracting book-hungry readers, and (b) that a good many Soviet citizens can read English, or at least are willing to try. (For less adventurous listeners another RL give-away, Professor Gleb Struve's anthology *Russian Stories*, is offered in a Bantam bilingual edition with the English and Russian texts on facing pages.)

The fact that these programs are jammed—a technique that is only partially effective, and will be even less so when a new 50,000-watt signal goes on the air soon—suggests a good deal of success. The Russians don't jam what they don't fear; moreover, as one Soviet listener wrote to RL, "The ban itself arouses one's curiosity. A large number of people would not listen to a foreign radio station if it weren't for the jamming." In this sense, Radio Liberty is one up on the Voice of America, which is no longer jammed. "The official, government-sponsored cultural exchange programs don't really open the door to forbidden writers—at least not on the Russian side of the curtain," declares Mrs. Joan Malukoff of RL's programming staff in New York.

In general, she points out, Radio Liberty's book programs emphasize authors who don't get a fair hearing in the USSR or only a hearing out of context or none at all. Although Russian periodicals reprinted sections of James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*, they were careful to use only those parts most critical of American society. As an antidote, Radio Liberty broadcast the more constructive "missing pages" from this book, as well as an interview with Baldwin.

One basis on which an American author is picked for exposure to Russia is his potential appeal to the young (under forty), urban intellectual, who is most likely to be in revolt against the censorship and stultifying edicts of his government. For this reason, a good many beatnik and off-beatnik poets are utilized—Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg, Kenneth Patchen, and others who are up in arms against modern society—, as well as less iconoclastic writers, such as E. E. Cummings and Thomas Merton. But here, Mrs. Malukoff admits, the broadcasts present a special problem. When the jamming is at its peak, the poetry is likely to sound even more incomprehensible than it is. Nevertheless, she believes, the fact that American poets *can* sound off—and get published—is what appeals to Russian listeners.

Salinger was selected from among the novelists because he had already gained a large audience in the Soviet Union with *The Catcher in the Rye*. There is some evidence that when officials permitted translation of this novel in 1960 they didn't quite realize what they were getting. *Catcher* proved to be not so much a story of an American adoles-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cent's revolt against bourgeois capitalism (Soviet view) as a universal tale of a young man's rebellion against society in general. The book is wildly popular among the Russian college set. No recent Salinger has been officially admitted, hence Radio Liberty's offer.

But the Committee isn't interested solely in American writers, and in a sense its most important work is done with both contemporary and classic Russian authors whose books have been banned in the USSR. *Dr. Zhivago* is a good example. It had hardly been published in Western Europe when Radio Liberty was beaming sections of it back across the Curtain. Valeriiy Tarsis's *The Bluebottle* and *Red and Black* (recently published in this country) are currently on the air; and with Alexander Tvardovsky's verses about a Soviet G.I., *Vassily Tyorkin in the Other World*, broadcasters worked from a script smuggled out of Russia. Since Tvardovsky is editor of the Soviet literary magazine *Novy Mir*, it became rather embarrassing to have his poetry available only through the courtesy of a Western radio station. Soviet officials have since rectified the matter by allowing *Vassily Tyorkin* to be published.

Like all good broadcasting networks, Radio Liberty tries to get a line on what its listeners want. There are, of course, no Neilsen rating organizations inside Russia—at least, not for foreign stations—but RL officials nevertheless carry out a good deal of *sub rosa* audience research, one method being to invite listeners to write to various private addresses in Western Europe commenting on the programs. One such letter requested that an instalment of another underground work, Abram Tertz's novella *The Trial Begins*, be repeated, since the listener had missed it. Radio Liberty obliged. A list compiled in the USSR of "most wanted" American and Western European books has also acted as a guide. One of the novels it named was *Gone With the Wind*. In this case, Radio Liberty did not oblige.

Contemporary American writers who are most widely known in Russia today—Mitchell Wilson, Howard Fast, and Erskine Caldwell head the list—seldom represent typical American points of view, or even necessarily the best writing. For whatever reason, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, James T. Farrell, Thornton Wilder, and most of William Faulkner remain unpublished there, as do such younger men as Norman Mailer and James Jones. It is from the reservoir of talent of which these latter men are samples that Radio Liberty hopes to get across the true picture of literary America. In the long run this may be more important to Soviet-American relations than 250 million dollars' worth of wheat.

—David Dempsey.

BOOK IN THE NEWS

Melee in Singapore

***The Emergence of Malaysia**, by Ronald McKie (Harcourt, Brace & World. 310 pp. $4.95), questions the wisdom of uniting in a single federation people so diverse as those of Malaya, Singapore, North Borneo, and Sarawak. Ferdinand Kuhn, co-author of "Borderlands," has reported from all these regions for the Washington Post and other newspapers.*

By FERDINAND KUHN

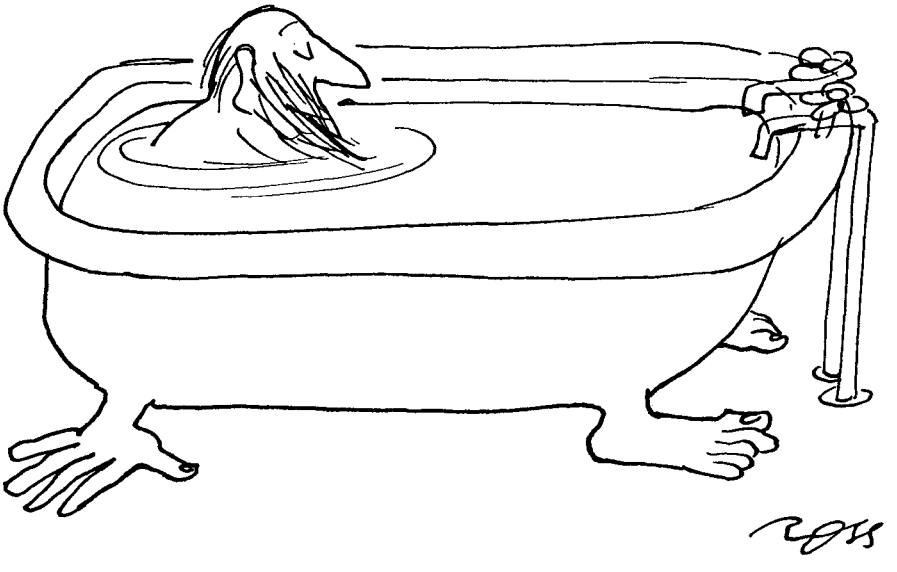
FIVE years ago, on a veranda in Malaya, a liberal-minded British friend was chiding me and my country for trying to hustle the underdeveloped peoples into the twentieth century. "You Americans," he said, "are pushing the Asians too fast—and they're not ready." Now, in an odd reversal of roles, Britain is the hustler, breaking all speed records in rushing away from her remaining responsibilities of empire. Nowhere has she shown such haste as in contriving the new Federation of Malaysia, gluing Malaya and Singapore together with her colonies of Sabah (North Borneo) and Sarawak across the South China Sea.

There is no mystery about the basic reasons why Britain unloaded the Borneo colonies. Their largely non-Chinese populations tipped the balance and prevented Chinese from outnumbering Malays in the new Federation. But why the rush to federate by a mid-1963 deadline? Were the British trying to save money, as some observers contend? Were they assuming that the American Seventh Fleet would defend the new Malaysia in the event of trouble? Ronald McKie's explanation in this book is as plausible as any: Britain, he believes, was bent on "abandoning Asia to concentrate on Europe."

Whatever Britain's rationale for quitting in such a hurry, her reasons were not the only ones that mattered. Local political leaders were just as impatient to rush the Federation into being. Malaya's prime minister, the Tunku (Prince) Abdul Rahman, feared that the Communists might seize control of an independent, isolated Singapore and thus set up a Cuba on his doorstep. Lee Kuan Yew, the dour and brilliant chief minister of Singapore, felt that unless the territories hung together, and did it quickly, the Communists would assuredly hang each one separately.

Out of such negative impulses the British and their former subjects in Southeast Asia fashioned what is not yet a nation but, rather, a geographic and political gimmick. A Malaysian culture, says Mr. McKie, is no more than a distant ideal. External hatreds beat upon the new Federation from Indonesia, the Philippines, and the Communist world. Already Malaysia appears on those horrid maps in the Sunday New York *Times* as one of the twenty (or is it fifty?) "trouble spots" that Americans should watch.

U.S. readers could ask for no shrewder guide through the Malaysian tangle than Ronald McKie. An Australian journalist with a gimlet eye, he has



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known Singapore since before World War II. He can fathom the mentality and customs of the natives in Malaya as well as those in North Carolina, where for a few months in 1952 he worked on the staff of the Winston-Salem *Journal and Sentinel.* When he reports on Singapore and Malaya—and most of his new book is reportorial, not political—he makes a reader feel: "I know these places now; I have been there."

Mr. McKie is neither insular nor race-conscious; he loves most of his fellowmen. He understands and sympathizes with Singapore's Chinese (70 per cent of the population), torn between self-interest and their emotional attachment to Mother China. He insists that the Malays are not indolent or unfit to govern themselves; their imperial rulers gave them too few opportunities to rise above a menial status. Only one group makes Mr. McKie's red mustache bristle. The colonial officials in Singapore, he remembers, "represented, at their worst, the narrowness and ignorance, and at times the arrogance, of a small, intellectually limited society with a monopoly of position and power."

I can find one major fault in this informative and entertaining book. Five-sixths of it deals with Singapore and Malaya; only one-sixth tells of the two Borneo territories that joined Malaysia, and of tiny Brunei, which refused to join. Yet to know something of these colonial remnants is essential to a knowledge of Malaysia, and for three reasons. The first is that Indonesia covets them, and obviously intends to torment Sabah and Sarawak with guerrilla warfare. The second is that Brunei, outside the Federation, will be, in Mr. McKie's words, "a political menace." And the third is that the Borneo territories are the weakest components of the new Federation, largely because the British, almost to the last moment, drifted and dawdled and neglected the education and political training of the non-Chinese native peoples. Without an awareness of this record, so much less creditable than the British performance in Malaya itself, one cannot understand why the Federation faces trouble.

Toward the end of the book the author—and the reader—ask themselves whether Malaysia can survive. Mr. McKie is by no means sure that it can. The attempt to bring so many races, religions, and cultures together, he rightly says, "is one of the most fascinating political and social experiments" of this century. Yet Malaysia, he concludes, "desperately" needs time—and time is what neither Sukarno nor the Chinese Communists nor internal minorities seem disposed to give.

STATESMANSHIP

Hard Way to the Middle Course

***Mandate for Change, 1953-1956:** The White House Years, Volume I, by Dwight D. Eisenhower (Doubleday. 650 pp. $6.95), reveals the former President as one whose maxim was patience. Erwin D. Canham edits The Christian Science Monitor.*

By ERWIN D. CANHAM

THE UNITED STATES is very fortunate in that three of its last four Presidents have written thoughtful and revealing memoirs. None of these works, of course, is a definitive historian's account of the period in office. All are naturally self-justifying. Yet all have been useful and interesting.

Moreover, one has the feeling, while reading Dwight D. Eisenhower's account of his first term, of simplicity, frankness, and a degree of candid self-analysis. The book is full of pithy and vigorous comments, of observations Mr. Eisenhower wrote in his diary at the time, of informal private notes to and from John Foster Dulles, Generals Walter Bedell Smith and Alfred Gruenther, and other key people or family friends. There are interchanges with Winston Churchill, frank observations about Republican Senators, and sharp comment on Communist leaders.

The former President does not really justify his book's title. Indeed, it is not a good title. Presumably, Mr. Eisenhower wishes to suggest changes he brought about after the Truman and Roosevelt periods. But the impression one derives is of how little really changed. *Mandate for Reasonableness* or *Mandate for Good Will* would have been more accurate.

It is by no means a weak President, a do-nothing President, an avoider of

clear decisions who emerges from these pages. It is a President who sought the middle course. "The hard way," he writes of the Formosa Straits crisis in 1955, "is to have the courage to be patient." Perhaps that is a maxim for all Presidents. And it has its limitations.

Anyway, Mr. Eisenhower carefully threads his way in this book through

The Pike

By Theodore Roethke

THE river turns,
Leaving a place for the eye to rest,
A furred, a rocky pool,
A bottom of water.

The crabs tilt and eat, leisurely,
And the small fish lie, without shadow, motionless,
Or drift lazily in and out of the weeds.
The bottom-stones shimmer back their irregular striations,
And the half-sunken branch bends away from the gazer's eye.

A scene for the self to abjure!—
And I lean, almost into the water,
My eye always beyond the surface reflection;
I lean, and love these manifold shapes,
Until, out from a dark cove,
From beyond the end of a mossy log,
With one sinuous ripple, then a rush,
A thrashing-up of the whole pool,
The pike strikes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the manifold crises of his first term. He summarizes at the start the things that happened to him after *Crusade in Europe:* the hope for complete retirement, the service as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the presidency of Columbia University, the command of NATO. As he makes clear, it was not just a lifelong sense of duty, not the pressures of friends and supporters, not the Presidential bug, but the indignant fear that isolationist Republican Senators would dominate the party and capture the White House that finally stung Mr. Eisenhower into political life.

"My disappointment was acute," he writes of a conference with Republican Senators in early 1951. "I was resentful toward those who seemed to me to be playing politics in matters I thought vital to America and the Free World." So he destroyed a statement withdrawing himself unequivocally from politics. As late as December 1951 he received a longhand letter from President Truman, also expressing fear of isolationist control, and asking General Eisenhower's plans as a guide to his own decisions. So a President-to-be assured his predecessor, who had once offered him support, that he might "give way to a conviction of duty."

How these views will be expressed in 1964, if the Republican Party again seems to come under the domination of one of these very Senators of 1951, remains to be seen. Mr. Eisenhower has reserved his position on Senator Goldwater.

In a frank passage Mr. Eisenhower states his regret that he yielded to the appeals of Governor Kohler and left out of his Wisconsin campaign speeches a spirited defense of General George C. Marshall. That a man of his temper could have thus given in, especially after Senator McCarthy had threatened him with crowd booing if he persisted in opposing "un-American methods in combating Communism," remains a puzzle. The lengthy discussions of the division of Indo-China, relations with Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek, the ineptitudes of various French premiers, the contrasts between Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden, the mellowing of relations with Senator Taft, the lack of warm ties with many other Republican Senators—all these and many other passages are of the stuff of topical history.

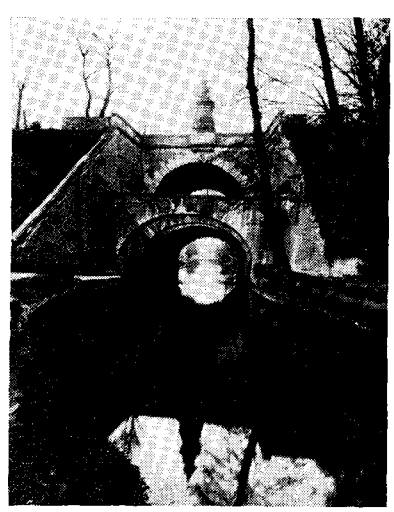
Here, then, we have a clear and honest account from the summit of four important years. The Eisenhower style is certainly different from that of the first three Kennedy years. But are the fundamentals very different? The historians will some day tell us. My guess is that the gripping force of circumstance will be more important than style, and that the mandates for change before and after Eisenhower are not so great as those things that cannot change.

Nostalgia in Sepia Tone: *A Vision of Paris* (Macmillan. Until Dec. 31, $17.50, subsequently, $19.95) evokes the color and complexity of the French capital at the turn of the century. Here is the great city caught at the moment of great change—a Paris whose center was a torrent of rapidly evolving artistic energies and whose milieu was a mingled excitement of gaslight glow and electric glare, the rattle of push carts and the roar of modern traffic. The photographs of Eugène Atget with text from Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* are felt images of the people, the parlors, the promenades, and most of all the poetry of this lost but never forgotten Paris of *la belle époque.*

Marcel Proust.

The golden morning brightness of a Paris sidewalk.

A barrel-organ playing beneath the window.



The Vivonne crossed by the Pont-Vieux.

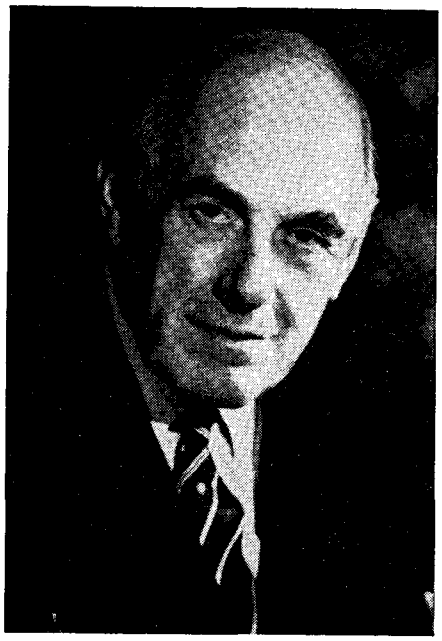
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To England, with Love and Candor

The Memoirs of Lord Chandos: An Unexpected View from the Summit, *by Oliver Lyttelton, Viscount Chandos (New American Library. 430 pp. $7.50), document the experiences of an industrialist and politician who has been involved in great events for most of his life. J. H. Plumb's latest book is "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

WHEN Lord Chandos was born his stars were at their most favorable conjunction, and silver spoons—they may even have been gold—clattered around his cradle. Born into the great Lyttelton family, he numbered generals, bishops, statesmen, and Eton headmasters among his immediate relatives. And, of course, superlative cricketers, his father being one of the best; indeed, he was the greatest all-round games player of his time. Naturally Chandos went to Eton, from Eton to Trinity, Cambridge, from Trinity to the Brigade of Guards; then World War I, during which he displayed high courage, won decorations, and suffered a slight wound: in every way a fine and distinguished record.



Lord Chandos—"a fine sense of the critical moment and the crucial event."

After the war he became a banker, married a duke's daughter, and moved to commerce, becoming one of the world's key industrial figures in nonferrous metals, and controlling an interlocking nexus of companies that linked Australia, Africa, Malaya, Indonesia, Europe, and America. His ability as a negotiator, his capacity for decision, and his sense of fair play made him one of the outstanding figures in the City of London. World War II brought him office, the devoted friendship of Winston Churchill, and fresh fields of endeavor that suited his qualities and provided immediate yet lasting benefits for his nation. Perhaps his greatest contribution was to bring order and increased resolution to the crumbling Middle East in 1941. At the end of World War II he experienced the misery of defeat that is part of the lot of a politician but rarely that of a top-level British industrialist. He did not like it. He enjoyed power again, however, with Churchill in 1951, and for three years he tackled with resolution and wisdom, but varying success, the growing difficulties of Malaya, Kenya, Central Africa, Nigeria, and the other complex problems of Britain's old colonial empire. And then, still young, still at the height of his powers, Lord Chandos returned to industry, unable any longer financially to afford the burden of politics.

Involved as he was in great events for most of his life, Lord Chandos's memoirs are an invaluable record. He writes with wit, detachment, insight, and humanity of Churchill, Roosevelt, de Gaulle, and many other great statesmen of his age. Without rancor or bitterness he exposes shortcomings and difficulties both in situations and in people. Lord Chandos possesses a fine sense of the critical moment and the crucial event, and he conceals little that he knows. It would be difficult to name any memoirs of recent history that match these for honesty, entertainment, or insight. They will become a historical document of the first value.

But they are more than this. They reveal unconsciously the strengths and weaknesses of the British Establishment as few other recent books do. If the first reading entertains and enlivens and instructs, the second saddens; for these memoirs display not only the admirable qualities of the Establishment—its honesty, its fairness, its innate sense of human decencies, as well as its devotion and competence—but also its triviality, its lack of vision, its inbred complacency, its limpet-like attachment to power, and its half-conscious feudalism. A strong loyalty to the past leads to a myopic concentration on immediate issues and immediate compromises.

Lord Chandos wrote eloquently in 1953 of the lack of African education and African political experience, particularly in Kenya and in the Rhodesian Federation; he stressed the necessity for gradualism, warned his colleagues of the pitfalls of black democracy, and insisted on the need to train Africans in responsible government. Yet he was amazed seven years later to discover that nothing had been done to train any African political leaders; they were merely clapped into jail.

Indeed, these memoirs display the British Establishment's superb capacity for politics and its utter incapacity for statesmanship. Politicians thrive on long-continued power, and are well attuned to the adjustments and compromises of management; whereas statesmen bid for the future of man. A perceptive American reader of this book will understand why Britons under forty have deserted the Establishment in shoals; for better or for worse, they are discovering their New Frontier with Harold Wilson. They have begun to realize that any political party or any politician who does not attempt to capture the future will lose the present.

It is odd to think that the ancestry in which the author of this book takes such pride and the environment which he so lovingly describes may have cut a great man down to the size of a capable politician.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1057

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1057 will be found in the next issue.

S ESV RD DMDQO MT BH-

TFRVTMJYH DRB PMT DSKH.

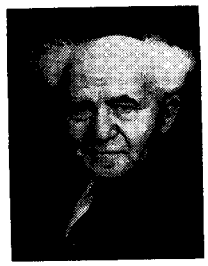
TQSVQRV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1056

Diplomacy is to do and say the nastiest things in the nicest way.
—GOLDBERG.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look Back on Promised Land


David Ben-Gurion

Israel: Years of Challenge, *by David Ben-Gurion (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 240 pp. $5), the first book by the ex-Prime Minister since his retirement, retraces his country's history and aspirations from its origin. Hal Lehrman, who has been a lecturer, foreign correspondent, and longtime observer of Middle Eastern affairs, is the author of "Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow."*

By HAL LEHRMAN

THE TEXTURE and tone of this book are as startling as its author's brisk exodus last June from his built-in post as Prime Minister of Israel. Nobody, except maybe his wife, Paula, expected David Ben-Gurion's enigmatically voluntary surrender of power tools (including the Defense Ministry and even, till his party persuaded him to take it back, his Parliamentary seat) on which he seemed to have a lifetime grip.

And nobody, certainly not this reader, could have expected that the first book from one of our era's liveliest history-makers to be published since his retirement into the Negev desert would be this potboiling rehash, garnished with tired public documents, of Israel's well-known public record and aspirations from her Zionist beginnings.

Here and there you can make out the distant roar of the old Biblical lion. Recalling Gamal Abdel Nasser's tragi-burlesque rout at Sinai in 1956: "All their modern arms availed not the Egyptians, for in them there was no spirit . . ." "B.G." salutes Balfour's and President Wilson's acknowledgment of Jewry's immemorial link with Palestine —*but*: ". . . we live in our Land by right and not on sufferance. There was a State of Israel when human history knew nothing of Britain or America, and Jerusalem was its capital long before London, Moscow or Paris were founded . . ."

Also, Mr. Ben-Gurion is persuasive on such standard themes as the Israeli case for reprisals against Arab infiltration and murder, the lopsided arbitraments of the United Nations, the one-eyed vision of U.N. agents on Israel's borders, the still-disputed withdrawal of victorious Israeli forces from Gaza and Sharm el-Sheikh under American pressure, the crucial importance to Israel of Negev development and Afro-Asian friendship.

Inevitably, the ex-Prime Minister writes with authority about dramas in which he had top billing. But nowhere does this authority produce anything new, any disclosures, any high or low glimpses into inner councils, not even backstairs. True, one can't ask Mr. Ben-Gurion to spill secrets right and left as if his involvement with national security had ended when he packed his bags. And he may be hoarding his memoirs for later. Still, the unhappy fact is that *Israel: Years of Challenge* contains nothing which could not have been written, as well or better, by any of several dozen unsung scholars or plain journalists without a single portfolio among them.

Further, the fairly dullish text is less than illuminated by interminable outsize citations from the author's own speeches, declarations, and State papers. We get the discomforting impression that B.G. for some reason feels he has to prove he was solitary on his peak and always clairvoyant. His most generous—and virtually unique—admission that he had a spot of help from others in piloting the Jewish State is when he concedes that "Israel's first days were stimulating and I was but one member of a hard-working Cabinet." A little less of the first person singular, and a little more than the perfunctory references he makes to distinguished colleagues, would have better suited a man whose stature in his country's history is already toweringly beyond dispute.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MEN OF LETTERS

If the mail in the first column were stamped "return to sender," which famous letter-writers in the second column would receive it? Ralph Chamberlin, of Bound Brook, New Jersey, asks you to match the letters and their authors. For correct addresses, see page 66.

1. *Letters from the Underworld*	( )	Albert Camus
2. *Lettres de Mon Moulin*	( )	Voltaire
3. *Letters from Iceland*	( )	John Dickinson
4. *Letters from Greenroom Ghosts*	( )	Sir Walter Scott
5. *Lettres Philosophiques*	( )	Karel Capek
6. *Epistle to the Romans*	( )	Honoré de Balzac
7. *Letters from Prison*	( )	George Sand
8. *Letters of Askance*	( )	John Mason Brown
9. *Lettres d'un Voyageur*	( )	Alexander Pope
10. *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*	( )	W. H. Auden
11. *Letters from America*	( )	Denis Diderot
12. *Letters from an American Farmer*	( )	Galileo Galilei
13. *Lettres à un Ami Allemand*	( )	St. Paul
14. *Letters from Holland*	( )	Alphonse Daudet
15. *Letters on the Solar Spots*	( )	Christopher Morley
16. *Lettres sur les Aveugles*	( )	William Cullen Bryant
17. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*	( )	Rupert Brooke
18. *Letters from the East*	( )	M.-G.-St. Jean de Crèvecoeur
19. *Letres à l'Etrangère*	( )	Fyodor M. Dostoevsky
20. *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania*	( )	Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Confidence in Goodness

A Touch of Color and Other Tales, *by Alvin Johnson (Atheneum. 243 pp. $4.50), affirms the author's lifelong belief in the basic goodness of man and the power of education to succor society. James Gray has contributed articles on American fiction to a number of magazines.*

By JAMES GRAY

IT SEEMS not unlikely that Alvin Johnson is the last survivor of the generation that really believed in the perfectibility of man. This wise, generous-minded, widely-experienced scholar and educator is still occupied at the age of nearly ninety with the task of sorting through his papers and putting together books that contain his findings about the hopeful prospects for the race. The documents of this latest volume are in fictional form. They deal chiefly with the Nebraska of the author's youth, and, though they admit the worst about the savagery, ignorance, bigotry, and meagerness of the frontier way of life, the prevailing tone of comment is one of robust faith.

Education is the cure in which Dr. Johnson puts his trust. It must, he is sure, succeed at last in banishing economic ills, in elevating taste, in relieving pressures that cripple minds, and in lifting all men everywhere out of inertia and perversity into the good life. An earnest young woman graduate of an agricultural college is his agent of progress in the title story, the longest and most ambitious of these narratives. She teaches her farm neighbors about cinch bugs, and saves their crops. Her self-respect, secure in the knowledge that science has discovered no basic inferiority in what may just possibly be her Negro blood, rebukes the uninstructed meanness of race-haters and shames them out of their cruelties. As a believer in the therapy of proper dress, she contributes to the dignity of womankind by putting her friends into costumes designed according to the sound principles she learned in home economics classes.

Alvin Johnson—"We need not despair."

These stories were probably written long ago. Since the time when the mood and the mores depicted here were characteristic of one small corner of society much has happened to alter's man image of himself. Two great wars and a world-wide depression have shaken our confidence, to say nothing of those demoralizing evidences of the baseness still inherent in the human spirit to which the totalitarian movements ruthlessly introduced us. And yet, Dr. Johnson evidently sees no reason to repudiate his implied endorsement of the idea that good will is the prevailing feature of the human temperament. He seems to reassert his judgment stoutly by presenting these glimpses of society in active and generally effective confrontation with its problems.

As fiction, these stories have obvious weaknesses. In "A Touch of Color" the issue of whether or not a young white man should marry a girl who may have Negro blood is not really dramatized at all because it is made to seem so very unlikely that she actually has. Most engaging and perhaps most successful as revelation of character is "The Flying Buttress," in which an amiable New York City boss plays cynic and Santa Claus simultaneously; by the judicious use of bribery he saves a situation that eminently deserves to be saved.

Candor demands the admission that Dr. Johnson's method of presenting public service as the great issue of our time sometimes suggests the girl-meets-tractor formula of recent Soviet fiction at its most naïve. And yet naïve is precisely what these stories are not; rather, they are shrewd evocations of the spirit of common sense as the potential savior of society. They do not blink at violence. They inspect with alert, scientific expertness the wounds that have been inflicted in American society on justice, equality, and simple decency. But the prognosis is always favorable because, as Dr. Johnson implies, goodness is the stronger element in any crisis. We need not despair, he seems to urge, because something indomitable in the human heart wants goodness to prevail.

He may be right. At least, as the great but deeply troubled reformer says at the end of John Osborne's play *Luther*, let us hope so.

Late November Window

By Barbara Howes

A LIGHT turns on among the trees, it glows
Through a forest of filetted bones; a lamp
Shimmers just over the carapace of the hill;
Then fades, blurs; waxes, glows.

Stars are not bright enough
To warn if the clouds reel
Awash in the firmament,
Or what ne'er-do-well in the dead
Of night is out hunting the living.

Under the phantasmagoria of sky
Our earth lies black, secret; only that brilliance
Waiting to dazzle a stag, to flash
Death in his eyes. —Oh, but that light
Has cleared our arc of trees; is it then simply
The moon out jacking deer; and fear and I?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Case of Kiss and Kill

***The Countess,** by Hans Habe, translated from the German by Catherine Hutter (Harcourt, Brace & World. 429 pp. $5.95), probes the psyche of a "fascinating demon," whose real-life counterpart was imprisoned for the murder of one of her many lovers. Henry B. Kranz, an American correspondent for leading European newspapers, has been reviewing books for twenty-five years.*

By HENRY B. KRANZ

HANS HABE, born in Hungary and educated in Austria, is one of Europe's most successful journalists and novelists. Now an American citizen living in Switzerland, he is perhaps best known in this country for *A Thousand Shall Fall*, a personal account of the battle in France against Germany in the Second World War, and *Ilona*, a sweeping saga of three generations of a Central European family dominated by an unusual woman. *The Countess* marks a new phase; the imaginative storyteller is now probing the perplexing contradictions of men's souls and passions.

The Countess is the "true" story of a real but enigmatic woman, a "fascinating demon." History records that the beautiful Countess Maria Nicolaevna O'Rourke was born in 1877 on a feudal estate in Russia and, at the age of seventeen, married Count Vassily Tarnovsky. After leaving him she traveled about Europe with a succession of lovers. When she was twenty-nine she was tried in Venice for a murder: she and her lawyer, Dr. Donat Prilukov, who was one of her lovers, had induced another, a young Russian poet, to kill Count Pavel Kamarovsky, her fiancé, after insuring his life for an enormous sum.

Hans Habe: "what matters is to breathe truth into reality."

The trial made newspaper headlines all over the world. Sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, the countess was freed by a royal amnesty in 1915 and disappeared. Nobody knows where and when she died or what happened to her son, Tioka, whom the countess dearly loved.

Since Habe feels that "facts are not truths," and that "what matters is to breathe truth into reality," he has invented a great deal. And through a magical blending of image and idea he has transformed the historic events into a nightmarish descent into hell. The relentless pace of this novel hardly stops for one contemplative moment. Watching some of its characters is like watching people who suffer from an incurable disease; there is only one way for them to go—toward doom. Although we are appalled by Maria's obviously sadistic libido, our sympathies remain with her. At the trial, where psychiatry for the first time played an important role, she senses that "not one of the jurors knows who she is. She doesn't know herself."

Hans Habe is a commanding raconteur whose literary fathers are the giants —Dostoevsky, Zola, and Balzac. One is not likely to forget the torrid storm raging through these pages.

From Doggerel to Insight: Over the years a good many American writers have defected to Britain, but recently we have been getting the better of the bargain. True, they have T.S. Eliot, but we took W. H. Auden, almost in exchange, as it were, and Aldous Huxley to boot. Perhaps the account is not yet balanced from the loss of Henry James. If so, some younger British writers will very shortly have made up the difference. I am thinking particularly of Brian Moore, whose *An Answer from Limbo*, published early this year, was a beautiful piece of work, and the author under present consideration, Wilfrid Sheed.

Mr. Sheed, a scion of the publishing house of Sheed & Ward, is a particularly valuable acquisition. His first book, *A Middle Class Education*, was first rate and thoroughly enjoyable. It was a college novel (Oxford), an English *Bildungsroman* with a trip to America thrown in. Now, with *The Hack* (Macmillan, $4.95), Mr. Sheed continues his exploration of a sensitive man's awakening into integrity, but on an entirely different track. The forward progress remains constant—the new hero, Bert Flax, is a struggling American writer in his thirties—but the track, the context, has completely changed. Unlike the English-Anglican John Chote of the first novel, Flax is an Irish-American Catholic living in New Jersey. Since his childhood he has been the mainstay of various church publications that serve up to their readers an unending stream of heavily sweetened "inspirational" pap.

Wilfrid Sheed—"exploration of a sensitive man's awakening into integrity."

The stuff flowed from him bountifully in his teens, but now, trying to support a family on *pensées* and Christmas doggerel, he finds the supply dwindling: its source, his faith, is almost dry. That, in essence, is the book.

The advance notices profess to find it funny; it did not seem so to me—rather, moving and pathetic, particularly in its inevitable outcome; Sheed's touch is uncommonly sure. This is not to say that the book lacks wit: there are a number of excellent thrusts at commercialization of holidays, organized religion, mothers, suburbs, and other American preoccupations. But when these insights, no matter how telling, are delivered by and in connection with a man fighting for the very life of his soul, I for one can keep from laughing.

A Middle Class Education, which, incidentally, wears extremely well, is genuinely funny, and is a much larger book. Mr. Sheed chose, very wisely, to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

narrow his focus in *The Hack*. Bert Flax is thus bigger and more compelling than any single figure in the first novel; he is another of those might-have-been *personas* like Gabriel, the hero of Joyce's *The Dead*. Gabriel, provincial, rusty, frustrated, is what Joyce thought he would have become if he had stayed in Ireland. Bert Flax, another hard-working, bumbling, well-meaning failure, is perhaps what Wilfrid Sheed might easily have made of himself. It is fortunate for us that he did not.

—Charles Alva Hoyt.

Fado of Progress: Aquilino Ribeiro (1885-1963) was in his seventies when he wrote *When the Wolves Howl* (Macmillan, $4.50), but he had not lost the combination of vigorous prose, social indignation, and heroic, earthy Portuguesism that makes his fiction memorable and important.

The story centers around the struggle of the inhabitants of a rural area in Portugal against a governmental project to plant a forest on public land that they had come to regard as their own. Ribeiro knew this region and its people so intimately that the authenticity of the setting and of the characters is unmistakable.

The principal character is grandfather Teotónio, ignorant, tough, stolid —a telluric symbol but also, when circumstances require, a bold and resourceful individual. In the course of his efforts to avenge a personal wrong and to defeat the government's project, Teotónio, whose life is ordinarily withdrawn and uneventful, commits arson, fornication, and murder.

With little sacrifice of narrative interest the author shows the folly of an attempt to impose "progress" on a backward region by piecemeal, external measures in conflict with local mores and with the region's entire complex of educational and economic inadequacies. He reproaches the Portuguese bureaucracy for its ineptitude and the Portuguese courts for their subservience to the executive power.

It is not surprising that the book aroused resentment in official circles. But this was nothing new to Aquilino Ribeiro, and it never induced him to change his course. How well he maintained his integrity as both man of letters and citizen is suggested by this surprising tribute from the dictator Salazar himself:

"He is an enemy of my regime. He will give you a most unfavorable report of me. But no matter: he is a great writer."

The rendering of colloquial Portuguese speech into English is sometimes flat, but Patricia McGowan Pinheiro's translation is otherwise adequate.

—William L. Grossman.

History by Issue: A magazine, notes I.S.V.—Patcévitch in his foreword to *The World in Vogue* (Viking, $16), seems at first glance a frail, ephemeral thing. Much that it contains is relevant to the moment only and passes into memory with the coming of the current issue. "Much, but not all. . . . What is really superficial is swept away like leaves and twigs from the surface of an onrushing stream. What remains is the stream itself, bright and swift, changeless and changeable." Here that stream is represented by 416 large-format, well-illustrated pages selected from seventy years of *Vogue* publication and ranging in topic from Queen Victoria and the Model-T to Jackie Kennedy and the radio telescope.

—*Steichen*
Katharine Cornell in "The Green Hat."

Marina, Duchess of Kent

Charles Laughton as Henry the Eighth.

Mrs. John F. Kennedy

Maurice Chevalier

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Novelists Here and Now

The Creative Present: Notes on Contemporary American Fiction, *edited by Nona Balakian and Charles Simmons (Doubleday. 265 pp. $4.95), assesses a cross section of writers who have contributed significantly to the post-Hemingway novel and short story. Robert L. Stilwell, who teaches comparative literature at Ohio State University, writes frequently on current fiction.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

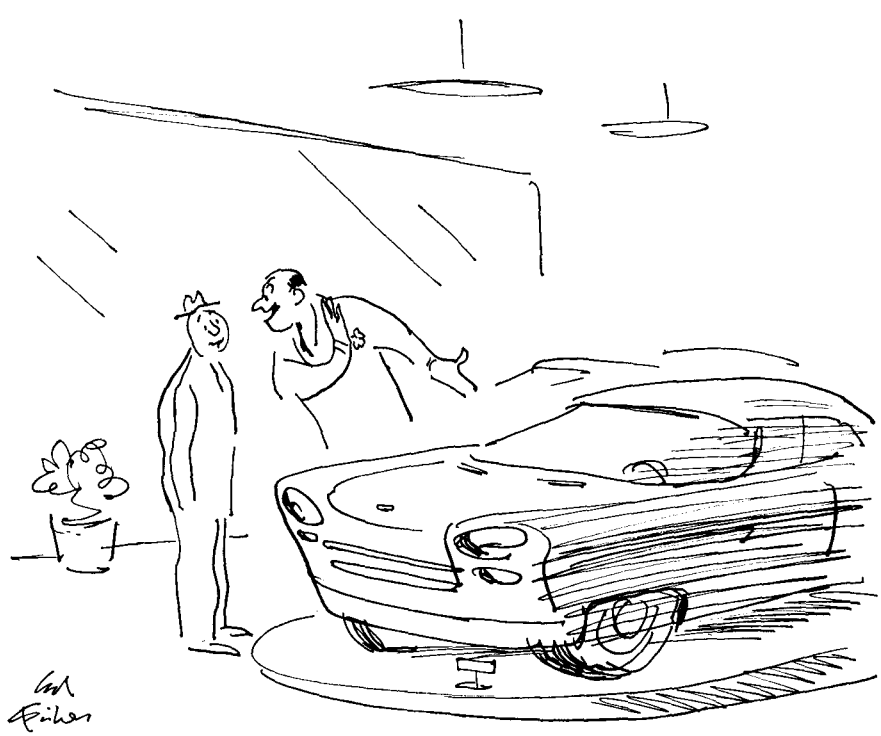
LIKE most enterprises of its kind—and there has lately been a spate of them—this collection of critical essays generates several besetting questions. Its purpose, which the two editors take infinite pains to spell out in their separate forewords, is to see what contemporary American fiction adds up to at this post-Hemingway, post-Faulkner juncture. Its strategy is to assemble ten new discussions, commissioned for the occasion, of some of those writers who are presently doing most to shape that fiction. Clear enough, and certainly fair enough, so far. Yet one longs to ask: For whom was this volume designed? Then: By what geometry were its boundaries drawn? Finally: Why are its contents so grossly mixed in quality?

The first question arises partly from the essays themselves, a number of which display quavering uncertainty as to audience. One page may levy stiff demands on its readers' familiarity with the new American fiction, while the page next to it may provide more simplifications and plot summaries than a Lit. 101 notebook. It is Nona Balakian's foreword, however, that really muddies the puzzle of intended readership. *The Creative Present,* Miss Balakian declares, is concerned with a cross section of writers "who should by now have been more widely recognized for what they have contributed to the development of the American novel and short story." She does not exactly claim that the likes of J. D. Salinger, Norman Mailer, and Vladimir Nabokov have hitherto been appreciated only by the happy few, and that the present book will snatch them out of their perilous obscurity; but one feels, from the tone of this and similar passages, that she is constantly on the verge of asserting as much. The fact is that all the writers here explored have already received bushels of attention. Willy-nilly, they come near to being *the* American novelists in favor just now. And one wonders what order of reader could possibly believe that their battles for abundant recognition remained to be fought.

As for question two, it is not always easy to guess, despite some labored explanations by Charles Simmons in *his* foreword, why certain writers were excluded. Those chosen constitute an almost unimpeachable list; but could no annex have been found for Robert Penn Warren, Wright Morris, Flannery O'Connor, Peter Taylor, or James Purdy —to go no further?

The third question—why the essays should vary so radically from superior to mediocre—falls within the realm of metaphysics. After posing it, one can do little more than try to sort things into a canon. Four of the contributions, then, are excellent. Robert Gorham Davis perceptively charts the imaginative energies of Saul Bellow and William Styron. In twenty pages Granville Hicks spreads out the fiction of Bernard Malamud, Herbert Gold, and John Updike, and with marvelous economy talks quiet sense about these three sharply disparate talents. David L. Stevenson furnishes disinterested reappraisals of James Jones and Jack Kerouac, discovering in their work neither art nor bankruptcy. And Diana Trilling makes well-aimed stabs at defining "The Radical Moralism of Norman Mailer" (although Mailer, unlike many writers, remains his own best commentator). Also, there are a pair of pieces that might be labeled fair-to-middling: a reading of Eudora Welty by Alun R. Jones (but why can't he get publication dates right?) and one of Nabokov by Alan Pryce-Jones.

PERHAPS the kindest verdict about the remaining essays is that they could have been dropped without abysmal loss. Mark Schorer's vanilla-flavored tribute to Carson McCullers and Truman Capote (and do these writers really deserve being dumped together, as though they were equally important?) represents one of the few disappointing performances in the career of this distinguished critic. Satisfied with merely recirculating harmless clichés about the fiction of Mrs. McCullers, Schorer strenuously overestimates that of Capote. Throughout a shambling, endlessly repetitive disquisition on Salinger, Donald Barr dredges up few insights that cannot be obtained from the materials garnered into Henry Grunwald's 1962 anthology of Salinger critiques. John Chamberlain—who may strike many as an unlikely trainer to be entering the cage with Mary McCarthy—is bent to argue that, because Miss McCarthy's



"Confidentially, our supplier goofed, and actually this is the 1965 model!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novels (including *The Group*) satirize the follies of individual liberals, her political vision must perforce be fundamentally conservative. Such logic as this, coupled with a prose now tarnished from too much Right Wing hackwork, does little to further his contentions.

It seems to me, however, that much the unhappiest essay is Harvey Breit's fulsome panegyric on James Baldwin. Seething with day-of-doom rhetoric, scattering buckshot references to thirty-five different authors (from Shakespeare to Valéry, from Goethe to "Jimmy Joyce"), this pretentious exercise renders an unintentional disservice to almost every meaning of Baldwin as artist and as moral conscience. Surely Baldwin deserves, and surely Breit could have given, far better than this.

Well, it's murderously difficult to write good literary criticisms, let alone to scare up a consistently good anthology of it; and we should be grateful for the first-rate or passable essays salvageable from this volume. We may be grateful, too, that its weaker pieces fail through miscalculation, rather than through any cruelty or fakery. Still, *The Creative Present* represents a jaggedly uneven symposium on the current state, and the immediate prospects, of our fiction. And the questions linger.

The Poet's Life in Six Stanzas

Edgar Allan Poe: The Man Behind the Legend, *by Edward Wagenknecht (Oxford. 276 pp. $5.75), delves into the personality of the poet, storyteller, and critic as revealed in his history, erudition, art, and philosophy. Robert E. Spiller has written on the theory of literary history as well as on major American writers like Cooper, Emerson, and Henry Adams.*

By ROBERT E. SPILLER

Edgar Allan Poe—"Both born and killed off in the first chapter."

OF THE making of biographies of Edgar Allan Poe there would seem to be no end, yet the mystery of his blighted and brilliant career is no nearer solution. It is the old problem of frustration—even tragedy—in personal experience being turned inward to produce beauty in poetry, wisdom in prose, and technical excellence in both. The facts of Poe's life have been known for a long while, and the lies that were told about him by Rufus Griswold and others in his day have been satisfactorily dispelled at least since Arthur Quinn and Thomas Mabbott began working on them more than twenty-five years ago. But briefer interpretations, from the sanity of William Bittner to the distortions of Marie Bonaparte, continue to appear; and the mystery remains.

Edward Wagenknecht's method of dealing with the problem is both original and effective. At the start he makes a sharp distinction between the study of an artist and his work and the study of the character and personality of a man; he commits himself exclusively to the latter. He then divides his subject into topics (life, living, learning, art, love, and God), and devotes a chapter to each. In this way he can isolate the aspects of the Poe question that have been merged in former biographies but dealt with fully and severally by critics and scholars. He can also effectively separate, review, and evaluate the best opinions that have been reached on each aspect of the problem and clear the mind of the reader as no previous biographical study has been able to do. Wagenknecht arranges to have Poe both born and killed off in the first chapter, and with these details out of the way, proceeds to make a new kind of sense about the paradoxical events that intervened.

What results is the best book so far on Poe as a human being, one that should satisfy anyone interested in the human side of the Poe mystery. Its secret is a cool objectivity toward questions about which others have inevitably

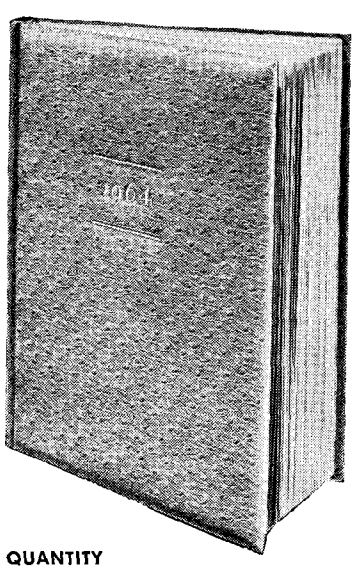
NOW ENTERING ITS FIFTH YEAR

America's Outstanding Executive Aid

THE

Saturday Review

EXECUTIVE DESK DIARY



Not just another book—it is used by more key executives because it serves their exacting needs as a "working partner."

★ Week-in-view ® permits efficient programming of the whole week's activities
★ Ample note space for the week at large and for each individual day—provides for planning ahead
★ Built-in reminders of holidays, tax days and other important business days
★ 14 month calendar on each appointment spread and a **14 month** appointment section: December 1963, all of 1964 and January 1965
★ Plus 63 pages of vital and useful information not matched by any other publication

Most elaborate, dignified book of its kind. Handsomely bound in genuine leather (Red, Black or Brown) at $13.50 and leatherlike covers (Tan Ostrich, Red or Black Morocco) at $7.50. Imprint: full name or initials 50¢

QUANTITY REQUIREMENTS

Now is the time to consider this prestige item for year end giving. Simply write on Company letterhead to get price schedule and learn more on how this fine book can benefit your firm.

THE EXECUTIVE DESK DIARY, LTD.

P. O. Box 274 • Scarsdale, New York • 914 GR 2-4167

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become heated: Was Poe an addict of alcohol or drugs? Were he and Virginia really married, and could they have been? Was he as learned in various languages as he pretended to be? Did he know anything about all the philosophy that seems to have been summed up in his final prose-poem *Eureka*? Was he a valid artist and theorist of art or was he merely a skilful technician? Was he, all in all, little more than a gigantic hoax? These questions and others are revived, and the evidence pro and con reviewed as step by step Mr. Wagenknecht develops his own consistent interpretation without bias or cant. Unless someone now turns up who can explain *why* Poe was the way he was and wrote the way he wrote, no more books on the subject need be written.

On "living" and "learning"—particularly on the question of Poe's ambivalent attitude toward plagiarism—Mr. Wagenknecht's method throws much light, but on "love" we are confronted by the same old unpleasant facts of a story that only psychological analysis (which the author happily avoids) could make exciting. On religion also his method falls short because the biographer draws back from a full study of *Eureka*.

Curiously enough, it turns out that the chapter on "art"—a subject which is supposed to have been irrelevant to the scheme of this book—proves to be the most rewarding. Here Poe's basic theory of art is stated, and its sources, its expression, and its various practices so clearly and simply explained that the rest of the book seems suddenly enhanced. For is it not with Poe as an artist that we should be finally and exclusively concerned? Perhaps, though, the biographical approach is, after all, the most satisfactory for a real understanding of the creative processes that produce art.

Which is probably what Mr. Wagenknecht was implicitly saying all the time.

Ebbing with Grace: Roger Senhouse has made a beautiful translation of Colette's brief memoirs, written in her seventies as she lay confined to her room in the constant company of her crippling arthritis. The setting of *The Blue Lantern* (Farrar, Straus, $3.95) is for the most part Paris, just after World War II, when the attritions of black-market days, withdrawing only slowly their shadows, had left a population greedily grateful for all gastronomical bounties and sensual comforts. The blue lantern of the title was the makeshift light with blue bulb and blue paper shade by which Colette read, observed those who brought the outside world inside her door with the warmth of their presence or the frequency of their letters. Her flare shone through the fog of human disquietude as Colette gave freely of her unostentatious wisdom. Curious that belonging as she did to a generation of narcissists, she should chide with her thoughts and her acts the self-love of the young and the self-pity of the old!

There is no philosophical last will and testament in the final monologue of Colette, as such is customary in literary journals. Candidly she admits: "I am stimulated and quickened by the ordinary." But the modest events that brighten her last days generate their own excitement, as she delights in the godlike, ebullient presence of Jean Marais, beauty and beast all in one, incongruously cast in the role of Chéri, or commiserates with some young aspiring actress, visits with her restless contemporary Jean Cocteau, participates, as the only woman, in the meeting of the elderly judges of the Académie Goncourt, or reads the epistolary complaints of strangers. Her scintillating style and spirit make the slightest experience seem terribly important. In truth, anything that touches this unique woman of letters bears justification for immortality.

As intense and sensuous as her love for people was her intuitive link with the animal world, her attraction to beautiful objects, to the savor of good food. With equal verve and effervescence she communed with her pets, delighted in the figs and flowers of Grasse, the luscious wines of Beaujolais, and marveled at the beauty of the precious stones that the bowels of the earth surrender to the quest of man.

Merciless toward the state of old age, she viewed it as some fatal illness. But with wonderful humor she was able to place herself in perspective as others might look upon her decrepitude. Colette harbored no illusions but contemplated the human condition with equanimity, and she accepted the ebbing with grace. —ANNA BALAKIAN.

ACCUSING

today's avalanche of printed matter of constipating our minds, drying up our creativeness, and fatally slowing our Space Age progress

MY FINGER

"My Finger is on American Publishers" is called "Among year's best," "Explodes like Voltaire".

With intellectuality, high price, small size, private publication, anonymous authorship ALL AGAINST IT, it is emerging:

1. This brief ad is succeeding. 2. Harvard's Princeton's, U. of Chicago's, and 214 such libraries bought on sight. 3. Raves rain in. 4. It packs a very new hi-volt charge.

In view of the success it is to be 1st of a new THINKBIT series.

Each THINKBIT to be a new, urgent insight, hard cover, plane-ride long . . . $2, various writers, another 'pint-sized dynamo'.

Utterly new, THINKBITS may lag in appearing at stores and on stands. So send for 1st and later titles. Cancel at will.

The Broad Pen Bookhouse
Drawer 1185, Miami 43, Fla.
Tel: 305 665-3262

☐ Send my first THINKBIT, $2. "My Finger is on American Publishers"
☐ Also later titles at $2 each till I cancel.
Name.....
Address.....
.....
☐ Trade discount, please.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1962-1963

Edited by HENRY HEWES,
Theater Critic of Saturday Review

The Ten Best Plays of 1962-1963 in excerpt and summary, with reports on the Season in the U.S. and Europe and a reference annual of the American theater.
Illustrated with photographs and with drawings by Al Hirschfeld.
$6.50

DODD, MEAD

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"With winter's winds come indoor pleasures
cheerful fires and music's measures..."
and

Viking Junior Books

for the whole family to enjoy!

GILBERTO AND THE WIND
Story and Pictures by MARIE HALL ETS

Sweeping pictures in soft shades reflect a small Mexican boy's enchantment with his unpredictable playmate. Ages 2-5 $3.00 $3.04*

BEAR PARTY
Story and Pictures by WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS

The old favorite about a wise bear's plan to stop the quarreling among the Koalas in an Australian park. Ages 4-7 $3.00 $3.04*

ALGERNON AND THE PIGEONS
by VALDINE PLASMATI
Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura

Birds and a New York Public Library "watch cat" become friends after a pitched battle. Distinguished pictures. Ages 4-7 $2.50 $2.62*

RABBIT BROS. CIRCUS — ONE NIGHT ONLY
Story and Pictures by KURT WIESE

A grand and glorious night as rabbits galore stage a gala performance that ends with a *boom!* Sprightly drawings.
Ages 4-7 $3.00 $3.04*

THE STORY OF VANIA
Story and Pictures by HELENE PONS

A noted costume designer tells of five children (Lena is the author) who go sailing on the Gulf of Finland. Gay paintings.
Ages 5-8 $3.50

UN JOUR A LA FOIRE
by JANE HARMON HEIN
Illustrated by Claire Finaz

M. le Chat et ses amis enjoy the fair. Colorful pictures help with new words. English translation added. Ages 6-9 $3.00 $3.04*

THE WORLD IS ROUND
Written and Illustrated by ANTHONY RAVIELLI

A dramatic, step-by-step pictorial account of why the earth seems flat to us and how man learned its true shape. Ages 7-10 $3.50

LITTLE PLUM
by RUMER GODDEN
Illustrated by Jean Primrose

A new and captivating doll story by the author and illustrator of *Miss Happiness and Miss Flower*. Full color.
Ages 8-10 $3.25 $3.19*

HENRY REED'S JOURNEY
by KEITH ROBERTSON
Illustrated by Robert McCloskey

Henry's hilarious diary of a cross-country trip. Told and pictured with real zest by two masters. Ages 9-12 $3.25 $3.19*

GROWING UP IN ISRAEL
by DESIDER HOLISHER
With photographs by the author

Daily life of a brother and sister in the modern state with some historical background.
Jr. H. S. up $5.00

WHALEBOAT WARRIORS
by MIMI COOPER LEVY
Illustrated by Robert C. Frankenberg

A courageous 14-year-old is the hero of this stirring tale of the whaleboat men of Long Island in the Revolution. Jr. H. S. up $3.50

JOCK'S ISLAND
by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH
Illustrated by Lilian Obligado

A border collie takes charge on a lonely island when the inhabitants are forced to flee a volcanic eruption.
Jr. H. S. up $2.75 $2.81*

THE RIDDLE OF TIME
by THELMA HARRINGTON BELL and CORYDON BELL
Illustrated by Corydon Bell

A glimpse of the many faces of time—psychological, biological, geological, astronomical, and physical. Jr. H. S. up $3.50

THE HERITAGE OF MUSIC
by KATHERINE B. SHIPPEN and ANCA SEIDLOVA
Illustrated by Otto van Eersel

A sweeping panorama of the development of music in the Western world — from earliest times to the present. Jr. H. S. up $6.00

DIETRICH OF BERNE AND THE DWARF KING LAURIN
Hero Tales of the Austrian Tirol
Retold by RUTH SAWYER and EMMY MOLLES
Illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman
Jr. H. S. $3.50 $3.37*

TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING
by MAURICE O'SULLIVAN

Reissue. A unique first-person account of a young man's life on an Irish island. Introduction by E.M. Forster. H. S. Age up $4.00

BURT DOW: Deep-Water Man
Story and Pictures by ROBERT McCLOSKEY

In its use of color on oversize pages, this book, a tall tale of a modern Jonah, is reminiscent of *Time of Wonder*. All ages $4.00 $3.89*

*Viking Library Edition Net

Send for complete, free illustrated catalogue

THE VIKING PRESS, 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022

Illustrations by Otto van Eersel from *The Heritage of Music*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

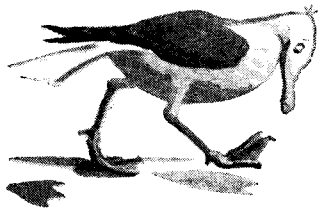
Beauties, Beasts, and Band-Aids

By ALICE DALGLIESH

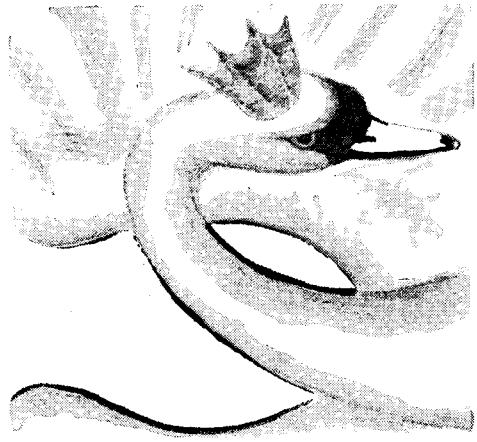
THIS season there are a number of picture books by artists or artist-and-author teams who are well known to us and on whom we have come to depend for books with beauty and integrity, fun and good storytelling.

In addition, there are two definite trends. First of all, there have been several attempts to make other trios of tiny books in a box as attractive as Maurice Sendak's charming little Nutshell Library published by Harper last year. These will sell in bookstores, but they are comparatively unimportant. The other trend, which grows rapidly, is the production of enormous picture books. Well printed by the big four-color (plus) presses of Europe, they are usually slickly illustrated, without much feeling, and only to be compared with our books if you count color and size most important. The color may attract, but if this trend continues children will become picture-watchers with respect to books as well as to television. These books are twelve inches high and have type pages so long and so wide that reading them is a struggle for any age. Unpleasant characters or situations that might pass unnoticed in a smaller book are sometimes so blown up on their large pages that they impinge violently on the reader's consciousness.

I find myself utterly repulsed by the Beast in Hilary Knight's illustrations for *Beauty and the Beast*. (In my childhood experience the Beast was not a cross between a devil and a fawn.) And, while I am not too skittish about fairy tales, I am unable to recommend for a child Marianne Moore's three stories translated from Charles Perrault: *Puss in Boots*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, and *Cinderella*. The preface telling of Perrault's small, hand-written copy of the tales in the Morgan Library is interesting. Moreover, Miss Moore's translation is good, and her integrity with regard to the original Perrault versions unquestionable. But *The Sleeping Beauty* is generally used without its terrible ending, in which the wicked stepmother desires to eat not only the Princess but her two children. This finale may be omitted at discretion if the story is read aloud; it does not appear in Grimm's *Briar Rose*, and seems entirely extraneous to a charming story that is a general favorite with girls.



—*From "Burt Dow, Deep Water Man."*



—*From "The Wild Swans."*

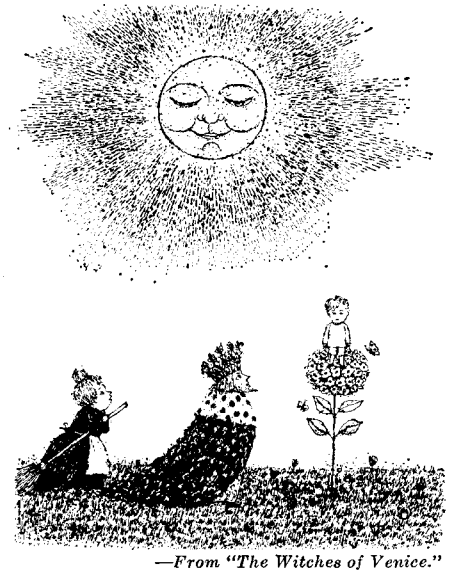
Not at all submerged by the large fairy tale volumes that are tricked up in costume jewelry are two books which stand out immediately because of their genuine quality. Both are long stories; both are by the only artists who have so far won two Caldecott medals: Robert McCloskey and Marcia Brown. They would loom large whether their creators had won medals or not, because these artists have originality and integrity.

Robert McCloskey has written and illustrated a wildly fanciful "tall tale" that will delight practically all children: *Burt Dow, Deep Water Man: A Tale of the Sea in the Classic Tradition* (Viking. 62 pp. $4). In this story, which gives the state of Maine a new Jonah, he combines a hilarious tale—as in *Homer Price*—with a perfect frolic in bright water-color pictures. Burt is kind to a whale, and in return—to protect him from an oncoming storm—he is swallowed, together with his boat and his friend, the giggling gull that laughs at his jokes. When the whale disgorges him, Burt is in the midst of a marvelous procession of whales of all colors, lining up for a peppermint-striped Band-Aid on the tail—the token given by Burt to the first whale. (Amusingly enough, a recent study of original stories told by children shows their anecdotes to be liberally sprinkled with Band-Aids—with children a symbol of prestige and security!)

For quiet beauty and grace there is *The Wild Swans* (Scribners. 80 pp. $4.50), one of Hans Andersen's loveliest fairy tales, illustrated by Marcia Brown with pictures on every one of its pages. The tale of the bewitched swan brothers is complemented by the artist's sympathetic pen-and-wash drawings in black and gray tones, with touches of coral to give the pictures warmth. It is, perhaps, her best book.

In this group of highly individual and handsome books one might include Beni Montresor's *The Witches of Venice* (Knopf. 40 pp. $3.25), which contrasts pictures in black line with type printed in red. The story is not entirely convincing: Venice, one feels, is a decorative stage setting for a story that is not a folk tale but is made up of elements from many fairy tales—with original trimmings such as the Trojan horse of a pigeon, which takes the little plant-boy and plant-girl to safety.

A number of other good picture books, both factual and fanciful, are reviewed here. In addition, you will find articles by the artists Marcia Brown and Ezra Jack Keats, who give their views on integrity—but with respect to different subjects.



—*From "The Witches of Venice."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Festival in Hawaii

By MARCIA BROWN, *guest author-artist at the 1962 Festival of Books in Honolulu.*

A SPOT in the middle of a busy shopping center—flanked by a shop selling straw handbags, a shoe-repairing stand, and a huge and very real locomotive, beloved relic of the round-the-island-of-Oahu Railroad—would not, at first consideration, appear to be the best site for a book fair. To those planning the 1962 Festival of Books in Honolulu, the third held in the Islands, it was the only place available. The first had been conducted in the Honolulu Academy of Arts, and the second outdoors in Ala Moana Park, but the Ala Moana shopping center would seem to be the happiest location of all. Families who came to shop remained to browse, and many adults were introduced to the festival who might otherwise have missed it. The only possible commercial note attached to the setting was the convenient proximity of the Honolulu Book Shop, where the clerks were run ragged trying to fill requests for books in the displays.

Under the leadership of Dr. Richard S. Alm of the Reading Clinic of the College of Education, University of Hawaii, the festival was planned and financed by educational, library, and civic groups. It was very much a community affair, with its expressed purpose "to provide the children and adults of the Islands the opportunity to see, handle, read, and enjoy the 3,000 new books for young readers."

The collection of books sent by the Children's Book Council, and spread out on large tables under signs indicating their categories, was inclusive rather than selective. The children were free to roam about among them without restriction as to age groups, and free to return as often as they liked. While some were 1962 titles, there were many from former years, as well as books of local interest published in Hawaii. The celebration was about books, not just that year's books.

Over the tables were blow-ups de-

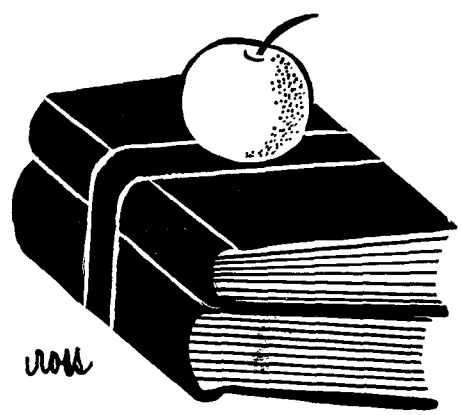
signed by Louis Pohl, a Honolulu artist, of beloved and well-known characters, such as Andy and his lion, the Boston Ducklings, the Reluctant Dragon, and Homer Price. Curious George swung from an overhead rope. At the information booths at the entrance and on the floor, guides recruited from parents, teachers, and librarians stood ready to answer questions, direct traffic, and keep an eye on the displays, open on three sides to the shopping center. When, at the end of the festival, attended by almost 25,000 visitors, Maurice Sendak's *Nutshell Library* was intact, albeit in much battered covers, having lost only its shell, we realized that actual policing had been unnecessary.

About twelve o'clock on a typical Saturday a woman in a gay muumuu arrived at the festival with her four little girls, one a small baby in a carriage. The mother settled herself on one of the many stone benches beneath the coconut palms that poke their heads through great holes in the ceiling. The older girls chose their picture books from a three-year-old's-waist-level table, and the reading session began. During two hours and a half, the baby was fed, caressed, dandled, and changed, but the reading never stopped. Children went slowly by, their bare feet making no noise. Fathers sat on the benches or chairs reading to the children on their laps, or pondered the lists of favorite books their children had made. Adults studied displays on the tables as intently as the children. Although its atmosphere was one of quiet, complete absorption, at many times the Festival had the air of a very unconventional, gay reading room in a children's library.

Older children pored over the long tables of books categorized as "Travel," "Religion," "Biography," "Stories," "Nature-Science," etc. "Hawaiiana" was a great favorite, with "Folk and Fairy Tales" a close second. Near the entrance to the festival was a big red box, into which children cast their ballots for the books they especially liked. At the end of the day two of these slips were drawn and the lucky children notified that the books they had chosen were to be their own.

Towards evening, shining, clean children would arrive in flowered pajamas and rabbit slippers, often with their fathers, for one last look around while their mothers put younger children to bed. For the shopping center is adventure and diversion as well as marketplace to many people, and the Festival of Books fitted into the relaxed atmosphere.

On school days bus loads of children arrived to browse, to sit on *tatami* in a corner in the shade of the palms and listen to their own Hawaiian legends as well as to Oriental and European folk and fairy tales, or to see a guest artist-author draw for them from her books. When schools were too far away from the festival I visited them, to draw and



tell stories to groups of children in classrooms open to the air and often with a view of green velvet mountains behind and blue sea in front. Afterwards I would lunch with the children, who were too eager to draw skyscrapers in Venice and canals in New York to take much time for eating. If I drew for two groups, often children in the first group would have completed their own illustrations for *Once a Mouse* . . . before I finished with the second.

The brilliantly colored clothing, the mats, the informality could have identified this festival only with Hawaii, but the seriousness of local concern that children have access to the best books available, the sure sense of values in planning the festival would have done honor to any book fair in our country. A book fair need not be a carnival with side shows to be a festival.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a drawing
by Barbara Cooney
for *Told in Spain*

WHAT'S NEW AT LITTLE, BROWN?

For One and All

FOR ONE AND ALL who dream and laugh, to dream again: *The Adventures of Isabel,* by Ogden Nash, done up in purple passion by Walter Lorraine.

For the Youngest

FOR THE YOUNGEST, to be read to or to read: In *What Jim Knew,* Mary Ann Hoberman again demonstrates her complete empathy with four, five, six year-olds, and Norman Hoberman contributes his happily zany drawings. There's a new David De Jong story about David of the yellow umbrella and his cat, called **Looking for Alexander.* Wilma Pitchford Hays's latest regional adventure is *Little Hawaiian Horse,* with Wesley Dennis's illustrations.

For the Second Reader

FOR THE SECOND READER, that oft-forgotten man: *Snug in the Snow,* by Elizabeth Low, has a fresh outlook on the changing seasons and one's first snow. *Sink It, Rusty* is Matt Christopher's new basketball story. *Miranda and the Cat,* by Linell Smith, is honest about the nature of an alley cat, and also about friendship. And don't miss Virginia Haviland's new books of *Favorite Fairy Tales. Told in Scotland* is illustrated by Adrienne Adams. *Told in Poland* is illustrated by Felix Hoffmann; and *Told in Spain* is illustrated by Barbara Cooney.

Facts for Questioners

FACTS FOR QUESTIONERS, young but purposeful: Elizabeth Campbell and Leonard Weisgard, who co-operated in *Nails to Nickels,* have done so again in a book about odd-ball fish, *Fins and Tails.* **What Does a Barometer Do?* by William Courtney tells about measuring weather in the same way that Scott Corbett told about automobile mechanics in **What Makes a Car Go?*

For Hungry Readers

FOR HUNGRY READERS, satisfying stories: **By the Great Horn Spoon!* is the extraordinary tale of a boy and a butler who stowed away together for the Gold Fields, by Sid Fleischman, author of **Mr. Mysterious & Company.* **The Beast with the Magical Horn* is a richly woven fairy tale by the author of the *Mushroom Planet* Books, Eleanor Cameron. In **Farm Dog,* by David Malcolmson, a city dog proves he can measure up to a country situation. Farley Mowat, author of **Owls in the Family* and **Lost in the Barrens* for young readers, has a rousing story of modern pirates in **The Black Joke.* In *World of Their Own,* Laura Rendina provides her avid fans with a new story of teen-age girls and boys working for a summer in a Connecticut tobacco camp.

Information

INFORMATION, current and historical, about people and places: Robert William Hinds' illustrations reflect the sunlight throughout Davis and Ashabranner's *Land in the Sun,* The Story of West Africa. *Our Quaking Earth,* by Elliott Roberts, tells the history and the science of one of the most catastrophic of natural phenomena. In *I, Jessie,* Ruth Painter Randall adds another dynamic young woman to her galaxy of famous wives. *The Battle of New Market,* by Paxton Davis, tells the story of Virginia Military Institute in terms of the cadets' supreme moment of action in the Civil War.

Write for our complete catalogue of children's books giving further details about all the books mentioned on this page, plus about 350 others. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, Dept. SR, 34 Beacon St., Boston 6, Mass.

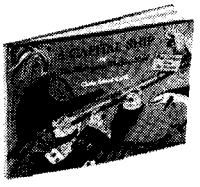
Atlantic Monthly Press Books* • **LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY • *At all good bookstores*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. WILLOWBY'S CHRISTMAS TREE by Robert Barry. Pictures in two colors by the author. $2.50

THE LAMB AND THE CHILD by Dean Frye. Pictures in three colors by Roger Duvoisin. $2.75

WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO ENCHANT A CHILD?
(OR A PARENT?)



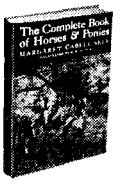
A CAPITAL SHIP or THE WALLOPING WINDOW-BLIND by Charles E. Carryl. Pictures in three colors by Paul Galdone. $2.75

DAME WIGGINS OF LEE AND HER SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS edited with additional verses by John Ruskin, LL.D. Illustrated in two colors by Robert Broomfield. $2.75

BIRD WATCHERS AND BIRD FEEDERS by Glenn O. Blough. Pictures in three colors by Jeanne Bendick. $2.95

PARIS IN THE RAIN WITH JEAN AND JACQUELINE by Thea Bergere. Pictures in three colors by Richard Bergere. $2.50

JEWELS FOR A CROWN: The Story of the Chagall Windows by Miriam Freund, Ph.D. Foreword by Rene d'Harnoncourt, Director, Museum of Modern Art, New York. 13 six-color plates. $4.95



THE COMPLETE BOOK OF HORSES AND PONIES by Margaret Cabell Self. Illustrated with line drawings by R. W. Mutch and with photographs. $5.95

McGraw-Hill/Whittlesey House

The Right to Be Real

By EZRA JACK KEATS, *author and artist of "The Snowy Day," the Caldecott Medal book for 1962.*

WE ARE now entering a new era in children's books, an era in which children of all colors and national origins are finding their way more easily into stories and pictures. Soon, let us hope, we shall relegate to the past the kind of books, both trade and text, in which an entire people and a great heritage have been deliberately ignored.

As an illustrator, I have been particularly aware of the perversion of art work to perpetuate the pretense that a race with whom we live out our lives does not exist—illustrations, for instance, of John Henry, portrayed with his back to us, gloves on his hands, collar up, and hat pulled down over his face, so that there would be no indication that he was a Negro; or illustrations of children sitting on the levees on the Mississippi River—all white. This is a formula that is preserved, oddly enough, so that no one will be offended.

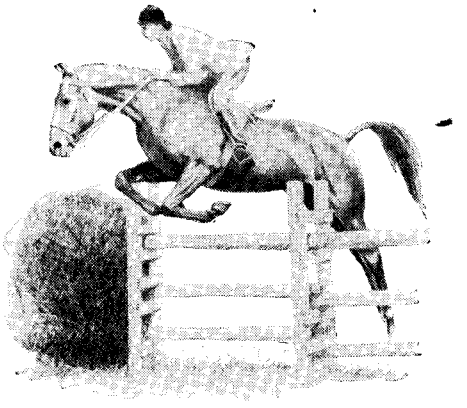
However, there is a tendency apparent on the part of some well-intentioned people to distort in another direction.

Recently, on the strength of two books already published and evidently well received, I was approached to illustrate a book in which all kinds of people would be represented. One of my two books was a story involving children of many races in New York City. The other was about a little Negro boy, who simply appears in the book without benefit of any "broad-minded white children," as someone put it. His experience is that of any child discovering the joys of a winter day.

"Where are all the white kids?" I was asked of the latter book. I pointed one out on a page.

"Not enough." Later I was told, "Don't draw the mother so stout in our books. You'll have to thin her down. It might offend some people, you understand."

In addition to being asked to submit a few pages of drawings demonstrating how inoffensively I would portray everyone, I met with a board, one of whose functions would be to consider the illustrations for what might be offensive or what might occur to some people as offensive. Following that, an adviser or two would be brought in, and then there were plans to submit the book for further approval.

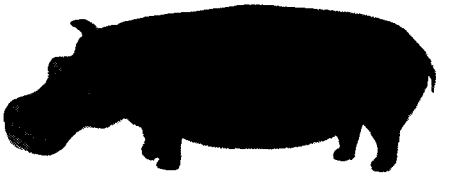


—From "Complete Book of Horses and Horsemanship."

This is not an uncommon situation today. I can understand the concern about the possibility of unpredictable reactions. But the artist is faced with a choice. Either he draws with love, and stands responsible for what he creates, or he surrenders his identity and goes on endlessly looking for guidance from others. When I think of those proud and brave children walking past jeering mobs to enter newly integrated schools, I wonder from what harsh realities they or their parents would be protected by an artist's reluctance to portray them as they are.

There is another aspect to this. If any group of people is to be pictured as always fashionably thin, with children who never misbehave, and all of them improbably perfect, we are denying a people's right to deal with reality and assume the very responsibilities for which they struggle. All people want is the opportunity to *be people.*

Let us open the book covers, these long-shut doors, to new and wonderful, true and inspiring books for all children about all children—the tall and short, fat and thin, dark and light, beautiful and homely. Welcome!



—From Bruno Munari's Zoo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORROW JUNIOR BOOKS

MRS. POPOVER GOES TO THE ZOO

DALE EVERSON illustrated by Janet McCaffery Jolly, helter-skelter Mrs. Popover loses 24 children and then finds them again. "Will amuse the picture book clan." – *Virginia Kirkus. Ages 4-8. $2.95*

HERE COMES THE BUS!

written and illustrated by CAROLYN HAYWOOD "She introduces a new character well able to hold his own beside such cherished old friends as Betsy and Eddie. Another warm, humor-filled tale by a dependable favorite author." – *Chicago Tribune. Ages 6-10. $3.50*

MR. MOONLIGHT AND OMAR

JAMES HOLDING illustrated by Aliki A new and unusual fable about a little Moroccan boy, his donkey, and his camel. "The text is exceptional; the illustrations first-rate." – *Miami News. Ages 4-8. $3.25*

ELLEN AND THE GANG

FRIEDA FRIEDMAN illustrated by Jacqueline Tomes Ellen almost ruins her summer by an unwise selection of companions in this big-city story. "The keynote is realism." – *Publishers' Weekly. Ages 8-12. $2.95*

SISTER OF THE BRIDE

BEVERLY CLEARY illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush "The author's understanding of today's young people and her remarkable ability to express it in their terms, with warmth and humor, are put to good use in a fast-moving story rooted in the serious contemporary problem of early marriages." – *The Horn Book. Ages 12 and up. $3.25*

Illustration from The Masai

MEG'S MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

ELIZABETH LADD illustrated by Mary Stevens Meg and her brother spend a snowy winter alone on a Maine island until unwelcome guests nearly cause disaster. "Well written, possible, probable and likable." – *Virginia Kirkus. Ages 8-12. $2.95*

THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND

STORIES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

selected by PHYLLIS R. FENNER illustrated by Charles Geer "Well-chosen. The writers are top notch for craftsmanship. The writing shows each of them at his story-telling best." – *Virginia Kirkus. Ages 12 and up. $3.50*

ALMOST LIKE SISTERS

BETTY CAVANNA A sensitive girl attempts desperately to escape competition with her lovely, youthful mother. "Romance at its most realistic and most embarrassing moments, dialogue and narration of a high caliber make this an outstanding work." – *Virginia Kirkus. Ages 12 and up. $3.25*

THE STAGE IS SET

CAROLE BOLTON A girl's progress in a dramatic school run by an exacting and eccentric teacher, and her topsy-turvy love life. "A three-dimensional glimpse of straw-hat theater makes a colorful backdrop." – *Virginia Kirkus. Ages 12 and up. $3.25*

THE GOBBLER CALLED

VERNE T. DAVIS illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats A thirteen-year-old boy comes of age during an Indian attack on a Kentucky settlement. "Fast-paced adventure story with many details of rugged frontier life." – *N. Y. Times. Ages 10-14. $2.95*

THE MASAI HERDERS OF EAST AFRICA

SONIA BLEEKER illustrated by Kisa N. Sasaki A vivid, comprehensive and timely account of the life and customs of these proud and self-reliant people. "Well written, well organized, well illustrated." – *Virginia Kirkus. Ages 8-12. $2.75*

WILLIAM MORROW & COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW
Scribner
BOOKS FOR
YOUNG
READERS

Adrienne Adams
BRING A TORCH, JEANNETTE, ISABELLA. *Illustrated by Adrienne Adams.* A 17th century French carol. Ages 4-8. $3.25

Evaline Ness
A GIFT FOR SULA SULA. *Illustrated by the author.* Miki the pelican learns a lesson. Ages 4-8. $3.25

Aileen Fisher
CRICKET IN A THICKET. *Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky.* Delightful nature poems. Ages 4-8. $2.95

Yoshiko Uchida
THE FOREVER CHRISTMAS TREE. *Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura.* A first Christmas in Japan. Ages 5-9. $2.95

Leo Politi
ROSA. *Illustrated by the author.* A Mexican story, available in English and Spanish. Ages 4-8. $3.25

Marion Renick
THE BIG BASKETBALL PRIZE. *Illustrated by Paul Galdone.* A lively sports story. Ages 5-9. $3.25

Françoise
WHAT TIME IS IT, JEANNE-MARIE? *Illustrated by the author.* Learning to tell time is fun. Ages 4-8. $3.25

Marcia Brown
THE WILD SWANS. By Hans Christian Andersen. A classic fairy tale, beautifully illustrated. Ages 6-10. $3.50

Norman Bate
WHEN CAVE MEN PAINTED. *Illustrated by the author.* A picture story based on a cave painting in France. Ages 6-10. $2.95

J. M. Barrie
PETER PAN. The Story of the Play. Presented by Eleanor Graham and Edward Ardizzone. A gift edition. $5.00

Roberta Piper
LITTLE RED. *Illustrated by Joan Berg.* Nan gets her first pony. Ages 7-11. $3.25

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Picture Books

THE LITTLE GIANT GIRL AND THE ELF BOY. *By Else Holmelund Minarik. Pictures by Garth Williams. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. What a surprise here for the small children who have loved this author's famous "Little Bear" books! The little giant girl goes out to pick "a nice little bush with flowers" for the table—and she happens to pick the bush in which the elf is sitting. Gently she holds him in her hand and takes him back to where she found him.

"Oh, dear," sighed the little giant girl.
"Ah, well."
"But we can't be all the same size can we?"

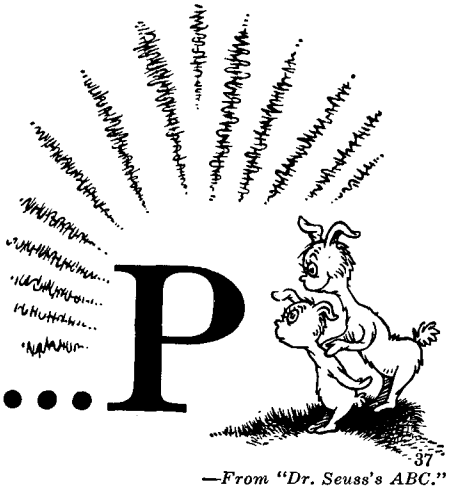
The brightly colored pictures will delight the youngest children, whose first gentle fairy tale this may well be. But let's not break out in a rash of elves and gauzy-winged fairies, if this is successful. You remember John Kendrick Bang's poem: "I met a little elf man, once." The emphasis is on "once." Ages 3 or 4-8.

DR. SEUSS'S ABC. *Random House.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. Only Dr. Seuss would have an alphabet book with:

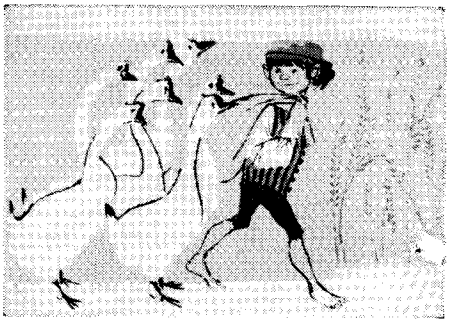
Big M
little m
Many mumbling mice / are making / midnight music / in the moonlight . . . mighty nice.

It is "to add new pleasures," to help a child enjoy the sounds, he says—not to help a child merely memorize his ABCs. But Dr. Seuss is crafty—and he knows that children will listen to or read the funny rhymes so many times that the alphabet may also stick.

BRUNO MUNARI'S ZOO. *World* 48 *pp.* $3.50. Some of the text in this beautiful book of zoo animals—printed in eight colors in Italy—is semipoetic: "The parrot was born on a day with rainbow"; some of it is semihumorous: "A zebra is an animal in striped pajamas"; some plainly and clearly informative: "A tiger is a big cat with



—*From "Dr. Seuss's ABC."*



—*From "All in the Morning Early."*

stripes." Almost any child, even a very young one, will enjoy it as a picture book; many adults will, too. But it is a book for looking rather than listening because of the small amount of text. Ages 3-6.

MY VERY OWN SPECIAL PARTICULAR PRIVATE AND PERSONAL CAT. *By Sandol Stoddard Warburg. Designed and illustrated by Remy Charlip. Houghton Mifflin.* 42 *pp.* $3.25. This is a gay, decorative picture book in which a little boy tries to make a cat be his "own special" cat but has little success. The cat, after various attentions, informs him firmly:

But I am the my of mine
Oh I am the mine of me
Oh I am the cat of cat
And *you* remember *that.*

This the boy finally does remember, and all is well. The text has no punctuation except (strangely) a few question marks, apostrophes, and elisions—which you wouldn't expect. Is this modern? Or is it merely a part of the design, so as not to clutter the page? Ages 4-7.

LONELY VERONICA. *Written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Knopf.* 36 *pp.* $3. We have met Veronica, the hippopotamus, before, but never have we known how she left her river in Africa and came to this country. Credulity (if you have any about Veronica by this time) is slightly strained when the crew working on a new city in Africa takes the hippo home to be their pet. One day she gets into the elevator that carried Joe and others to the top of the tower of a skyscraper. How to get down is another thing. With the aid of a pigeon named Alexander, she manages it, bruised but undaunted. Most effective pictures. Ages 4-7.

ANATOLE AND HIS DONKEY. *By Laurent de Brunhoff. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. Macmillan.* 40 *pp.* $2.95. In a variant of an old folk tale, Anatole goes out to buy a donkey with a gray velvet nose and comes home with every kind of animal except a donkey. Then the animals help him out. Children will enjoy this book, which is so different from the "Babar" and "Seraphina" books that it surprises us. The text is very French and exceedingly simple, the drawings in two colors. Ages 4-7.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL IN THE MORNING EARLY. *By Sorche Nic Leodhas (Sor-a Nick Lyo-os). Illustrated by Evaline Ness. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 34 pp. $3.50.* How pleasant it is to know how to pronounce the name of this gifted teller of Scottish folk tales—and to discover that it means "Claire, daughter of Louis"!

In this tale, Sandy is called early from his bed to take corn to the mill. Then, in somewhat the spirit and rhythm of "The Twelve Days of Christmas," people and animals join the procession:

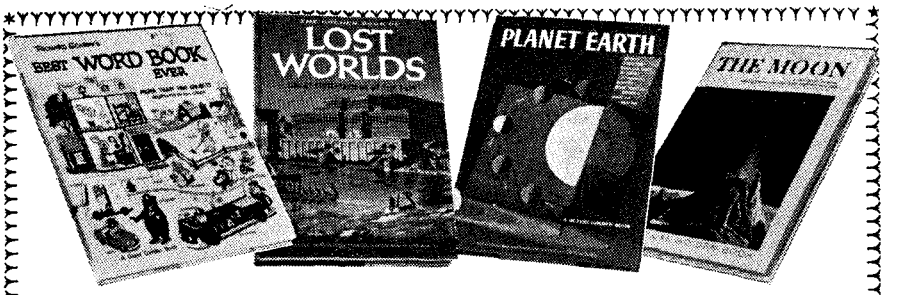
Sandy with his sack of corn.
One huntsman winding his horn,
Two old ewes by the shepherd shorn,
Three Gypsies laying a snare,
Five wee lads playing together,
Six hares hirpling through the heather . . .

"Hirpling" and a few other Scottish words are explained in the brief glossary, as is "burnybee": a ladybug. The story is enhanced by the pictures, done in non-representational color. Ages 4-8.

A HOLIDAY BOOK: Thanksgiving. *By Lee Wyndham. Garrard. 64 pp. $2.60.* An easy-to-read Thanksgiving book, this gives all the information third- or fourth-grade teachers may need about the holiday and is "useful as a supplement to social studies and history." What it lacks is inspiration. One can hardly start children off with the second *Mayflower*, the Pilgrims having already been buried and a monument to them raised, for it is difficult after that to bring them to life. *Customs Around the World* and *Thanksgiving Today* follow the Pilgrim story. This book is printed in the style now being adopted to spoon-feed beginning readers: the text is in a square block of type with words spaced in the line to avoid hyphens. The other books in the series are semi-schoolbooks. Trade books usually take care of the divided-word situation by using the unjustified type line or even by using an occasional hyphen! Ages 7-9.

AMIGO. *By Byrd Baylor Schweitzer. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Macmillan. 42 pp. $2.95.* This story in verse about a little Mexican boy who longs for a dog, but is satisfied by making friends with a prairie dog, is a charming one, told with sympathetic understanding and pictured in soft desert colors. The amusing and touching feature of it is that boy and prairie dog think they are taming each other. "Now / Francisco thought / 'I've tamed me a prairie dog. He's my greatest joy.' / And / Amigo thought / 'Mine is the best pet. I've tamed me a boy.'" Ages 5-7.

FRUIT IS RIPE FOR TIMOTHY. *By Alice Rothschild. Illustrations by Hildegard Woodward. William R. Scott. 48 pp. $3.50.* Sometimes text and pictures seem to fit each other perfectly; the clear, colorful simplicity of words and pictures in this book belong together. It is for small children learning the names of fruits that ripen in different seasons—with Timothy, a very real little boy, to hold everything together. The text could have had some of the icy,



GOLDEN PRESS

New Books for Boys and Girls

RICHARD SCARRY'S BEST WORD BOOK EVER
Scarry animals in full color introduce youngsters to more than 1400 words. 10⅜ x 11⅞. $3.95 ($3.99 net*)

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF LOST WORLDS
Adapted by JANET CHENERY from *The Horizon Book of Lost Worlds*. Civilizations of the past. Scores of illustrations. $5.00 ($4.99 net*)

PLANET EARTH
By GERALD AMES and ROSE WYLER. Color paintings by *Cornelius DeWitt*. Volcanoes, radiation belts, and other phenomena. $3.95 ($3.99 net*)

THE MOON
By VIRGILIO BRENNA. What the first lunar expedition may find. 100 splendid pictures, 44 full-color photos. $3.95 ($3.99 net*)

BUTTERFLIES
By J. F. GATES CLARKE. 187 species shown in marvelous full-color paintings by *André Durenceau*. $2.95 ($2.99 net*)

THE JUNGLE BOOKS
By RUDYARD KIPLING. Complete in one volume, illustrated in full color by *Tibor Gergely*. $5.00 ($4.99 net*)

WILLY'S SILLY GLASSES
By MURIEL and LIONEL KALISH. A little boy finds a pair of glasses that make the world look topsy-turvy. $2.95 ($2.99 net*)

FAIRY TALES. Huge, gloriously illustrated collections of stories that lead youngsters along new and delightful paths of enchantment. SCANDINAVIAN FAIRY TALES. $5.00. ($5.99 net*) THE MAGIC BUTTERFLY And Other Tales of Central Europe. $3.95 ($4.99 net*) ONCE UPON A TIME: Folk and Fairy Tales of the World. $3.95 ($3.99 net*)

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE. A handsome series combining classic and modern works, selected and edited by BRYNA and LOUIS UNTERMEYER. *Two new volumes:* LEGENDARY ANIMALS and TALL TALES. Each $3.95 ($3.29 net*)

THE GOLDEN BOOKSHELF OF NATURAL HISTORY
A superb new series edited by HERBERT S. ZIM. Each book packed with facts and color pictures. *The first two:* MAMMALS and FISHES. Each $3.95 ($3.99 net*)

GWENDOLYN AND THE WEATHERCOCK
By NANCY SHERMAN. Illustrated in color by *Edward Sorel*. Gwendolyn the miracle hen is an entrancing new adventure. $3.50 ($3.59 net*)

PLANES, TRAINS, CARS, AND BOATS
By MURIEL and LIONEL KALISH. Color pictures and simple text tell about changing modes of transportation. $2.95 ($2.99 net*)

THE NEW GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA
By DOROTHY BENNETT. The world's most popular one-volume children's encyclopedia, revised by Jane Werner Watson. Color illustrations by *Cornelius DeWitt*. $5.00 ($4.99 net*)

PINOCCHIO
CARLO COLLODI's beloved classic, illustrated in color by *Sergio Rizzato*. $4.95 ($4.99 net*)

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF SCIENCE
By BERTHA MORRIS PARKER. New, revised edition, illustrated by *Harry McNaught*. $3.95 ($3.99 net*)

NEW $1.00 BIG GOLDEN BOOKS. Each illustrated in full color.
MY FIRST GOLDEN DICTIONARY • Walt Disney's SAVAGE SAM • Walt Disney's SWORD IN THE STONE • DENNIS THE MENACE • FROSTY THE SNOWMAN • TOP CAT • I CAN COUNT • PEBBLES FLINTSTONE • SPOTTY FINDS A PLAYMATE.

GOLDEN COLOR AND RE-COLOR BOOKS. Based on episodes from Walt Disney's forthcoming film *Sword in the Stone*. Can be colored with Magic Crayons attached to book, wiped clean, and colored again. SWORD IN THE STONE • MERLIN'S MAGIC DUEL • CROWNING OF THE KING. Each $1.00

Now at your bookstore.

GOLDEN PRESS

*(*Goldencraft Library edition for schools and libraries only)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARPER BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN YOU LOVE

Where the Wild Things Are

By MAURICE SENDAK, *pictures by the author.* In this full-color masterpiece a little boy dressed in a wolf suit is sent to his room for behaving ferociously. Suddenly the walls vanish—and he finds himself where the wild things are. $3.50. **Ages 4-8**

And for every child who didn't get it last year—Maurice Sendak's NUTSHELL LIBRARY, $2.95 the boxed set.

Christmas Nutshell Library

By HILARY KNIGHT, *pictures by the author.* A merry quartet of books for every Christmas stocking—A FIREFLY IN A FIR TREE, THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, ANGELS AND BERRIES AND CANDY CANES, A CHRISTMAS STOCKING STORY—in tiny (2⅞ x 3⅜") format, 3-color pictures, slipcase.

$2.95 the set. **All ages**

How Little Lori Visited Times Square

By AMOS VOGEL. Pictures by MAURICE SENDAK. The saga of a small boy who sets out alone for Times Square—with a surprise ending children will love. "Very funny."—*Horn Book.* $2.95. **Ages 3-6**

Angry Kate

By ELIZABETH JANEWAY. Pictures by chas b slackman. "A funny verse tale about an eccentric little girl whose self-chosen fate is most surprising." —*Book Buyer's Guide.* $1.95. **Ages 4-8**

The Big Goose and the Little White Duck

By MEINDERT DEJONG. Pictures by NANCY EKHOLM BURKERT. Reissued, with new illustrations, for a whole new generation of admirers. $3.50. **Ages 6-10**

EDWARD LEAR'S

Nonsense to Color

Lear's delightful nonsense limericks with enlarged reproductions for coloring. "An especially delightful gift."—*Chicago Tribune*

$2.50. **Ages 6-10**

Who Wants Music on Monday?

By MARY STOLZ. A perceptive story about a teen-age girl who comes to terms with her beautiful older sister. "A remarkable novel."—*Publishers' Weekly*

Coming Nov. 20 $3.50. **Ages 14 up**

Ask your bookseller to show you the new BREAKTHROUGH BOOKS edited by WALTER LORD, and the first I CAN READ Mystery.

Harper & Row

hail-like patter of a number of the "easy-to-read" books. Fortunately, it doesn't.

> The grapes on the vines / hung low on September / just in time for / Timothy's birthday. Golden in the garden / was Timothy's big pumpkin / At Hallowe'en it had jack-o'-lantern teeth.

Ages 3-6.

GIVING AWAY SUZANNE. *Story by Lois Duncan. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. Dodd, Mead.* 44 *pp.* $3. This story of sibling relationships is more successful than most. Mary Kay thought her little sister, Suzanne, a perfect pest and tried giving her away—to the milkman and to others Finally, a relative does take Suzanne, and Mary Kay finds that she is surprisingly and remarkably lonely without her. I seldom like the negative approach acted out to point a moral but the pictures keep the book in a light vein. No age given.

BABY ELEPHANT GOES TO CHINA. *By Sesyle Joslin. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 48 *pp.* $2.50. I'm very fond of Baby Elephant, having met him in four other books, as have many children and their parents. By now Mother Elephant wears sunglasses and a big hat so she can sunbathe *incognito* on the beach. "So that the crowds will not recognize me and shout, 'Look, look! There is the *mother* of the Extraordinary and Remarkable Baby Elephant.'" This time she suggests that he dig a hole down to China and gives him a few Chinese words to use when he gets there. This is perhaps a trifle more sophisticated than the other books, but our hero is always lovable. No age level given.

ROSA. *Story and pictures by Leo Politi. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. While Leo Politi has made two books about Mexican children in Los Angeles, he has now really been to Mexico and shows us a charming Rosa living in that country. Rosa, who longs for a doll for Christmas, wanders around with her brother, looking at all the toys for sale, and comes home—to a real baby brother. One of the most delightful pictures is that of the village school with the children playing outside. Ages 5-8.

TAK-TAK THE DACHSHUND. *By Gisele d'Assailly and Paulette Falconnet. Photographs by Colyann. Translated from the French by Helen Weaver. Braziller.* 36 *pp.* $2.95. As one reads and looks at this entertaining picture-story of a dachshund and a kitten, one realizes that time and patience must have gone into the taking of the photographs. Colyann and his wife spent thirteen days in the attic of an old castle in Anjou (why?) working with a month-old puppy and kitten. The animals play together, and the situations that arise —and are engineered—make the story. This book, for those who love kittens and puppies, will probably be briefly popular with children between 5 to 8.

JUMPING BEANS. *By Judith Martin and Remy Charlip. Illustrated by Remy Charlip. Knopf.* 42 *pp.* $2.50. Both author and artist are members of the Paper Bag Players, and the simplicity of the play and pictures in this little book is unexcelled. The story (which could also be read aloud) tells of a woman who goes to buy red beans and finds, when she puts them into a pot, that they are Mexican jumping beans. Almost any group of children could have fun giving this play but please note, on the copyright page, that *all* rights for the play are protected, and you will have to write to the publishers if you wish to use it. Ages 4-8.

"Now give!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A TRAIN TO SPAIN. *Written and illustrated by Wade Ray. Knopf.* 38 *pp.* $2.95. This is a gay, if somewhat slight book about the people of a small town in France who were invited to a fiesta in Spain. It was too far to walk; there was no train—no way to go to Spain. Everyone was sad. Then along came an engineer who showed them how to lay tracks and build a train as only children with toys—and their inventiveness in meeting situations—could do it. Soon they were off, and nothing could stop them. A river? Build a bridge. A mountain? Dig a tunnel. And there they were at the fiesta—what fun! Very simple text. Ages 4-7 (but some 6-year-olds may feel superior to it).

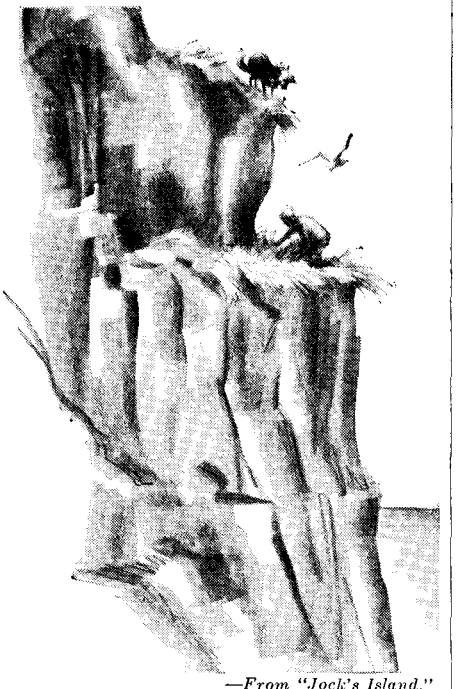
THE BURNING RICE FIELDS. *By Sara Cone Bryant. With pictures by Mamoru Funai. A Young Owl Book. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 32 *pp.* $1.95. The Young Owl books are to be read to or by children; this is the most attractive of those I have seen. It has, like all this group of books, a solemn jacket half-flap addressed to parents, which is supposed to be torn off. This one says: "Brander Matthews once characterized a short story as having simple emotional impact. *The Burning Rice Fields* is a classic example of Brander Matthews's definition." It certainly has an emotional impact, and there is no doubt that children will discuss whether or not the old man should have set the rice fields on fire to warn the villagers of an approaching tidal wave. The illustrations are modern Japanese, strong and simple both in color and form. An unusual book, it leaves children and adults wondering how the villagers got down from the burning mountain—and what then? Ages 6-11. (6-9?)

Middle Group (8 or 9–12)

SOME of the season's interesting and distinctive books are in this group, which is often weak and not especially distinguished by any unusual feature. As I've been told "the pox on you" by an irate correspondent who disapproves sweepingly of "age groups" and "lady-reviewers and editors who dare to place books in them," I'll be fairly general in grouping this time because the books keep (more or less) where they obviously belong. —A.D.

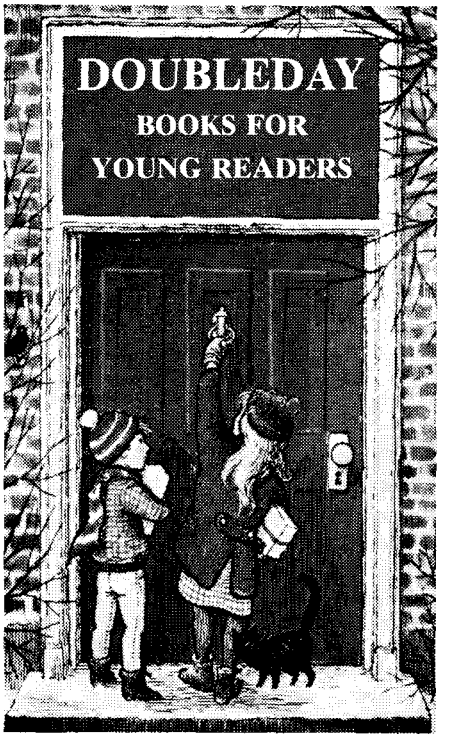
STORMY, MISTY'S FOAL. *By Marguerite Henry. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. Rand-McNally.* 224 *pp.* $3.95. There is no doubt which book will be the children's favorite this fall, for now much-loved "Misty of Chincoteague" appears with a foal born just before a storm almost swept away one of the coastal islands and drowned many of the wild ponies. How Misty and her foal were saved, and how the children of this country and Misty—a seasoned stage performer since her movie—helped the islands to buy back some of the ponies they had sold, and so replenish their herds, make a thrilling tale for children. Adults may see a touch of the publicity of our times, but let us not be captious. Most children will almost die of envy that they were not present during the first stage appearance of Misty and Stormy—but they will be appearing in other cities, and be seen by many more children. Fine characterizations of Misty and Stormy by Wesley Dennis, whose illustrations are in black line and full color.

—From "Stormy, Misty's Foal."



—From "Jock's Island."

JOCK'S ISLAND. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Lilian Obligado. Viking.* 76 *pp.* $2.75. Elizabeth Coatsworth is adept at creating a setting for some of her stories, a setting that gives a feeling of place



A YEAR IS A WINDOW
Verses by Richard Jackson; illustrations in four colors by Erik Blegvad. "A year is a window with twelve new views . . . If you had a wish, which one would you choose?" Each month of the year is made very special by this combination of magical verses and delightful paintings by the artist already well known for his *Greenwillow* drawings and annual *Woman's Day* magazine calendar. Ages up to 8. $1.95

THE WOLVES OF WILLOUGHBY CHASE
By Joan Aiken; illustrated in chilling black-and-white by Pat Marriott. Wolves howl, governesses scheme, mansions brood, and justice triumphs only after Fearful Peril – in this outrageously funny fantasy modeled on Victorian melodrama. With tongue in cheek, it tells of two Brave Little Heroines, who outwit their Evil Governess, Miss Slighcarp, in a melodrama of 19th century England. Ages up to 12 (and over 21) $2.95

NIGHT'S NICE
Written and illustrated in full-color by Barbara and Ed Emberley. Lullabye rhymes and gay, vivid pictures explore the orange, crimson, gold and turquoise nighttime world of the younger child. Ages up to 6. $1.95

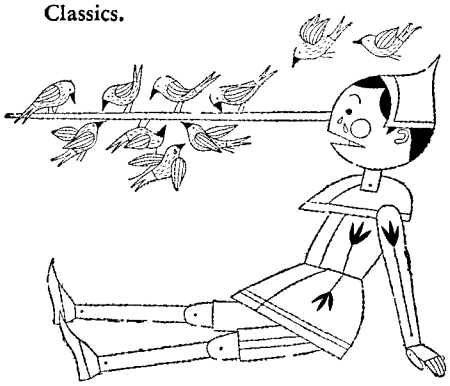
YOU AND THE WORLD AROUND YOU
By Millicent Selsam; illustrated by Greta Elgaard. Where does the rain go? How do plants and trees and baby bears grow? Here are easy, *uncluttered* answers to a child's everyday questions. Ages up to 6. $3.50

At all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS
Garden City, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

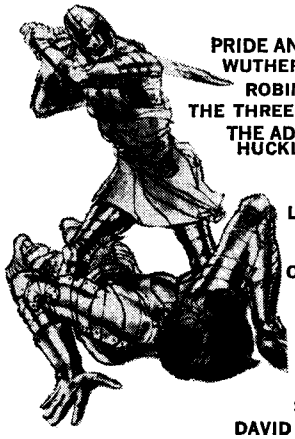
Remember

the books you loved as a child? The ones you read when you should have been sleeping or doing homework? The Macmillan Classics are distinguished new illustrated editions of those wonderful books. They include warm and personal afterwords by Clifton Fadiman and beautiful illustrations by award-winning artists. To give the children you love a truly unforgetable gift, give them The Macmillan Classics.



$2.95 each

HEIDI
BLACK BEAUTY
ENGLISH FAIRY TALES
THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE
THE WIZARD OF OZ
THE AENEID FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM
THE FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS
EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON AND OTHER TALES
PINOCCHIO
A CHRISTMAS CAROL
RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW
THE CALL OF THE WILD



$3.95 each

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE
WUTHERING HEIGHTS
ROBINSON CRUSOE
THE THREE MUSKETEERS
THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN
MOBY DICK
LITTLE MEN
LITTLE WOMEN
JANE EYRE
A TALE OF TWO CITIES
KING ARTHUR
GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES
TREASURE ISLAND
TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE
DAVID COPPERFIELD
ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES
TALES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
TALES AND POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE
TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

MACMILLAN • 60 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10011

—From "The White Heron."

but is no actual place, as in that lovely little book *Lonely Maria.* Here the setting strongly suggests the volcanic island of Tristan da Cunha, though this is not mentioned. It is not mainly a story of the volcano and evacuation of the island, but of two left behind—Jock, a Scottish border collie, in whom care of the sheep is ingrained, and Lars, who becomes the dog's friend and companion, keeping the sheep and the cat population of the island in check.

A WHITE HERON: A Story of Maine. *By Sarah Orne Jewett. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Crowell.* 36 *pp.* $3.50. At first, superficial view this is a picture book that adds to the original story the artist's feeling for Maine. Yet I read it three times, wondering what it was that it lacked—for it was some years since I had read *The Country of the Pointed Firs.* Finally I went back to my copy of the original. What is lacking is the heart of the story—neatly cut out—for what reason? As it stands now, it is a pretty story of a little girl who is offered ten dollars to show a young ornithologist the white heron's nest—and decides to be loyal to the heron.

In the original, Sylvia, the young girl in the story, is frightened when she hears a boy's aggressive whistle in the woods. She has previously, in her city experience, been frightened by an aggressive, red-faced boy. But when the young hunter-ornithologist stays overnight at her grandmother's house, Sylvia is charmed and feels stirrings of love for him. (A ten-year-old child *can* and does feel such stirrings.) This, and to only a lesser degree the ten dollars, is the clue to the struggle within her, but all of this is removed.

Many children who otherwise would not read the story may read it now that it has pictures—and will not know what they have missed.

ROOSEVELT GRADY. *By Louisa R. Shotwell. Illustrated by Peter Burchard. World.* 151 *pp.* $2.95. Roosevelt and his family are migrant bean and fruit pickers—and migrant crop pickers form an unfortunate and neglected group of workers. Going from state to state, they never belong; some schools and communities make provision for them, some do not.

This is one of the most interesting, best characterized, and perhaps saddest books of the season. Yet, because of the Gradys and their cheerful, indomitable spirit, hope and humor come through the sadness; at the end they can stay where they "belong" —for a time. Did they ever achieve this permanently? We hope so, for it would be unbearable if they did not.

A LITTLE PRINCESS. *By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Pictures by Tasha Tudor. Lippincott.* 240 *pp.* $5. *A Little Princess*—like *The Secret Garden* has been a book that girls have loved and cried over for many years. Now that the copyright has gone out, it is on the Lippincott list as a companion to the latter. (It is still obtainable in the Scribner Classics, as well as un-

—From "The Wolves of Willoughby Chase."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

der its original title, *Sara Crewe.*) Tasha Tudor has given it an effective Victorian setting, with pictures in black-and-white and in full color. While Mrs. Burnett's books were sentimental and unreal, and now are much outdated in "social attitudes," no one can deny their continued appeal and lasting quality. Phyllis McGinley has written a preface telling of her early love for the books and explaining that "in England beggar girls don't have to sit starving in doorways any more"! She explains, too, how *Sara Crewe* came to be expanded into *The Little Princess*, a process that has puzzled a good many people.

THE WOLVES OF WILLOUGHBY CHASE. *By Joan Aiken. Illustrated by Pat Marriott Doubleday.* 168 *pp.* $2.95. When this was published in England, *Schoolmaster* said, "With a preposterous plot, and set in a period of history that did not happen, [this] is an enchanting story."

The title is musical and intriguing; the story, an excellent spoof on Victorian books, will make adults laugh as they remember *A Little Princess, Jane Eyre,* and other Victoriana. This is a thriller, with a great English country house (complete with dungeons and an *oubliette*), where two little girls are at the mercy of the inevitable cruel governess, as they are later of a cruel orphanage. Outside the wolves howl and rage. Young readers will probably take it seriously as an adventure story and not know it is tongue-in-cheek; a family might have a good time reading it aloud. Various ages.

Meet engaging 13-year-olds from other lands

These wonderful books, with photographs on every page, record a day in each of their lives. *Just published:* UTTAM, a boy of India. JOHNNYSHAH, a boy of Iran.
Also: NAIM, a boy of Turkey • PRAPAN, a boy of Thailand • DUEE, a boy of Liberia • KWAKU, a boy of Ghana. All by **G. Warren Schloat, Jr.** $2.95 each. Ages 8 to 11

BORZOI BOOKS published by ALFRED·A·KNOPF

DECEMBER 7, 14, 21, 28

SPECIAL RECORDINGS ISSUES

Older Group (10 or 12-14)

A BOY OF OLD PRAGUE. *By S. Ish-Kishor. Drawings by Ben Shahn. Pantheon.* 94 *pp.* $3.95. "I am a peasant and the son of peasants; my name is Tomás, and I was born in the year 1540 on the domains of a great Bohemian lord, in the city of Prague."

In this period and in this setting, Tomás accepts servitude and accepts also all the evil things that he hears of Jews in the city

—*From "Boy of Old Prague."*

ghetto. But, bound out by his lord to serve a Jew, he lives in the ghetto and comes to understand and like its people.

If the reader will stay with the book, its atmosphere made more real to them (and more gloomy) by Ben Shahn's pictures, it will give him a good deal of insight into both Jewish and Christian young people.

WHO WANTS MUSIC ON MONDAY? *By Mary Stolz. Harper & Row.* 267 *pp.* $3.50. The many teen-age girls who read Mary Stolz with delight will welcome her back after her excursion into books for younger children. This story introduces two noncongenial sisters, Cassie and Lotta, who share a room but divide it by strings down the middle. One could wish that Cassie did not quote Robert Frost when strings are ultimately removed, but that is one of the reasons why Lotta is irritated by her. In the interim we go to college with the girls' brother, Vincent, who has two roommates, an English boy with a hyphenated name, and a Negro, to whom the people in the book react in different ways, and who is somewhat tired of being a "symbol" of his race. In spite of this he is a pleasant and attractive young man who succeeds in being quite a good "symbol."

Mary Stolz knows how to handle dia-

Unbridled delight in children's books

Illustration from *The Lost Half-Hour*

COWBOY'S SECRET LIFE
Written and illustrated by Joan Walsh Anglund. The imaginary adventures of a small boy. Ages 3-7. Aug. $2.25 ($2.58)*

BABY ELEPHANT GOES TO CHINA
by Sesyle Joslin; illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Baby Elephant, at the seashore, tries to dig to China.
Ages 4-8. Oct. $2.50 ($2.67)*

SKY PIONEERS
by Jeanne L. Gardner; illustrated by Douglas Gorsline. A fresh account of the Wright brothers' contribution.
Ages 7-10. Oct. $2.95 ($3.06)*

THE LOST HALF-HOUR
edited by Eulalie Steinmetz Ross; illustrated by Enrico Arno. Seventeen favorite tales for a child's own reading or for storytellers.
Ages 8-12. Sept. $3.50

THE YEAR OF THE BLOODY SEVENS
by William O. Steele; illustrated by Charles Beck. A dramatic story of the frontier in a year known for Indian massacres.
Ages 8-12. Oct. $3.25

SCHOOL BELL IN THE VALLEY
by Natalie Savage Carlson; illustrated by Gilbert Riswold. A 10-year-old mountain girl determines to learn to read.
Ages 9-12. Oct. $3.00

GUNS IN THE HEATHER
by Lockhart Amerman. An exciting story of international espionage in Scotland.
Ages 12 up. Oct. $3.25

THE SHINTY BOYS
by Margaret MacPherson; illustrated by Shirley Hughes. A vivid story about life on the Isle of Skye. Ages 12 up. Oct. $3.25

MEXICAN MURAL
by Lois Hobart, illustrated with photographs. A graphic comprehensive survey of a country and its people.
Ages 14 up. Oct. $3.95
*Library edition, net price

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wildfire

By Evans G. Valens, Jr., and Clement Hurd, creators of *Wingfin and Topple* (ALA Notable Children's Book of 1962). "Evans Valens describes [a forest fire] so lyrically, so intensely that one feels the searing flames.... Clement Hurd's unusual block-print illustrations are equally outstanding."—*N. Y. Times.*
Ages 5 to 8. $3.75

Roosevelt Grady

By Louisa R. Shotwell. *Illustrated by Peter Burchard.* The nine-year-old son of a migrant family longs to live in one place where he will not be an outsider. "Wonderfully real characters in [a] simple yet unusually moving book. It is well worth the reading."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 9 to 12. $2.95

The Dancing Horses of Acoma

AND OTHER ACOMA INDIAN STORIES

By Helen Rushmore with Wolf Robe Hunt. *Illustrated in full color.* The first publication of twelve legends of the Acoma Indians, "illustrated in the style of the Acomas—an arresting, color-full technique."—Virginia Kirkus.
Ages 10 up. $4.50

The Birds and the Beasts Were There

Edited by William Cole. *Illustrated by Helen Siegl.* Almost 300 traditional and modern animal poems, chosen by a discriminating anthologist and illustrated with enchanting woodcuts.
All ages. $4.95

Mon Premier Dictionnaire

Edited by Roger Pillet. *2,400 word entries and over 1,000 four-color illustrations by Joseph Low.* A completely modern French dictionary—the only one specifically designed to include the vocabulary American children use in speaking and recognize in reading.
All ages. $5.95

Bruno Munari's ZOO

Illustrated in eight colors. An enchanting menagerie of familiar creatures, by the creator of *Bruno Munari's ABC* (ALA Notable Children's Book of 1960). "Distinguished in design, brilliant in colors, and enlivened with wit and originality."—*Horn Book.* Ages 3 to 6. $3.50

...from The World Publishing Company

Cleveland and New York
At all booksellers

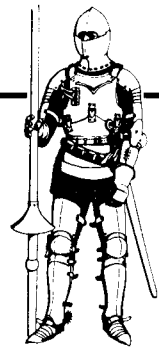
—From "Who Wants Music on Monday?"

logue to give the impression of young people's talk; she also knows how to let her characters carry the questions and moral values of the story. Although the action is as new as yesterday, occasionally we feel that it is the intense drama of yesterday and today somewhat slowed down—but this is inevitable. Girls 13 to (perhaps) 16 may profit by reading the story, though it does not and cannot answer all questions. It is refreshing to find characterizations of parents who are not all-knowing but often as bewildered as their children, if not more so.

GUNS IN THE HEATHER. *By Lockhart Amerman. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 191 *pp.* $3.25. Jonathan Flower, known to the boys at his school in Scotland as "Posy," is the son of an American secret agent, with whom he finds himself involved in an international spy hunt. For a time the boy and his father are isolated in an old Scottish castle but, thanks largely to the important role played by Jonathan, they eventually escape it. This is melodrama—but what spy story isn't?

C. W. ANDERSON'S COMPLETE BOOK OF HORSES AND HORSEMANSHIP. *With over fifty drawings by the author. Macmillan.* 182 *pp.* $3.95. This handsome book, illustrated by an outstanding artist, cannot be confined to any age group, but will please all young horse-lovers. Mr. Anderson begins with a very brief history of the horse, showing in pictures its anatomy, muscle, and bone structure. There are chapters—together with pictures—of different breeds of horses, followed by chapters concerned with conformation, the foal, the intelligence, temperament, training, and care of the horse. Hints for riders are included, as are character sketches of famous horses and their ways. In my experience, young people are always wanting to draw horses, and this book should help them to get some facts about horse structure straight. It is remarkable how few illustrators can really draw horses.

MYSTERY! A Treasury for Younger Readers. *Edited by Seon Manley and Gogo Lewis. Funk & Wagnalls.* 244 *pp.* $4.95. Why the "For Younger Readers" that appears on at least two jackets this fall? We suppose it's to warn off adults if the jacket isn't "young looking," but may it



History at its most engaging!

Armor

BY SEAN MORRISON

- the story of the men who made it and the men who wore it

This brilliantly illustrated chronicle traces man's protective devices from the earliest and simplest to the modern tank. It is also the history of war, for as weapons changed, so did the characteristics of battles. With wry wit, the author brings armor out of the museum into a lively panorama of some of the most intriguing craftsmanship and artwork of the civilized world.
Ages 12 and up $4.50

96 illustrations by the author

•

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
New York 3, N. Y.

Perfect For Christmas Giving

ALMOST BIG ENOUGH

Written and illustrated by Jean Tamburine. Susy wishes she were old enough to go to school. Then she is invited to visit kindergarten where she has many nice surprises. Ages 3-7. 48 pages. **$2.50**

CHRISTMAS COMES ONCE MORE

Selected by Mildred C. Luckhardt; *illustrated by Grisha Dotzenko.* Stories and poems from many lands and times, each reflecting the spirit and joy of Christmas. Ages 8 up. 176 pages. **$3.50**

LOOKING AT YOU

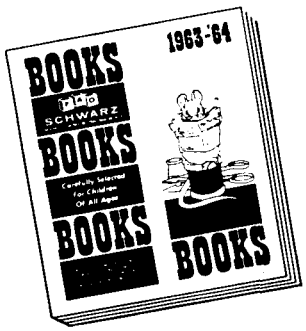
Norah Smaridge; *illustrated by Stan Palczak.* Personality, family life, and school life are discussed in this series of articles for the junior high student. Ages. 10 up. 176 pages. **$3**

Order from your bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

send today for your FREE copy of our latest CHILDREN'S BOOK CATALOG



F.A.O. SCHWARZ

World's Greatest Toy Store

Ardmore, Pa. • Atlanta, Ga.
Boston, Mass. • Cleveland, Ohio
Palm Beach, Fla. • Short Hills, N. J.
Westchester, N. Y.

Please send me without obligation the Children's Book Catalog listing hundreds of books graded by age and interest.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Dept. SR

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow four weeks for the changeover.

SATURDAY REVIEW

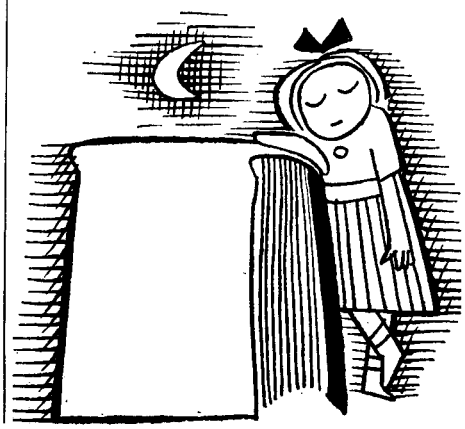
Circulation Department

25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

not warn off its own audience? This anthology of mystery stories ranges widely and so becomes almost too much of a miscellany; for instance, there's Isaac Asimov's science fiction story of a robot baby-sitter and a mystery written by Scott Fitzgerald at the age of thirteen. However, it does contain some interesting material. And in the section "Witches, Fairies and Strange Folk" readers may find themselves led into poems they might not otherwise read.

THE BIRDS AND THE BEASTS WERE THERE: Animal Poems Selected by William Cole. *Woodcuts by Helen Siegl. World.* 320 *pp.* $4.95. Almost anyone would find something to enjoy in this latest collection by William Cole, who has made anthologies of poetry for adults and children. The woodcuts that decorate it are attractive, from the small spots to those on jacket and section openings. All too many anthologies are padded with poems that are royalty free, but the outstanding feature of this collection is the number of contemporary poets included. Selections, which include translations of Russian poems by Babette Deutsch, are varied—from John Clare and James Stevens to Osbert Sitwell, E. E. Cummings, May Swenson, and Robinson Jeffers. Even "archy" the cockroach (Don Marquis) is here.

2000 YEARS OF SPACE TRAVEL. *By Russell Freedman. Holiday House.* 256 *pp.* $3.95. One looks at space-travel books with a question now, because there are so many of them. This one is well designed and thus compels attention; moreover, someone has summed up on the back of the jacket the similarity between the words of the first fictional space traveler (Lucian) and today's actual first space traveler (Gagarin). Space fiction alternates with fact throughout the book until the end, when fact catches up with fiction. Lucian (A.D. 160) is interesting because he is a satirist and because he claims to be able to tell a taller tale than any other traveler—and he does. "Therefore," he comments, "my readers must not believe a word I say." It is startling to find that after a war the Moon and Sun built a wall between them—then agreed to demolish it and not make war on each other again. This wall was, however, of clouds. A most interesting book because of its variety of material.



BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

by John Ciardi

JOHN J. PLENTY AND FIDDLER DAN

Illustrated by MADELEINE GEKIERE. "A new fable of the grasshopper and the ant told with fresh poetic interpretation and produced with elegance of illustration and design. It not only satisfies as a story-in-meter-and-rhyme but is genuinely good poetry." — *Horn Book.* **Just published.** $2.95

YOU READ TO ME, I'LL READ TO YOU

Illustrated by EDWARD GOREY. Filled with humor, rhythm, and magical language, here are poems that beg to be read out loud—both by *you* to your children, and by *them* to you. $2.75

THE MAN WHO SANG THE SILLIES

Illustrated by EDWARD GOREY. "Typical Ciardi . . . 24 more wonderfully gay verses to read and share over and over. Enthusiastically recommended."—*Library Journal* $2.95

THE REASON FOR THE PELICAN

Illustrated by MADELEINE GEKIERE. Funny, gentle, gay tongue-twisting poems that appeal perfectly to any child's love of the bizarre and ridiculous. $3.00

At all bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia and New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Banners

Continued from page 29

on the Lord Jesus to drive them out. Yessir, I admit it, when I was a young fellow in my teens, I read those dirty books. I even sent for 'em, all I could get, and I read all those dirty pages. Yessir, I did. But now I've been born again.

MR. KING (interrupting): Did your teen-age reading make a bad man of you?

PREACHER FROM VISALIA (spiritedly): Yessir, it did, until I found the Lord Jesus!

YOUNG WOMAN: I did not know the meaning of the terrible words attached to the list I signed. They were just awful. I couldn't read them all. I just read three of those words, and that was all I could read. It was so awful.

Chairman Crawford said he regretted that the book was in the county library, that he thought it was the "filthiest book he had ever read," but that the board might compromise by asking the librarian to restrict the dictionary to adults, and to teen-agers accompanied by their parents.

Supervisor Booth seemed to have trouble taking a definite position. At first he concurred with Chairman Crawford, then said "when we start censoring we are apt to censor something good as well as bad. . . . I'm against censorship of the adult mind." (Mr. Booth was struggling hard to arrive at justice. I think he got there.)

Supervisor Hillman said he regretted that an "obscure reference book should have been made the center of a statewide political issue," and expressed his confidence in the judgment of the librarian: "I for one am not asking Mrs. Collins to compromise at all." There was now loud applause.

Supervisors Cummings and Longley quickly concurred with Hillman, and there was more applause. Longley moved for a vote of confidence in Mrs. Collins. The five-man board concurred unanimously. The book burners and the John Birch Society's first front in Tulare County had been defeated.

BUT the democratic process was hard for some to take. A woman screamed at the supervisors: "When do you come up for re-election?" Similar growls came from elsewhere in the crowd. A Tulare preacher's wife, who had spoken earlier, repeated her promise not to send her children to school in the fall: "It's not right, it's not right. I love people, I love to help people. I think I am helping people here."

The Visalia gentleman who earlier presented the petition of the committee fronting for the Birchers cried out: "There is another book in that county library. It's called *The Last Temptation of Christ*, which is an atheist book. Are the taxpayers financing an atheists' camp? My money should not be spent for this!"

Unwilling to accept either the chairman's gavel for adjournment or the decision of the board, the book burners carried the fight out into the halls. The Birch Society coordinator, his wife, and some Birch sympathizers got between me and the elevator.

Mrs. Kude, on my left, enraged, shouting, jabbing her finger at my chest, pushing her face close to mine: "The name is *Kude*, you hear that, *Kude*, not *Koo-dee!* (I had inadvertently mispronounced it.) We know you now, you're an international world socialist, do you hear! You told us so, we know you, we'll get you. . . ."

Mr. Kude, also enraged, also jabbing his finger, said: "You Commie. . . . we know you now. . . . you're the enemy, hear that, the enemy, and we're gonna get you, remember that, we're gonna get you."

THIS aftermath in the corridor was not one I can easily forget. I had a kind of hate directed at me that I have never experienced before. It was a hate that seemed to have a smell and taste and feel. With not much more provocation, some of these people would be capable, I think, of murdering their neighbor in the name of God and country.

Our community has not seen the last of them. The day after the hearings our county librarian was visited by two men, both members of the front committee to ban the book. Said one to the librarian: "Your name is becoming a dirty word in this county. People want you to resign."

Another patriot, active both in the front group and in the John Birch Society, wrote the Visalia paper: "We feel we have won a moral victory as the many parents who were contacted have been alerted to the fact that the people no longer have any voice in their government."

And in the Porterville home of a leading Birch agitator a sizable group met in closed session, reportedly to set up machinery to unseat Supervisor Charles Cummings, an outspoken opponent of book-burning. Will our community hear from another front, and in what disguise?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 13, 5, 20, 10, 14, 19, 9, 4, 17, 3, 16, 15, 6, 2, 8, 18, 11, 12, 1, 7.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 35

may look forward to hearing it expounded by others, until all its values are known. Under his direction, every element of the science was weighed, calibrated, and checked out, but this did not assure total justice to Britten's creation. —IRVING KOLODIN.

City Center Mozart

PRODUCTIONS at the City Center have always had the reputation for being both economical and inventive. The company's new *Don Giovanni* proves that neither necessity need be a virtue.

Economy, in this case, means a styleless unit set by Robert Fletcher of indefinable locale and equally indefinable period. (The program put the action in Seville, 1787—the time of the opera's première!) It is supposedly also in the name of economy that Don Giovanni wears the same awkward floor-length "dressing gown" to the ball and to dinner, and that the Spanish nobleman appears unable to afford the luxury of a tablecloth. The inventiveness of William Ball's staging centers on such inspirations as an intermittently translucent greenhouse façade for Don Giovanni's palace, a trio of peasant maids to flirt with Leporello during his Catalogue aria, and a Commendatore statue that comes to dinner riding its own pedestal.

Fortunately for Mozart, conductor-impresario Julius Rudel seems less willing to tamper with the musical values. There were questionable elements, to be sure: several scenes were telescoped and arias shuffled; "Dalla sua pace" was inexplicably cut; and a "treated" piano had to suffice for the recitatives in place of a harpsichord. But there was also much to admire. Rudel's tempi made exemplary sense, and his ear for balance never let him down. Nor did the cast, which paid more attention than is usual to ensemble-singing and clear English diction.

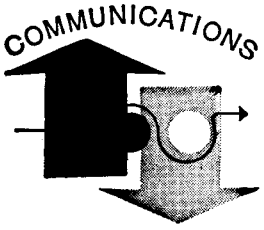
Norman Treigle makes a heroic figure of Don Giovanni in the final scene, and has the intelligence to give the character his personal stamp elsewhere, though he might have been more comfortable as the less romantic Leporello (a tasteful performance by Donald Gramm). Making his debut with the company, John McCollum revealed more artistry than vocal opulence in the truncated duties of Ottavio. Judith Raskin's stylish Zerlina stood out in the feminine trio, the remainder of which comprised Beverly Bower as Anna and Arlene Saunders as Elvira. Both were blonde of coiffure and bland of temperament; Miss Saunders was the more successful in surmounting technical hurdles.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin **67**

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR **68**

A NEW FRONTIER IN COMMUNICATION: MITCH'S BIGGEST PITCH
By John Tebbel **69**

WHAT MAKES A GOOD PR MAN?
By L. L. L. Golden **73**

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER: COMMITMENT IN SUBURBIA
By Wilson Sullivan **74**

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD
By William Fadiman **76**

SEARCH FOR NEW MEDIA
By Peter Bart **78**

WHAT PAPER DO THEY READ?
By James F. Fixx **80**

The Negro and the Advertiser

WHEN the American Association of Advertising Agencies holds its big annual Eastern meeting this week at the Waldorf-Astoria, the largest and most important assembly of regional advertising groups in the U.S. will for the first time have on its agenda a major panel discussion on the role of the Negro in advertising. To report that a whole panel devoted to this subject is unexpected may be valid until you begin to understand Madison Avenue's rising concern over the pressures that racial and civil rights groups have in recent months applied to agencies and advertisers in the national market. A boycott—or, as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People politely calls it, "selective buying"—is an ever more effective weapon, and official awareness by the AAAA of the power of economic pressure among Negroes is understandable, if a bit tardy.

The cigarette industry has so far generally resisted the use of Negro faces and endorsements in its advertising, both on TV and in the print media. But beer companies and soap and cosmetics manufacturers are increasingly responsive, and you need only look at the new fall television commercials to realize how far the revolution has progressed. Procter & Gamble, Lever Brothers, Colgate-Palmolive, American Motors, Rheingold Beer, and dozens of other large advertisers already have schedules running "integrated" advertisements in newspapers, magazines, and on television.

No question about it, the color line has been irrevocably splintered in national advertising, as of the fall of 1963. About time, too, if for no other reason than the economic logic that Negroes constitute nearly 10 per cent of the buying power of this country. As his economic status rises, as it surely will —and dramatically in the next few years— the power of the Negro's "selective buying" will be a factor with even the most reactionary of Madison Avenue's trend-conscious hucksters.

The use of Negro models in advertising is a relatively recent phenomenon. Half a dozen years ago, practically all of the ads in the largest of the Negro magazines, the beautifully edited monthly *Ebony*, used white models. Today, as *Ebony's* circulation approaches 1,000,000, four ads in five use Negroes to advertise consumer products. On TV this fall, more and more groups shown in network advertising include at least one non-white face. Some companies are, naturally, well into this new merchandising development, while others haven't taken the first step. That all will have to eventually is as inevitable as the ultimate rise of the Negro from second-class citizenship. The trend is too pronounced to be reversed now, and the logic of economics too persuasive to men and women charged with selling America's goods and keenly aware of the dollar.

The new Negro consumer is no Uncle Tom shuffling down to the country store for grits and chittlins. By next year, a recent market survey shows, the buying power of the Negro in this country will pass $28 billion annually, approximately equal to Canada's entire consumer market. This is double what it was ten years ago. The Uncle Tom stereotype is, therefore, no longer valid. A trim, well-groomed, and militant Negro consumer has emerged on

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the marketing scene. Aside from food, cosmetics, clothing, and beverages, the Negro consumer is a major factor in more expensive items like autos, refrigerators, automatic dishwashers, and air conditioning. Negro households alone spend $65,000,000 a year for replacement tires, and two of the five big tire companies have begun specific advertising overtures to the Negro market. By 1967, Negroes will spend $2 billion annually for home furnishings. As the economic status of the Negro improves, advertisers and agencies will be forced to abandon their traditional apartheid and do as thorough a research job as they do on any other market. Those who don't will quickly find themselves falling behind more enlightened competition.

Since fair treatment is in the forefront of the modern Negro's leap forward—fair treatment at the polls, in public accommodations, in employment and housing—the Negro is also keenly aware of companies that use a direct appeal to this special market, that employ Negro models to tell the advertising message, that make an attempt through specific advertising to build a relationship with the Negro community. In other words, that growing giant, the realistic new Negro consumer, is here to stay.

—R.L.T.

★ ★ ★

THE NEWSPAPER FUND was established and is supported by the *Wall Street Journal* to encourage careers in journalism among young people. It should interest all who care about such matters that the Fund report for 1963 shows an over-all average starting salary of $92.14 against a 1962 over-all average of $89.60 a week paid to journalism graduates in news, advertising, public relations, and radio-television. Nearly 68 per cent of the journalism schools reporting told the Newspaper Fund that their news majors began work for salaries of between $80 and $100 per week. These fifty-two schools awarded 740 degrees, or two out of every three bachelor's degrees given in news and editing covered in the survey. Highest starting salaries were reported by Michigan State, Columbia, Minnesota, New Mexico, and NYU. The number of women graduating in journalism appears to be increasing, for the Newspaper Fund survey shows that only 57 per cent of the bachelor's degrees in journalism went to male students. There was a time when practically all beginners in journalism jobs were men. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Yesterday's Island

MAURICE SIEGEL'S "The Island of Yesterday Afternoon" [*SR*, Oct. 12] was wonderful. I haven't read anything in years that stirred so many pleasant memories. That fascinating symphony of staccato telegraph clicks that one could hear in almost every corner of the world—railroad offices, brokerage offices, newspapers, and even broadcasting stations—was, at one time, the sound upon which the business of the world depended. To those of us who were privileged to sit among the "players" on a good telegraph wire, life could offer no greater thrill.

The Phillips Code which Mr. Siegel could not recall for "the Senate" was TSA. Senators were SARS. QOH (on the other hand), the code for Kaiser Wilhelm, then living in exile in Holland, was KXR, which also stood for something else, guaranteed to touch off a full-scale war between Morse operators.

While it would seem that in this day of television, teletype, facsimile, and computers, Morse should be as dead as the dodo, there are a surprisingly large number of such circuits in daily use, and there would be many more if operators could be found for them.

Even more surprising is the fact that Morse circuits may be even on their way back. There have recently come into service in Toledo, Ohio, two local Morse lines with a total of sixteen stations. A similar circuit with ten stations is now being installed in Washington, D.C. Viva Morse!

73 [Best wishes].

E. STUART DAVIS.

Union, N.J.

Dunces in Journalism?

YOUR EDITORIAL "The Confederacy of Dunces" [*SR*, Oct. 12] says: "The first line of defense against this confederacy will, as in the past, be the professionals in the news. . . ." Is it not pertinent to ask who were the leaders of the "Confederacy of Dunces" sixty years ago when Professor Langley was trying to get his flying machine off the ground? Genius or not, Professor Langley ranks as one of the great pioneers of aviation. Were not the "dunces" who subjected him to unmerciful ridicule "professionals in the news"?

Is not our "first line of defense against this confederacy" still about as thinly held and, with some exceptions, as poorly manned as it was in 1903?

R. E. MCCURDY.

Dunedin, Fla.

Answering Mr. Groome

HARRY C. GROOME, JR. [*SR*, Oct. 12] is anxious to have the ground rules for criticism of the advertising industry based on the "society-in-being" already created by advertising's activity. By having us concentrate on "execution," he hopes we will blind ourselves to the basic vicious philosophy of modern advertising, which he calls "function."

The exploitation of well-known human weaknesses has always been with us, but not until recently has it generally been accepted as a respectable occupation. Now advertisers consciously and vigorously play the whole gamut: greed, pride, insecurity, perverse sex, and extravagance. With millions of people to work on, and the hucksters having a voice in all media (in fact completely controlling many of the vehicles of communication), is it any wonder we are losing sight of the realities of life? As for direct and violent damage, need we mention 40,000 dead on our highways every year and the Detroit horsepower race, or cancer and the cigarette hawkers? If not very mysterious, this is certainly sinister.

And by the way, wouldn't he like "all concerned" to endorse the profit-oriented system on which he was obliging enough to stick a flag?

MORGAN C. LARKIN.

Bay Village, O.

I HAVE FOLLOWED with interest the articles and letters in recent issues concerning advertising. I agree with Mr. Groome that advertising is a necessity in the United States. Let advertising stick to its purpose, however, which is to inform the consumer of products, improvements, and their uses.

In addition to the esthetic and noise-level problems of advertising, I find myself concerned about the picture ads paint of our society and its values. I refuse to buy Accent, for example, because of the sickeningly sweet picture painted of Aunt Martha and Uncle Fred, or whoever they are, and their homey little shopping problems. I was never so relieved as when Accent stopped the radio spot that featured a man who pretended to have forgotten the Accent because his wife was so cute when she was mad. Wifey came back with the loving comment, "We'll see how cute you look without Accent on your 'hamburgers.'" All too often in the dramatization commercial, especially on radio, the superficial, inane, and not even particularly humorous aspects of life are portrayed. Either that, or with their little jingles and supposedly psychological appeals (cigarettes are especially guilty of this), ads are downright insulting to an intelligent person.

I suggest that *SR* carry on the good work already begun in past articles and in its annual ad awards by organizing an open forum in the pages of its communications section. Let readers, writers, businessmen,

(*Continued on page* 82)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MITCH'S BIGGEST PITCH

M. B. Mitchell, President, Encyclopaedia Britannica.

By JOHN TEBBEL

AT FORTY-EIGHT, Maurice B. Mitchell is president of a $120,000,000-a-year corporation, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., whose multiple activities radiate from its Chicago headquarters into nineteen nations of the world. Less than twenty years ago, Mitchell was an $80-a-week radio publicity man in Washington, D.C. The immense distance between the jobs measures not one man's personal success story but the great leap forward communications technology has taken in the past two decades.

Mitchell is one of a new breed of men who stand on the frontiers of this expanding technology, forever striking out toward more distant horizons. For these entrepreneurs the opportunities are unlimited and the rewards more than financial. They are combating what former Senator William Benton, the Britannica's chairman and publisher, calls a world-wide "wisdom lag," arising from the fact that knowledge is outracing education. An enterprise like the Britannica's educational complex is, consequently, more than a profitable business organization; it is, as Benton puts it, "dedicated to the proposition that the open society, devoted as it is to the development of individual men and women everywhere, will survive and flourish."

As a new frontiersman in education communications, Mitchell is a slight, tense, driving man of formidable energy, with a warm smile and a soft, extremely persuasive voice. He is, in fact, one of the great salesmen in a nation of sellers.

A native New Yorker, Mitchell was unable to complete the education he began in P.S. 165 and continued at New York University. Compelled by hard Depression necessity to go to work, he employed a friend's introduction to get an interview at the *New York Times*, hoping somewhat vaguely to be a reporter. Instead, he found himself selling classified advertising by telephone.

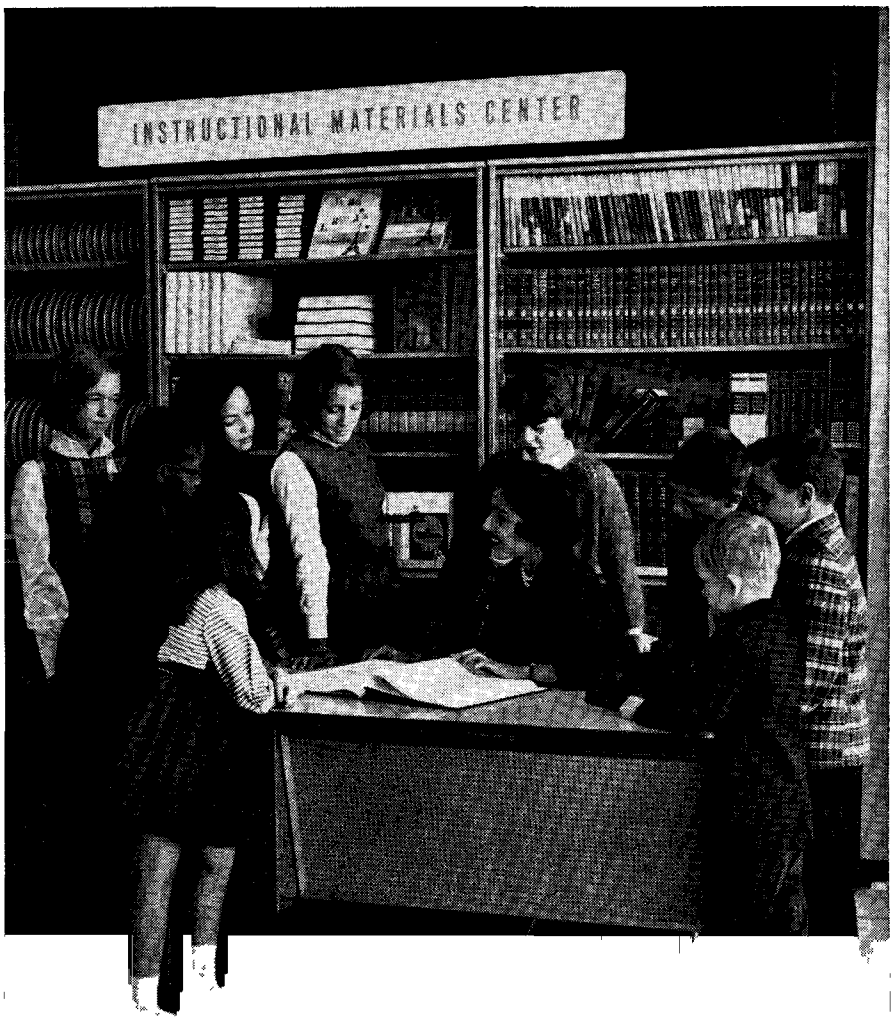
Selling classified on a newspaper is regarded as an excellent training ground for salesmanship in general, and Mitchell was good at it. But he was not the kind of man to be chained to a telephone. He yearned to meet the customers—and he still wanted to be a newspaperman. Watching the trade magazine "help wanted" ads carefully, he found what appeared to be a promising place to begin, near the bottom of the journalistic ladder. He became managing editor and advertising manager of the Gouverneur (New York) *Tribune Press*, a small but profitable country weekly in a resort town of less than 5,000, twenty-five miles south of Ogdensburg in the upper northwest part of New York State.

But the *Tribune Press* could hardly contain a man of Mitchell's ability for long. He moved to nearby Ogdensburg, a much larger community, and became advertising manager of the *Journal* there. Getting into the advertising business had been an accident, but it was no accident that Mitchell continued to prosper in it. As a born salesman of extraordinary ability, he found advertising an exciting occupation. But he was soon ready for the bigger league of the late Frank Gannett's chain, where he began on the Rochester *Times-Union*.

He rose quickly to be national advertising manager of the paper before Gannett moved him into the same job on his Albany paper, the *Knickerbocker News*, where there was more than enough challenge, since this was a property fighting for its life in an intensely competitive situation.

A man who has been an advertising manager in towns like Ogdensburg, Rochester, and Albany can justly claim to know the tough grass roots of the

Encyclopaedic enterprise—Surrounded by a group of young visitors, a librarian demonstrates an Encyclopaedia Britannica storehouse for instructional materials.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

business. In Albany, Mitchell was national advertising manager as well, and for the first time learned how advertising could function as a team operation. He also discovered radio—the hard way. Organizing a campaign for one client on a national basis, he did so well with it that the customer found himself able to afford radio time and dropped his newspaper space.

Mitchell brooded about that setback while he went about the Army's business in the Tank Corps during the Second World War. His active, probing mind told him that radio was an important medium he ought not to ignore. Reviewing his career, he realized that there was little more he wanted to learn and not much more he wanted to do in the newspaper advertising business.

The answer was obvious. As soon as he was liberated from uniform, Mitchell bought a copy of *Broadcasting Magazine*, a publication he had never seen before, and surveyed the want ads. That was how he came to WTOP, a 50,000-watt station in Washington owned and operated by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The job was to be publicity man, at $80 a week; the year was 1945.

A radio station was something like a newspaper, Mitchell discovered. A new man had to be versatile to stay, and he was soon applying to the sales and promotion departments a few of the techniques he had employed to boost sales in Rochester and Albany. They were enough to make him sales promotion manager within a month.

He could not have come into radio at a more opportune time. Postwar expansion had rocketed the number of stations from 600 to 2,300, and with the numerical increase had come a corresponding jump in advertising volume. Mitchell was able to get a substantial portion of it for WTOP. Nine months after he came to the station he was sales manager; in three years he was station manager, and during his first year in that post WTOP did a million-dollar business.

Shortly afterward the station was sold to the late Eugene Meyer, then publisher of the Washington *Post*, and Mitchell had to make a decision. "Columbia wanted me to come up to the home office to get that New York polish, but I didn't want to go."

One of those who had watched his work in Washington was Judge Justin Miller, at that time president of the National Association of Broadcasters. Hearing that Mitchell might be available, Miller invited him to come over to the NAB and lecture to broadcasters on how they might increase their profits. "Mitch" did much more. He founded a clearinghouse for the purpose and called it the Broadcast Advertising Bureau. Then he went on a lengthy tour of the nation, calling on nearly every radio station in the country, exploring the local situation, and helping each station manager to improve his advertising revenue, employing everything he had learned in his selling career on newspapers and at WTOP.

It was an unprecedented and spectacular piece of selling, and it did not go unnoticed. *Variety* sent one of its reporters to cover a meeting of station managers during which Mitchell demonstrated his talents, and the resulting headline, "Mitch's Pitch," made him and the phrase famous.

"Mitch's Pitch" became the talk of the radio industry. Among those it attracted was the National Broadcasting Company, then in one of its periodic executive reorganizations. NBC employed the management consulting firm of Booz, Allen and Hamilton to lure Mitchell away from the NAB.

AS SOON as he was ensconced in a handsome office at NBC, there began one of the strangest interludes in Mitchell's remarkable career. He had literally nothing to do. "In the first month I was there," he recalls, "the only piece of mail I had was a note from the company's medical examiner assuring me my blood test was negative." His bored secretary brought in an afghan she was knitting and assured him that when it was finished, if she still didn't have anything to do, she was leaving.

Mitchell later married his secretary, and he ended his month of job discontent by resigning, although NBC told him that he was only temporarily "in storage" and that large activities were planned for him. But Mitchell is not a man who can be kept in storage even temporarily. Besides, he had been the recipient of a tempting offer. Another who had been attracted by the stories of "Mitch's Pitch" was William Benton, a past master of the pitch himself, who was looking for someone to strengthen the management of his Muzak Corporation. Mitchell took the job. He had been out of work for the first and only time in his life the morning he resigned from NBC; by noon he was working for Muzak.

It did not take Mitchell long to find out why the corporation was ailing. To have a Muzak franchise in those days was like having a license to make money. The fortunate possessor of one could quickly make enough money with a minimum of effort to quit and go to Florida, or else he sat back and took his comfortable 10 per cent from each outlet without the inconvenience of doing any more selling. Since the corporation's health depended on the number of outlets sold, Muzak was earning a splendid living for its franchisers without amassing a total of outlets large enough to make money for the company. As national sales promotion manager, Mitchell repeated, in a sense, his activities for NAB. He went about the country calling on the franchise owners and exhorting them to do better—if necessary, showing them how to do it. Again, the results were spectacular.

While he was in Memphis on one of these missionary excursions, Mitchell had a telephone call from Benton in Chicago, summoning him to a new and larger responsibility as president of Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc. The film division had been in business twenty-five years and had returned no profit on an $8,000,000 investment. Following his custom, Benton put Mitchell in complete charge of its headquarters in suburban Wilmette and went off to Europe.

In the nine years he served as head of the film division, Mitchell made education history. The traditional pattern of making educational films had been to compress a year's course into ten or fifteen minutes of hasty exposition. Mitchell applied professional techniques to the business. He got his camera crews out of the studio and into the field, and he expanded the films into course-length productions.

Mitchell's first line of attack was to see what could be done about helping to solve the critical problem of science education. He had his producers film a course in introductory physics—162 half-hours of color film. Nothing like it had been seen before, but in the end 20,000 American students were learning their physics by film. It was followed by a similar course in chemistry. Both are now widely used here and abroad.

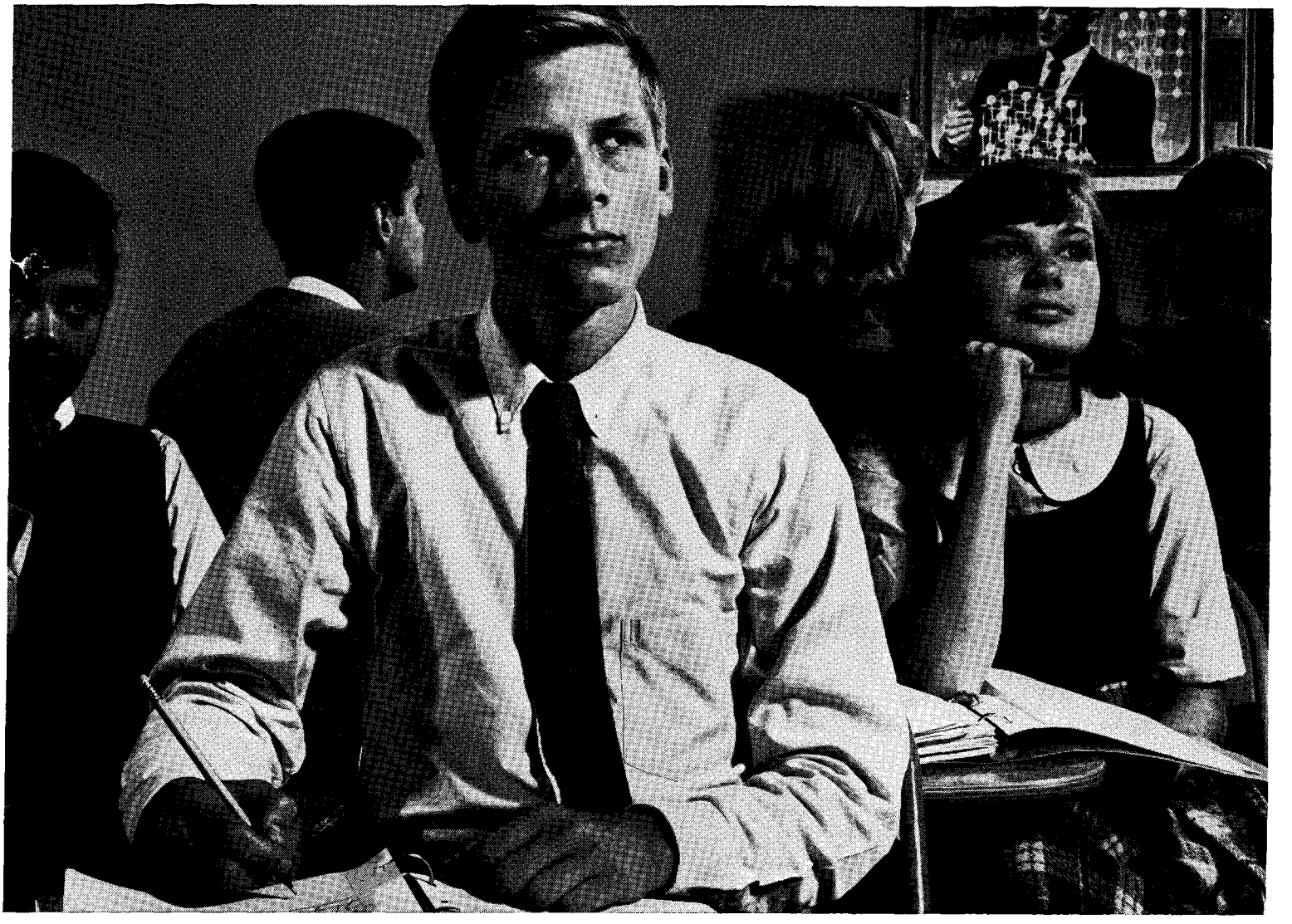
One obstacle to widespread use of film in the classroom had been its cost. Mitchell applied the cooperative theory he had learned in national advertising and in radio time selling, and schools discovered that the cost could be shared. The result was a sharp climb in the film company's gross, from a little more than $2,000,000 annually when Mitchell took over to an ultimate $10,000,000.

Always, in the educational film making, Mitchell insisted on the highest professional standards, both in the actual shooting and in the course content. When EBF turned to the humanities, the splendid *Hamlet* the company did virtually forced *Macbeth* out of its traditional place in the high school curriculum. It even produced a version of *Oedipus Rex* that found much favor with English teachers. If a subject called for a crew to be sent on location, Mitchell sent one. John Canaday, the

(*Continued on page* 81)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

educational television:



help for busy teachers
hope for crowded classrooms

Today, education in America faces a severe challenge. An accelerating world requires new and broader curriculums. An expanding population begs for more teachers, more classrooms.

Many communities have turned to Educational Television as an imaginative way to expand course subjects, to bring more effective teaching techniques into the classrooms without sacrificing personalized instruction.

Because of our long experience in the research and development of telephone, television, and defense communications networks, it was natural that the Bell System was called on to develop facilities for one of the first ETV networks in the country, in Hagerstown, Maryland.

We have since helped pioneer the first state-wide, closed circuit Educational Television system, in South Carolina.

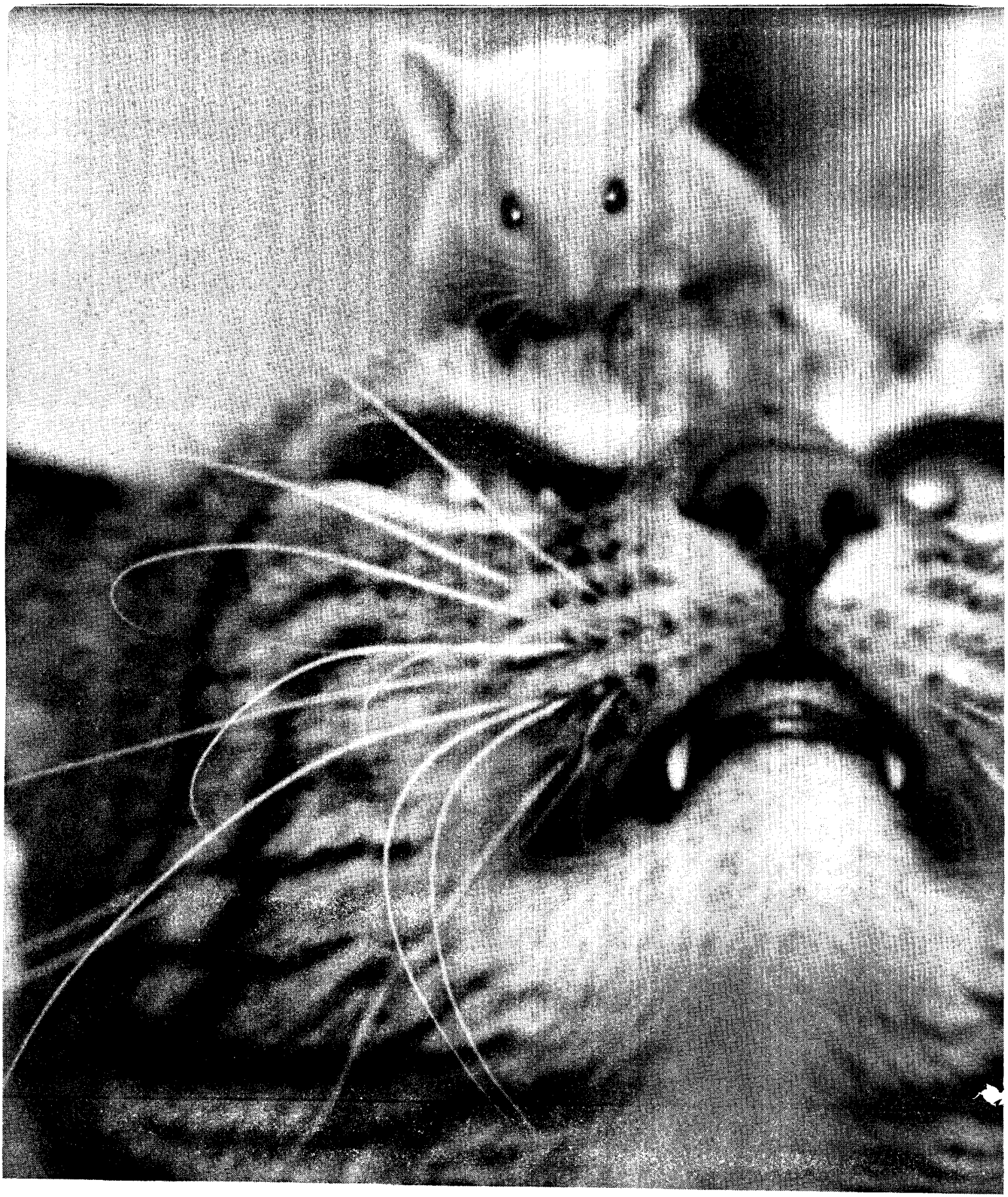
In doing this, we have developed a transmission service that provides several channels of instruction. It is low in cost and makes use of the service and maintenance facilities of local Bell Telephone Companies in communities of any size.

Helping communities like yours find the answer to better learning through Educational Television is just one more way of putting Bell System research and skills to work serving you and your family.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

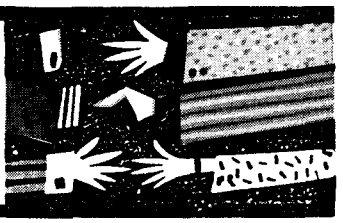
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On March 14, 1963, this photograph in the Minneapolis Star reached almost 7 out of 10 homes in the Minneapolis area. In addition, the Minneapolis Tribune reached more than one-third of the homes. We hate to be catty, but on March 14, 1963, how many households in Minneapolis did your TV commercial reach?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Relations



What Makes a Good PR Man?

COLLEGE students seeking a career often ask what they have to study or do to be successful in public relations. It is not easy to answer them, for public relations men themselves can always raise an argument by asking: What makes a good public relations practitioner?

In the relatively short life of the public relations business, successful men have come from all kinds of backgrounds. They have come from newspapers, from magazine writing, from radio and television broadcasting, from the wire services, from opinion polling, from schoolteaching. It is simply impossible to describe any standard background of good personnel in public relations. Those who know their business, however, have one thing in common: they all understand communication.

On September 15, one of the best public relations practitioners in the nation died. A look at his career and character may give some clues to the qualities essential to be a top man in the field.

Charles E. McVarish got a couple of paragraphs on the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* obituary pages. Most people had no idea who he was or what he was like; they certainly knew little about his professional competence. And that is the way Charlie McVarish would have wanted it. He never believed that a public relations man should be a self-promoter. He worked for his clients. When the need arose, he publicized them, not himself.

Yet he was well known in the business. For twenty-five years he was successful and highly regarded. There is hardly another public relations man who did so much so well and was so admired by other "pros" as a man scornful of the public relations salesmen who spend more time trying to impress others than in doing a solid, effective job. To McVarish, performance was what counted. He never made a speech on ethical practice. Yet he was the most ethical of practitioners. And he had no use for the phony, the sharp corner-turner, the charlatan. He had one word for them: faker.

Charlie McVarish, who was fifty-six years old when he died, was born in Newton, Massachusetts. His schooling was varied. He attended St. Mary's at Waltham in his native state; Gonzaga Preparatory School in Spokane, Washington; was a philosophy major at Villanova, Providence College, and Little Rock College (now St. John's Seminary) in Arkansas. And a few years ago he attended the National War College. He worked as a reporter for the United Press in Boston; was a writer for United Features in New York City; a reporter and rewrite man on the Boston *Evening Transcript;* a night wire editor for the Associated Press in New York City; and makeup editor for the Providence *Journal.* He knew news and newsmen.

From 1942 until 1946 he was in the Marine Corps. His assignments included collateral duty as a public information officer in Guam; liaison officer on the staff of General MacArthur in Luzon and Tokyo; combat duty in South, Central, and Western Pacific, including Iwo Jima; expeditionary duty in North China.

HIS entire career in public relations was with Carl Byoir and Associates, where he was a vice president for eighteen years. He worked for the firm in forty-three states, opened its West Coast operation at Los Angeles after World War II, and supervised it for seven years. Before he joined the Marines he was based in Chicago and Detroit for nearly six years. He was divisional director for the A&P account, account executive for International Telephone and Telegraph, and then account executive for Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line Company from April 1962 until his death.

But those are only the bare bones of the McVarish public relations career. Others with large public relations agencies have had long and varied careers. What made Charlie different from so many others is the manner and effectiveness of what he did.

To some public relations men, the publicity function is something to be shunned. They fear it, not only because it can be exceptionally difficult but because they don't understand media's needs or are afraid of newspapermen, magazine editors, and broadcasters.

In many ways the publicity man is like the infantryman in combat. War needs all kinds of generals, but somebody has to carry the rifle and it can be rugged work. Yet McVarish never scorned the publicity end of the public relations business; he was one of the most successful men in it.

One simple fact about McVarish's work always stood out: though he was at it for a quarter of a century he was never on a black list of any newspaper, wire service, magazine, or broadcasting station. In fact, he never forgot a fundamental of the public relations business: be an interpreter to management of the needs of media. No matter what the pressure on him was, McVarish never gave a newspaperman a bum steer. He never even tried to place a story that was not newsworthy.

Of course he had friends on the newspapers—not only managing editors and heads of wire services, but the men on the beat. He never went over a newsman's head to his boss. And McVarish's simply unbelievable number of press contacts meant only that he received a hearing. Contacts to him never took the place of newsworthy material.

Like all good public relations men, McVarish understood business and its managers. To him, performance in the public interest on the part of the corporation he was serving was essential, and he never hesitated to tell the client so. He understood public opinion, people, politics, and politicians, all essential for the public relations man who is tops in his job.

TO McVarish there were no tricks of his trade. It was hard work that took understanding and intelligence, an appreciation of the needs of both management and media, and enough strength of character to be frank with the client. And above all, he never overpromised.

In addition to his excellence in his job, Charlie McVarish had an interesting avocation: helping people get jobs. He never talked about it, but for all his mature life he found jobs for those who needed them. The only ones who knew of this aspect of McVarish were those he found jobs for and those who hired the job hunters. And in a business as restless and unstable as public relations, this can add up to quite an army in a quarter of a century.

For those who want to be public relations men, the McVarish career can be instructive. For those who knew him, either in media or the public relations business, he was a rare person, impossible to duplicate.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMITMENT IN SUBURBIA

By WILSON SULLIVAN

THE suburban weekly is generally known to the trade as a "dog"—a porridge of gossip, latter-day news, surplus store ads, recipes for dandelion wine, and tips—in November—for summer salads. Its editorials, if not lifted unsullied from the Farm Bureau, the AMA, or the NAM, seldom venture beyond a lusty concern with litter, seasonal deference to the flag, or laments over poor attendance at Town Hall hearings. Even the *Bucks County Gazette* in sophisticated, exurbanite New Hope can herald a Delaware River shad run on page one. And if its neighbor, the New Hope *News*, can decry regimentation in a sudsy editorial, the Popperingays are still visiting the Applethwarts in the headline spot.

It is likely—and proper—that the hospital building fund drive and Little League tag day will continue to claim the attention of suburban weekly editors. Their responsibility, after all, is primarily to report specifically "local" news, to clarify local issues, to uplift and deepen local concerns. Indeed, only the community newspaper has the interest, the resources, and the financial mandate to report with depth on a community which, by necessity, is covered superficially and impersonally by the hit-and-run metropolitan daily. And who will deny the droll charm of the personal column, its folksy nostalgia, its cozy assurance that even in the shadow of the multimegaton bomb the weekend reunion and the harvest supper still matter?

But when all this is said, it remains true that our suburban press, on balance, remains trivial, parochial, shallow, and dull. Shuttling mindlessly between the bowling league and the Fireman's Ball, between Dads' Clubs and repairs at Town Hall, it is predominantly oblivious to the state, nation, and world about it, except for occasional pokes at federal bureaucracy and the foreign aid "giveaway."

There is no persuasive reason, however, why this need be so, no reason why the weekly editor's six or twenty-four pages need be thrown away entirely to the philistines. With talent, time, training, and will, any editor who knows a clause from a phrase can widen his vision and include a greater portion of the world within his precinct.

The argument that the function of a local weekly is to report and comment solely on "local" news is no argument. For there is no longer any such thing as a distinctly local issue, a distinctly national or international issue, as any mother who has seen her son taken from home by a war in Korea can attest. Similarly, nuclear fallout is not just a high level conference topic for statesmen and scientists; it hovers intimately over every American community. Bias in housing and discrimination in trade belong not only to Birmingham, but to every community in the United States. The John Birch pathology and other extremist thinking challenge reason everywhere, as any conscientious suburban librarian can attest. These are entirely

"local" issues, and an informed and spunky editor, with any measure of alertness, can easily show their relevance to his community. The big issues, in short, have come home to roost, and the responsibility of editors everywhere to report and comment on them is clear.

This is to argue not from theory but from experience. For three years the writer edited a weekly surburban newspaper in the blue-chip, conservative Yankee town of Winchester, Massachusetts—the Winchester *Star*. In the *Star*, which reached a town of 21,000, we tried to present controversial issues four-square, hoping to stimulate the debate and dialogue without which a free press and a free community are delusions. We tried to aim our guns at the specific, immediate, and concrete rather than the general and abstract.

Here are just three examples of what we were able to do with this editorial approach:

First, we attacked the fallout shelter program, charging editorially that the construction of shelters would encourage the notion that nuclear war could be fought successfully or that it would mean anything but mutual annihilation for East and West. We published statistics showing that Winchester would be destroyed if only one twenty-megaton bomb were to be dropped on Boston, eight miles away, and suggested that there was no certain shelter against the H-bomb but peace. We were deluged with letters, some critical, most of them favorable, thanking us for publishing facts that other papers ignored or minimized. Scientists at MIT and Harvard turned to us to publish nuclear statistics that metropolitan dailies considered faintly subversive or, at best, "too hot to handle."

A few weeks later, our relatively small suburban newspaper was locked in conflict with the John Birch Society and other right-wing extremist groups. We had published two articles dealing with subversion from the right in which we expressed dissatisfaction with the ideas that Dwight D. Eisenhower is a Red agent, that Social Security is a Marxist plot, and that dissent is disloyalty. And quite naturally, as we expected, we were the willing victims of a scurrilous campaign of anonymous hate mail and telephone calls from right-wing radicals: vicious, paranoid, threatening, and obscene. When we exposed this campaign our letter-to-the-editor column again sparkled with debate. We carried the fight to TV and radio, again as a "local" fight. This "controversial" issue, ignored by most of the Massachusetts press until that time, was up on the table at least in Winchester, and at least there, the extremists never bothered us again. The clergy, the librarian, and the press were less subject to their poison.

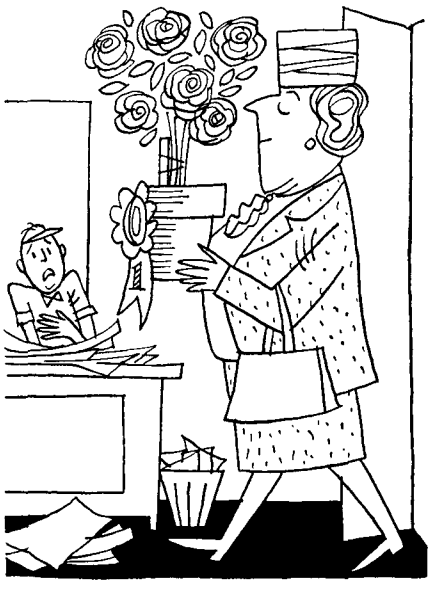
A third case in point: Aware of discriminatory housing practices in Winchester, many citizens were determined to organize a fair housing practices committee. When the members of a fair housing study group approached the *Star* they were hesitant to go ahead publicly because they feared that the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

town might not be ready for fair housing or that premature action might do the cause of equal opportunity more harm than good. We encouraged them to organize immediately, headlined their objectives, and supported them in an editorial in which we recalled the right of all Americans to the pursuit of happiness. The committee set up a permanent organization that is still going strong.

This is not to laud the Winchester *Star*, although its publisher, Richard Hakanson, has earned an "A" for courage. The points to be made here are two: First, presented in terms of local realities and local personalities, every issue is a "local" issue. Second, given the prevailing editorial–and reportorial –evasion of most metropolitan dailies concerning controversial issues, and given the relative freedom of the suburban weekly press, the power of the community editor for good–sometimes far beyond his immediate sphere of responsibility–has never been greater. And the forthright editor will find that when he uses this power, when he cuts through the jolly know-nothingism of Booster Suburbia, he will gain more friends than enemies, even among people who cannot entirely agree with him. For Americans still love an editorial fight, and will stand behind an editor and publisher who match facts with courage and courage with facts.

It would, of course, be misleading to minimize the sometimes stifling pressures and limitations that beset a community editor: patrician town fathers for whom candid news reporting is espionage or cult disloyalty; imperious women in lavender tweed for whom garden club notices rank page-one prominence; limitations of news space, or inadequate composing and printing facilities; limitations in the level of intelligence and education prevailing in his community. More often than not underpaid, the community editor must frequently contend with ultra-conservative publishers imprisoned by the rubrics of "Look the other way," "Why kick up a storm?" and "We've never done it that way." These pressures are not easily faced and seldom resolved.



But if the community editor faces limits, he also has a distinct edge on his metropolitan and national colleagues. His audience is greatly limited, but within his sphere of influence he has greater autonomy, greater control of editorial content and style, and a greater sense of the total newspaper process. Given the confidence of his publisher in his skill and ideology, he has virtually free rein. In addition, the local editor, with a saturation circulation guaranteed by a stable population, is comparatively free of pressure from advertisers, who frequently have no other effective advertising outlet. Permitted this latitude, the local editor can candidly discuss issues considered "too controversial" by the big dailies; he can rock the boat without fear of sinking. Above all, the local editor has time–time to write and rewrite copy more effectively, time to place events in perspective, to review books, to prepare editorials that will live more than a day, or a week. He has time to make his paper a community watchdog nourished on facts, and not what Eric Lindstrom has called most of the American press: "a great, friendly, shaggy pet that wants to play."

It will be argued that this appeal for a broadening of the community newspaper's vision is unrealistic, that time, money, and tradition consign the community weekly newspaper to its prevailing inanity. And indeed, there is little doubt that most local editors will continue to "measure the ads" and fill the remaining white space with pleas for the Campfire Girls. Most editors will accept the orthodox limits rather than the exciting possibilities of their trade. Most editors will choose the security of accommodation to the laborious joy of

challenge, rebellion, controversy, and debate. But the loss will be theirs by choice.

It used to be said that every big-city editor worth his galleys has two dreams: the first, to write a 300-page book archly surveying his colleagues and craft; the second, to run a money-making weekly newspaper in a college town on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea. The second dream was reserved for the autumn garden, for the days of productive reflection after the big battle was waged and won.

But the weeklies need no longer wait for old soldiers. Given increased professional competition, and better-educated recruits, they can become a quickening, progressive factor in American journalism. For if the world has indeed become one, if the old lines of authority and responsibility no longer hold, the primary duties of the community editor are clear. to do what he *can* where he *is*, to speak out on the great issues of the world wherever these issues touch the life of his community, and to speak with accuracy, cogency, style, and courage.

The local newspaper is not, and will never be the *New York Times*, or the *Post-Dispatch*, or the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Its area of coverage is fixed; its resources and its influence are quantitatively limited. But within its sphere of responsibility, every newspaper bears the same continuing duty: in Walter Lippmann's words, "to bring to light the hidden facts, to set them into relation with each other, and make a picture of reality on which men can act."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Talk of Hollywood

By WILLIAM FADIMAN

AMONG the many cultural activities victimized and vitiated by the inroad of the media of mass communication in America has been the once exhilarating and pleasurable art of conversation. What Pope referred to as "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" has sharply deteriorated. The rights and privileges of provocative and thoughtful colloquy have been meekly, if not abjectly, ceded to professional talkers. Conversation of a substantive nature has become the personal property of public performers on radio and television. In terms of talk we have become a nation of listeners rather than participants. Intelligent discourse is at a premium.

One might assume that the last strongholds of spirited, significant conversation would be our cities, which attract large segments of knowledgeable people. Certainly Hollywood, the cosmopolitan capital of the motion picture world, should qualify as one such. The creative demands of the film industry provide substantial reasons for Hollywood film makers to be well versed in many spheres and capable of conversing eloquently on many levels. Film production necessarily requires a wealth of accurate information from various sources and embraces the products of numerous arts, crafts, skills, and disciplines. Nor are all of these technological by any means. A thorough grasp of the arts and the humanities is a prime essential of intelligent film making. Since motion pictures are a global industry, Hollywood has become the international Mecca for some of the world's most talented, artistic, sensitive, imaginative, and informed people, the majority of them being widely and wisely read in many areas. From all parts of the earth it welcomes a constant flow of artists, writers, directors, producers, choreographers, designers, musicians, composers.

The time is long past when Hollywood can be dismissed as a citadel of analphabetics and illiterates. The canard that the only college degrees existent in movie land stem from honorary sources is precisely that—a canard. Its citizenry include hundreds of the best-stocked and most sophisticated minds in the country and it would not be preposterous or illogical to assume that their conversation would reflect this. One would suppose that living-room talk would sparkle with pithy and enlightening comments and observations on politics, history, literature, art, music, drama, science, and the like. But alas, the contrary is usually true. Social discourse in Hollywood is largely, if not entirely, confined to the smallest of small talk.

This paucity of oral communication on anything but trivia becomes even more baffling and inconsistent when we remember that the conversationalists involved are successful specialists in that field of endeavor. It is their profession to communicate. The very form and content of films have to do with communication—the creation and dissemination of ideas.

HOWEVER, a strange and sudden transformation seems to take place in the personalities of Hollywood's accomplished, sophisticated, worldly creators when they enter a living room. Following is a reasonably authentic survey of the topics broached and discussed at a series of movie colony dinner parties by those guests who were not instantly immobilized at the bridge table:

ROMANCE: the latest sex-sizzle, divorces, separations, etc.

AUTOMOBILES: Rolls-Royces compared to Jaguars or Mercedes.

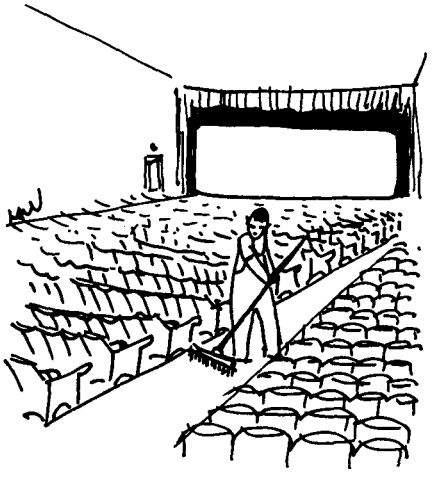
MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS: derogation of current executive personnel.

PAY TELEVISION: Will it be a boon or a bane to the film industry?

LABOR: Is the servant class vanishing in Hollywood?

CHARITIES: the value of establishing a charity foundation for tax relief.

AGENTS: their total indifference to their clients' welfare.



LOS ANGELES THEATRE: its deplorable state.

BOOKS: Is there a movie in it?

FILM CRITICS: their ineptitude and stupidity.

TRAVEL: the tax advantage of establishing residence in Switzerland.

NEW YORK: the latest plays; do they contain movie possibilities?

AVANT-GARDE THEATRE: "If I can't understand it the first time I see it, what value can it have?"

ABSTRACT ART: rivalry among collectors; buy it when it's low, sell it when it's high.

INVESTMENTS: oil versus real estate versus the stock market.

TELEVISION: the unintelligence of sponsors.

MOTION PICTURES: grosses, profits, losses, audience reactions.

PERSONALITIES: gossip and rumor of an intimate nature about people not present at the party.

POLITICS: President Kennedy's interest in people from the entertainment world.

ECONOMICS: the declining profit curve in motion pictures.

MEDICINE: psychoanalysis, cosmetic surgery, LSD.

HISTORY: "the good old days" of motion pictures.

SCIENCE: the large screen versus the small screen.

PHILOSOPHY: Are "happy endings" in films essential?

When subjects of a more consequential nature do occasionally intrude, they are given short shrift; there seems to be a tacit agreement to treat such conversational fare on a light, jocose, "fun" level. "Fun" has become an adjective in Hollywood. Its inhabitants invariably refer to a fun project, a fun girl, a fun car, a fun restaurant, a fun idea, etc. There is a determined avoidance of that which is not fun. Serious or quasi-serious topics that involve meaningful analyses require thought and reflection. This is not fun. References of a literary or philosophic or historic character are looked upon with disfavor. Banter, quips, bon (or mal) mots, jokes, verbal ripostes, persiflage, etc., are the principal resources of the so-called better conversationalists. It must be remarked in passing that many of the jokes are dazzling and brilliantly funny, but they are still jokes. The use of wit and humor in conversation is not employed as a leavening device that would make it acceptable and even delightful; it is the dominant motif. To be called "witty" or "amusing" is a firm guarantee of being welcome at a Hollywood dinner party. The uninitiated outlander who essays to inject an honorably profound note into the evening's discussion is automatically labeled an intellectual snob, an egg-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

headed exhibitionist, or a bore, and as such feels uncomfortably divorced from the normal social orbit.

There are many explanations advanced for this debasement of conversation among the majority of movie makers, but none is adequate justification for what amounts to a relative outlawry of intelligent talk. The climate, with its embalming sunlight, has been offered as one excuse. The relentless working pressure of the film industry itself has been cited, a business that demands extraordinary concentration if one is to survive, if not to succeed. The inbred character of Hollywood society has been adduced as another cause (film workers are socially incestuous). The same people frequent the same series of dinner parties time after time. Cliques are the rule, not the exception. Without doubt these are all contributing factors, but they fall short of the real reasons.

PERHAPS the most valid explanation lies in the close linkage between Hollywood's business and its social life. Except for a few daring producers who are sponsoring films along more challenging lines, Hollywood tends to play safe. Today's hit is tomorrow's cycle. New ideas, deviations from established patterns, adventures into the untried are feared. Adherence in subject matter and treatment to the lowest common denominator of audience comprehension is a proven marketable commodity. (That these movie makers grievously underestimate the intelligence level of America is outside the scope of this article). This commercial fear of the uncharted, the unproven, the unknown, the new, apparently carries over into social occasions. For the new frequently requires deliberate consideration and thought instead of being merely an imitative procedure. To think is often to doubt, to question. To question is to admit uncertainty. To admit uncertainty is to disturb the status quo. In their social conversation, as in their business relationships, movie makers evidently prefer to play safe, to avoid the controversial, the uncomfortable, the disquieting, the abstract—the very marrow of a thoughtful discussion among intelligent adults.

Hollywood should learn from Cowper that mere "talking is not always to converse." A contemporary Plato would find it difficult to fill his Academy with interesting applicants were he to establish his school in the Hollywood Hills; nor would a modern-day Aristotle find many disciples to accompany him were he to select Sunset Boulevard for his walks. A city content with repartee rather than reason, and with wit rather than wisdom, is hardly likely to become the Athens of America. The social talk of Hollywood may be sparkling and scintillating, but it is not illuminating.

'FOUR STRAIGHT'

Generals Wreck Another Latin Regime

SINCE 1957, President Ramon Villeda Morales of Honduras has been running the first democratic constitutional regime that country has had in many years.

His government has beaten down a number of revolutions and the prospects seemed good that Villeda, who is not allowed a second term, would be able to finish his six-year stretch and step down on schedule in favor of a democratically elected successor. Elections were scheduled for Oct. 13.

But the armed forces, who hold the balance of power in so many Latin American countries, decided it was not to be. They launched a revolt against the government early Thursday morning and apparently toppled Villeda from power.

Revolutions are nothing new in Honduras. Students of the country say it has averaged about one a year since it became independent 125 years ago.

But the current revolution is particularly unfortunate because it came at a time when Honduras appeared to be moving toward stable constitutional government.

If Villeda had been able to finish his six-year term and pass on his power peacefully, the precedent might have had some value in Honduras' political future.

Villeda had not accomplished miracles, but his government had been democratic and moderately progressive. Considering the problems of the impoverished and unstable "banana republic," he had at least given the country some reason to hope for the future.

NOW, however, the hope has grown dim. The curse of military insurrection, which has cut short other promising regimes in Latin America, has again taken its toll in Honduras.

Coming on the heels of the overthrow of Juan Bosch in the Dominican Republic, the Honduran revolt is a new reminder of the difficulties that confront the United States in its efforts to help the Latin nations.

Perhaps we ought to spend less time on the politicians and more on the military leaders to make them understand what we are trying to do under the Alliance for Progress and why stable governments are necessary to make it work.

For unless the military is willing to allow the kind of progress we have in mind, much of our effort in Latin America will be wasted.

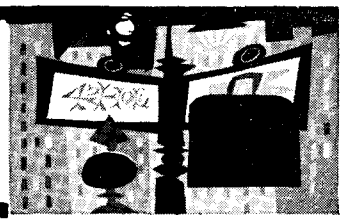
Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

THE DENVER POST
3 Men Indicted By Arizona Jury In Land Fraud
Ex-Policeman Another Held in Bank Theft
one of America's Great Newspapers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madison Avenue



Search for New Media

AT A recent trade meeting one of the advertising industry's senior executives cheerfully predicted that total annual advertising expenditures probably would rise to about $28 billion a decade from now—more than twice the present level.

In times past this sort of forecast would have produced gales of applause, but instead some of the assembled ad men found it a very sobering statistic. The question worrying them was simply whether the nation could absorb this much advertising—whether, for example, many more commercials could be packed into TV and, if they were, whether anyone would watch them.

Even if advertising volume did double, of course, that would not necessarily mean that the mass media would carry twice as much advertising. A significant proportion of the increment would be required to pay for higher media rates. Moreover, much of the increased spending would inevitably be channeled into specialized media—egghead magazines or suburban newspapers, for example—rather than into the mass media.

Despite all this, advertisers are nonetheless confronted with a formidable task in finding ways to increase their spending without further eroding the effectiveness of their sales messages. Some farsighted ad men who have been pondering this problem have tried to forecast what sort of new or relatively unused media might be exploited in coming years.

One medium that doubtless will receive far wider attention is point-of-purchase advertising—the mounted displays adorning the aisles and counters of stores. Point-of-purchase advertising has picked up new importance recently as a result of the trend toward "robot retailing."

Robot retailing is self-service shopping carried to its logical extreme. The shopper walks down the aisle looking at samples of merchandise (only one item representing each brand is displayed). When she wants a particular brand of sugar she simply pulls a punch card from a pile of cards under each item. At the check-out counter the cards are totaled and inserted into a computer. The computer scans the punch cards, gathers the items requested from the inventory, and delivers a wrapped and tied package to the shopper waiting at the door.

Point-of-purchase displays are particularly useful at stores of this kind (several already have opened around the country), since companies can no longer attract consumer attention merely by stacking large quantities of packages in choice locations. Moreover, amid such a coldly automated atmosphere, the shopper may welcome something as reassuringly old-fashioned as an advertisement.

In addition to point-of-purchase advertising, advertisers also have been trying to develop completely new media. One band of California entrepreneurs recently took note of the fact that public washrooms in stores, restaurants, and theatres remained one of the last places to resist some commercial intrusion. They decided to do something about this omission. Their solution was to mount a small screen atop the hot-air hand-dryers in washrooms and rig the screens so that they would project a series of commercials before the "captive audience"—people who presumably can't leave until their hands are dry. Sales of the new machines reportedly have been brisk.

SEVERAL other new media also have appeared recently. Grocery bag advertising, for example, is gaining in use. One company has even started selling advertising space in the plastic folders that serve as bindings for magazines circulated aboard airplanes.

Several outdoor advertising companies are investigating the possibility of installing electronic billboards that flash a series of messages—and perhaps even weather or traffic information—to motorists. These signs would replace the static signs that now dot the roadways.

One of the most exotic—and perhaps far-fetched—of the "new" media consists of word-of-mouth advertising. The idea is to pay people to tell other people about a product or service. Recently Philip Morris, Inc., encouraged thousands of New York City cab drivers to talk up the virtues of a new brand of cigarettes called Paxton. The technique was simply to advertise in taxi trade journals that Philip Morris had hired "mystery riders" to ride around in cabs; the riders would promptly pay $5 to any cabbie who voluntarily mentioned Paxton.

One ad man has even set up a new agency specializing in word-of-mouth advertising. The agency, Inform Associates, operates a network of housewives and clubwomen in different cities who, for a fee, will tell everyone they know about a client's product. The number of commercial tips they dispense is registered on small meters placed in the women's purses.

Another company, Gilbert Youth Research, Inc., pays student leaders on college campuses to use certain products and sing their virtues to unsuspecting classmates.

This type of advertising, to be sure, is far more expensive than the more orthodox media and also is far more controversial. If this sort of thing becomes too common, neighbors may turn on each other, suspecting that every random bit of advice is commercially inspired.

AS ADVERTISING volume continues to soar, one of the types of advertising that may be especially vitiated is "corporate image," or institutional, advertising. The purpose of "image" advertising is basically to convince the public that a company is enlightened and public-spirited and thus to create a receptive atmosphere for brand-name advertising. All this has its limits, however. If too many corporations try to proclaim their virtue within the confines of a given magazine, for example, the reader may easily tire of this bombardment.

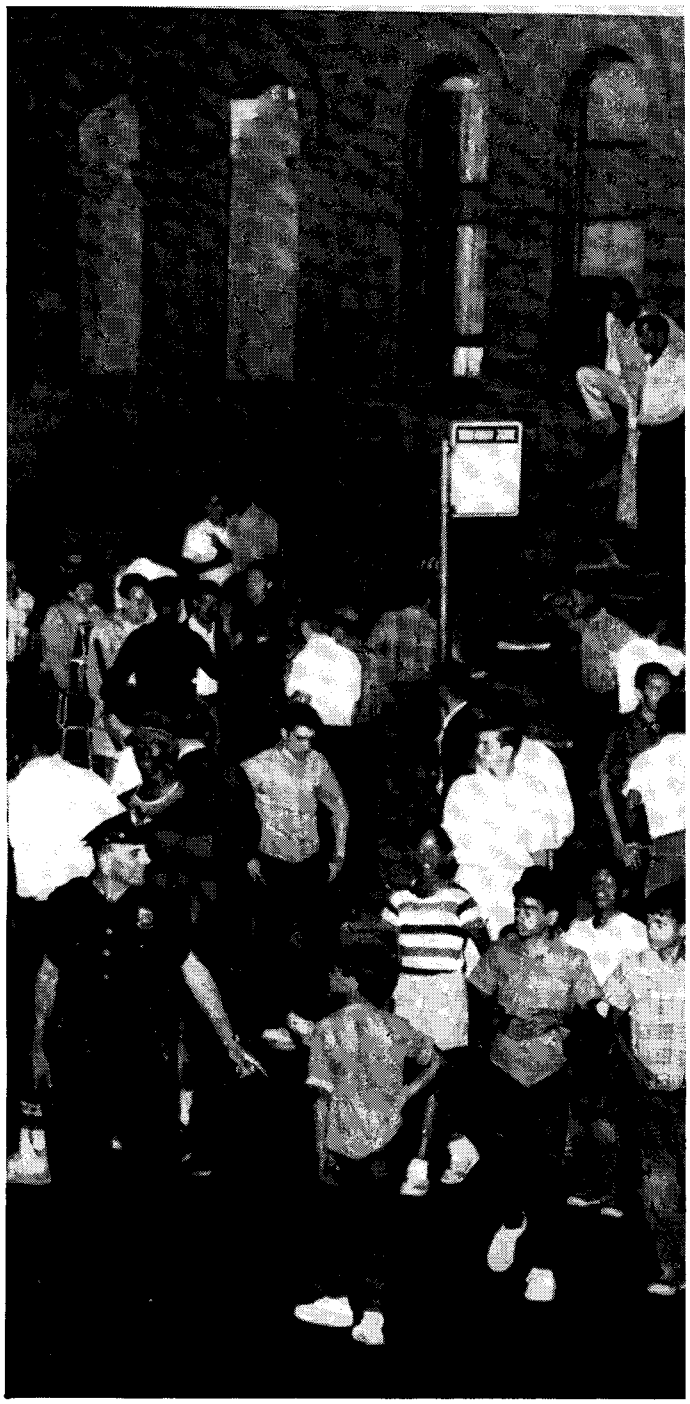
Some advertising men believe that, in the future, many companies would do well to try to enhance their images not only through advertising but also through direct action. Some examples of this approach already can be perceived.

Two shipping lines, American Export and Isbrandtsen, donated $135,000 to finance the new production of *Aïda* that opened this year's Metropolitan Opera season. One furniture company, the Basic Witz Furniture Industries of Waynesboro, Virginia, recently took the unusual step of commissioning a concerto to be composed by Robert Evett. And, of course, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) has undertaken the sponsorship of several cultural presentations on television, including the *Festival of the Performing Arts*.

Moreover, many companies have long contributed to relatively small-scale community projects; in the future these may blossom into major cultural undertakings designed to prove in deeds rather than words that corporations can be civic-minded in the broadest sense.

—PETER BART.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AFTER ALL THE BLOODY BATTLES, THE WAR IS BEING WON

The street is West 94th, between Amsterdam Avenue and Central Park West. New York newspapers dubbed it "the worst block in town." Its Negro and Puerto Rican residents share two rows of shabby brownstones and little else, except a mutual enmity which on occasion erupted into brutal civil war.

On to this block moved a young adult family named Mann. They were white. By all appearances they should have joined the trek to the suburbs, if only for their infant daughter's sake. But the Manns wanted to live in the city; they enjoy it. And they wanted their own home. So they plunked down $17,000 for a brownstone on 94th Street, added a similar sum for remodeling, and became the proud owners of an elegant town house on a nightmare block.

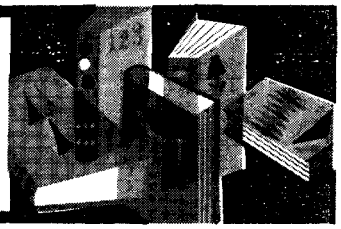
How the Manns, together with their neighbors, started to dispel the nightmare, makes for gratifying reading. The garbage on 94th Street was cleaned up, the "pushers" were pushed out, the noise was toned down; where there was no hope, hope was created. And together with hope, self respect. It didn't happen overnight. It was neither pleasant nor easy. But it did happen. And because human values were tended to and raised, real estate values on the block have improved, too, with some houses going at $25,000 and $35,000.

One young couple started it. They tell their story in the current Redbook, where it will be read by thousands of other young couples — Young Adults who come to Redbook to find meaningful topics treated seriously. Redbook never disappoints them, which is why Redbook is currently enjoying its tenth straight year of both circulation and advertising linage gains.

REDBOOK
THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Communications



What Paper Do They Read?

AS EVERY newspaperman knows, to report an event is often to shape the event, to mold it into something different from what it would have been if a reporter had not been present. A cluster of newsmen, pencils and cameras in hand, inevitably generates an atmosphere of excitement, and there have even been cases in which reporters, disappointed in the slow development of the news, have urged their quarry on to more "newsworthy" acts. But these are the obvious examples. There is also a more subtle sense in which the press influences contemporary history, and it is this that is examined in Bernard C. Cohen's valuable and occasionally startling study, *The Press and Foreign Policy* (Princeton, $6). Relying on interviews with journalists and government officials, the author asks this question: "What are the consequences, for the foreign policy-making environment, of the way that the press defines and performs its job, and of the way that its output is assimilated by the participants in the process?" His answer, meticulously documented and neatly reasoned, is a persuasive description of one power of the press that has seldom received the attention it deserves.

The press is sometimes thought of as a neutral and dispassionate conveyor belt for facts, but clearly such a role is as undesirable as it is impossible. For one thing, there is the essential question: What facts? As Mr. Cohen, a professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin, makes clear, newsmen themselves are far from agreed on what constitutes news; an objective, unambiguous definition has never been devised. It all depends on that almost metaphysical concept, a nose for news, and there are as many noses as newsmen. Even if newspapers do not tell people what to think, they do tell people what to think *about*.

Moreover, by selecting a development as newsworthy, the press can thrust it into the limelight, giving it an importance it might not otherwise have. A classic example was cited by the former U.S. Ambassador to Cuba, Andrew Gardner, in testimony before the Senate Internal Security Committee:

> Three front-page articles in the *New York Times* in early 1957, written by the editorialist Herbert Matthews, served to inflate Castro to world stature and world recognition. Until that time, Castro had been just another bandit in the Oriente Mountains of Cuba, with a handful of followers. . . . After the Matthews articles . . ., which likened him to Abraham Lincoln, he was able to get followers and funds in Cuba and in the United States. . . . Much of the American press began to picture Castro as a political Robin Hood.

One significance of such examples is that, according to Mr. Cohen's findings, the press exerts a surprising influence on policymakers. His interviews revealed that in many cases news of foreign developments reaches Washington offices via the papers long before it has been circulated in official reports. "The first thing we do," said one State Department official quoted by the author, "is read the newspaper—*the* newspaper—the *New York Times*. You can't work in the State Department without the *New York Times*." The *Times* is followed in importance by the Washington *Post*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the Baltimore *Sun*, and the Washington *Evening Star*, but it is the *Times* that has the most profound influence, both on government and on the rest of the press. (Many editors, in fact, regularly check the *Times* to verify their news judgments.) Said one staff specialist for a Congressman: "The newspaper is *the* source of foreign policy information—especially the *New York Times*, which is better than the State Department."

How well does the press do its job where foreign affairs are concerned? Mr. Cohen's conclusion is that "the existing pattern poorly serves the manifest interests of those who share in the formation of foreign policy. Although drawing issues to the forefront of policy attention, the press—in its choice of issues and in its treatment of them—at best contributes only randomly to intelligent policy-making in the democratic context, and at worst is destructive of coherence and planning in the pursuit of foreign policy objectives."

Responsible newsmen will inevitably quarrel with *The Press and Foreign Policy*, but they should not ignore it, or be deterred by its murky, somewhat sociological style. If it is not quite a brilliant book, it does at least make a worthwhile contribution to an important debate.

IS ANYBODY LISTENING? In 1922, only a couple of decades after Guglielmo Marconi had sent the first wireless message from Cornwall, England, to St. John's, Newfoundland, a magazine called *Radio Broadcast* made the extravagantly improbable prediction that "before the radio movement has reached its height and before the market for receiving apparatus becomes saturated there will be at least five million receiver sets in the United States."

The forecast fell a bit short of the mark. In the United States today, there are 183,000,000 radios in homes and another 47,000,000 in automobiles. The wondrous sounds that put them there are the subject of *It Sounds Impossible* (Macmillan, $6.95), a collection of fond reminiscences by two radio veterans, Sam J. Slate and Joe Cook. From the days of the crystal set to the raucous squawks of today's unholy rollers, the book rambles from anecdote to anecdote, haunting the reader with the ghosts of old voices, old friends. Here are Ruth Etting, Amos 'n' Andy, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Rudy Vallee, the gang at Duffy's Tavern, and the unforgettable squeaking door of *Inner Sanctum*.

But perhaps the most movingly revealing anecdote concerns newscaster Robert Trout, just after he had announced to the nation the end of World War II. "Then," he said, "a strange thought struck me. In one way—I thought—this is ludicrous. Here's the war coming to a great end—after fighting all over the world, and the whole center of the thing, as far as the CBS network is concerned, is me standing here with a little microphone in a room on Madison Avenue." That was radio in its great days—a little ludicrous but, in its way, wonderful.

But who in the world is going to pay $6.95 for a 253-page book?

—JAMES F. FIXX.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mitchell

Continued from page 70

art critic, was dispatched to Chartres to make a film on the celebrated cathedral. When it was finished, the company's French course was sent out complete with drill tapes, teachers' manuals, and workbooks.

As head of the film company, Mitchell also pioneered in programmed self-instruction. Experimental psychologists and subject matter specialists combined to create in programmed form approximately 80 per cent of the mathematics curriculum, which was then tested in five major American school systems before it was released. Mitchell was given an honorary degree by the University of Denver for his contribution to education.

When he assumed the presidency of the Britannica corporation in April 1962, Mitchell became the exceedingly active director of a complicated global organization with enough problems confronting it to satisfy even him. The Encyclopaedia Britannica alone would have been enough to consume the energies of most men. Merely to keep the Britannica up to date requires a major part of the encyclopaedia's Anglo-American staff of nearly 200 people, working with 175 advisers and consultants and more than 9,000 contributors scattered over the world. For the 1963 edition, this international staff changed more than 10,000,000 of the 36,000,000 words in the set; each change was a problem in itself.

The key to encyclopaedia making, says Mitchell, is organization, scholarship, and forward vision, with understanding of what is happening to the way knowledge is used. In this most complicated of editorial performances, the task is to keep the articles and the graphics material flowing in the proper channels at the proper time until they meet at the deadline. There is no room for second thoughts, but an adroit editor can sometimes postpone the moment of final decision.

An encyclopaedia is built around its schedules, which are planned to encompass an entire edition, with art and copy schedules integrated among a dozen or more countries. Ingenious as this integration may be, it is increasingly difficult for encyclopaedia makers to keep up with the explosion of knowledge. The index alone is, more and more, an appallingly complex task, but Mitchell hopes to solve that problem by making it with the aid of computers.

Looking ahead into a future that is not nearly as far away as it might appear, Mitchell foresees the time when an encyclopaedia user will have a five-volume index in his home, each entry followed by a dialing code number. Using an electronic device connected with his television set, and employing vacant channels, the user will dial the number of a particular entry. The signal will be received in Chicago by an electronic device which in turn will light up the television screen with a projection of words, pictures, film—everything the encyclopaedia has on the subject dialed.

Thus the primary aim of the Britannica organization, Mitchell points out, is not only to assemble and document man's knowledge, but to find new techniques for projecting it. "We need new kinds of encyclopaedias," Mitchell says. Children know much more at earlier ages and encyclopaedias must be adapted to their knowledge, employing every means of audiovisual communication. Teaching films will be correlated more and more with tests, and the increasing need for specialized knowledge will have to be met. Classrooms will be able to dial films as easily as teachers now get books from libraries.

Mitchell, though intrigued with the new technology, has a deep reverence for the printed word and libraries. A bibliophile, he also has his own small printing press, where he sets type by hand and runs off limited editions exhibiting the printer's art.

He has a profound conviction that he must do everything to maintain the high standards of scholarship set in the 195-year history of the Britannica. This is his central concern as he works with its distinguished board of editors.

Mitchell also is driven by a sense of dedication and mission in education. He serves as a member of the Board of Education of New Trier High School, one of the nation's most famous public schools; as chairman of the associates of the National College of Education; and he is a member of the board of the School Facilities Council. In 1961 he represented the United States at the UNESCO-ECA Conference on the Development of Education in Africa, held in Addis Ababa.

In a recent speech before the trustees and faculty of Fenn College in Cleveland he said: "As always in education, we move slowly. We meet the resistance of those who either do not understand or do not choose to understand. We are only on the starting line. Many things we have come to accept as routine in education will change radically. We must and shall find room for a great new generation in our schools." During the past decade Mitchell has been in demand as a speaker at educational meetings and has appeared before thousands of educators to discuss new trends.

The "explosion" of knowledge and the need to acquire it are world-wide. At the moment almost 50 per cent of the Britannica's business is done through its offices abroad. The company has two foreign-language encyclopaedias, Spanish, published in 1957, and Portuguese, to be published in 1964.

Mitchell sees a particularly fertile field for audio-visual education in Africa, where it may well play a significant role in the developing countries. In them the problem is to create a modern educational system where none existed before; thus it will be possible to build an entirely new system without being hampered by the past.

The promise of burgeoning technology is breathtaking, but Mitchell points out that it can be used for evil as well as good. "It is equally accessible to demagogues and pedagogues," he observes, and so devices of social control will be necessary eventually to prevent breakdowns and to insure the best possible uses for educational tools.

MEANWHILE, Mitchell's number one problem as EB president is not to "pitch," exactly, as he has all his life, but to direct and channel the growth of his organization. As he looks at the world map, even now, he can pinpoint twenty-seven executive and editorial offices, international headquarters offices and head offices of major distributors, not including a global network of sales offices. Besides the Britannica itself, with its headquarters in Chicago, there is the Encyclopaedia Britannica Press in Chicago, already publishing a line of children's books and shortly to establish a trade list in its New York office. It also publishes "Great Books of the Western World" and educational materials. Then there is Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc.; F. E. Compton & Co., turning out a pictured encyclopaedia; Britannica Schools offering correspondence courses; Britannica Academy for Adults; and Britannica offices in Australia, Canada, England, Switzerland, South Africa, New Zealand, Japan, Italy, Germany, France, Austria, Holland, Lebanon, India, Singapore, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Mexico.

In brief, the corporation is operating these days on an international scale. Mitchell traveled 40,000 miles between June and October this year (Benton says, "You can't run a railroad from the front office; you've got to get out on the ties") and he has problems that run the encyclopaedic scale from A to Z. Since Mitchell is unhappy only when he finds himself without problems, he is possibly the world's happiest corporation executive. With successful careers in journalism, broadcasting, advertising, film production, and education behind him, he is still the innovator, still pushing at the distant horizons.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 68

consumers, artists, and all the varied people who know *SR* contribute their ideas to a formal code of advertising standards. The only trouble with the current *SR* awards is that they are concerned mainly with public service advertisements. I would like to see a code written which would set standards for companies that wish to advertise their products directly. Both advertisers and consumers should benefit from such a code. The time is ripe to stop complaining and start doing something definite and constructive about the problem. *SR*, with its literary, artistic, and sociological interests, is the ideal vehicle.

Mrs. James A. Brown.

San Francisco, Calif.

Five Photos = 5,000 Words

You are to be commended for the article "Communicating a Community Service" [*SR*, Sept. 14]. The article is excellent and the five photos by Mr. Ransohoff are certainly equal to 5,000 words.

As a practical businessman, I venture the opinion that this is one of the most constructive articles I have read on the subject.

Irvin F. Westheimer.

Cincinnati, O.

The Other Side at Danville

In Richard L. Tobin's editorial of September 14, he states that when "all of the reporting staff of the Register Publishing Company in Danville, Virginia, were subpoenaed to court . . . it looked as though this Virginia tobacco community of 55,000 was in danger of a news blackout."

The wording of your editorial is ironic in two ways. As far as Danville Negroes are concerned, there has been a very long "news blackout" in local communications media. Newspapers have been used to maintain the status quo. The other fact is that during the early weeks of Negro demonstrations in Danville, no news at all was published about them. That is not just a threatened blackout, but an actual one.

After demonstrations began in Danville, sales of out-of-town newspapers skyrocketed. Danville people knew they would not get full or accurate coverage of these local events from the local newspapers.

In your conclusion you mention "the ghosts of Nazi Germany, of Stalinist Russia, of religious dictatorship in every century and hemisphere. . . ." These ghosts stalked Danville long before the Negroes' lawyers struck against injustice by summoning reporters to court.

I, too, believe in editorial freedom. I do not believe that newspapers should be used as weapons against a racial minority. When editorials are written into headlines and articles, so that the news is grossly distorted, and when a real news blackout is deliberately ordered by communications management, these facts deserve to be included in a discussion of freedom. While I deplore the threatened halt of newspaper publication in Danville, I also deplore the irresponsible use of freedom by the Register Publishing Company which evoked the response of the Negroes' lawyers.

Robert L. McCan.

Brookline, Mass.

Kudos and Explanations

Kudos to *SR* and to John Tebbel for sounding the tocsin in "What's Happening to Journalism Education?" [*SR*, Oct. 12].

Too many entrepreneurs of the mass media are unaware of the "creeping blight" permeating university campuses under the guise of "communications." Some contribute generous financial assistance for communications research in the mistaken belief that they are helping the mass media of information, printed and electronic, to enlighten and secure our free society by disseminating information important to its survival. They are unaware that 95 per cent of communications research covers multifarious activities ranging from toilet training to habits of the citizenry of Pau, France, in viewing motion pictures to effects of encoder-team congruity upon decoder perception.

This New Learning is reflected in a mood called "scientism," but it appears mostly outside the pure sciences. Researchers in communication, for the most part, are caught up in head-counting, attitude-"measuring," and "fact-finding." And where this mood prevails, graduate students are taught not to be concerned with values nor to let their minds play with ideas. They must not try to comprehend. Their business is to correlate, tabulate, and calculate; they do not seek understanding. All they seek and all they find are items. Those who are a part of the Communication Cult seem unable to understand that knowledge cannot be reckoned by quantity.

In the interest of semantic precision, it should be noted that the Ph.D. in journalism is neither widespread nor entirely the result of the introduction into the mainstream of journalism of the techniques of the sociologist and statistician. There are only five universities in the U.S. granting this degree—Northwestern University, Syracuse University, and the universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Missouri. And the University of Missouri has been granting the Ph.D. in journalism for more than twenty years.

The degree that has resulted and that is widespread is the Ph.D. in communication. Certainly not all, but some of the few who hold the Ph.D. degree in journalism are offended by their inclusion in any consideration of the Communication Cult.

Neil Gaylord.

Okemos, Mich.

John Tebbel, who seemed to be saying that journalism schools have lost sight of the forest because of the trees, gave a good view of journalism professors scurrying for the sort of status currently afforded education department staffers in many schools today.

Just for the record, however, East Tennessee State University (where I am a student) should be credited with deserving mention in Tebbel's "few schools and departments, both large and small, that take a professional, forward-looking approach to their work.") John Pitman, with few classes and few students, teaches journalism as it should be taught—realistically and thoroughly. He can probably produce a list of former students now in the business to prove it.

I had one year's experience in newspapering when I first enrolled in a class of his—an elementary course that added greatly to my small knowledge gained as a sportswriter, makeup man, and Sunday editor.

Russ DeVault.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

John Tebbel writes: "This introduction of the techniques of the sociologist and the statistician into the mainstream of journalism education has had some curious effects. It has produced the Ph.D. in journalism, a degree that once would have been laughed out of court but now has achieved respectability in the new field it represents, communications research, a specialty that may have its own value but is far removed from journalism."

I am fairly certain that there are in the United States only three Ph.D. degrees offered in journalism, at Missouri, Minnesota, and Northwestern. To my knowledge, none of the programs is dominated by the subject matter of "communications" or by "communications research." In any case, all of them were established before the intrusion of communications and communications research into journalism education in the late Forties. It is therefore an error to say that the introduction of the techniques of the sociologist and the statistician has produced the Ph.D. in journalism.

There are, on the other hand, six firmly established doctoral programs in communications, at Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Stanford, Syracuse, and Michigan State. While these programs are concerned with the techniques of the sociologist and the statistician (among others), they have hardly anything to do with journalism or professional education for journalism. They are, strictly speaking, "communications" programs and are not intended to prepare students for careers in journalism.

It is also a mistake, I think, to imply, as Professor Tebbel does, that graduate education in journalism has been taken over by communications and the communications researchers. I know of only one graduate program in journalism education that awards the master's degree in communications. In any case, the bulk of the many master's programs offered throughout the country are devoted to professional education for journalism and I do not anticipate that the situation will be much affected by the separate development of communications programs at the Ph.D. level.

Finally, I would like to take exception to the distinction Professor Tebbel seems to make between "professional" and "academic" education. What is implied, I'm afraid, is that educational programs for professional journalism ought not to be academic; *i.e.*, they ought not to intellectualize traditional subject matter. My own opinion is that professional education for journalism, far from

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being "dismayingly academic," is not academic or intellectual enough. Indeed, only to the extent that journalism education becomes increasingly academic will it be able to contribute to a knowledge and understanding of life and the world the journalist needs to render reality for his readers in a meaningful, rationally useful way. And that is what, in my opinion, journalism education should strive hardest to help the student to acquire.

JAY JENSEN, Head,
Department of Journalism,
University of Illinois.
Urbana, Ill.

JOHN TEBBEL'S article reflects an inadequacy which the "creeping blight" of communications research would strive to avoid; namely, conclusions based on insufficient evidence and a faulty sample. Further investigation would have shown Mr. Tebbel that deans, department heads, and professors of journalism without media experience form an extremely small minority; that a Ph.D. in journalism does not necessitate a program in research methodology (my own terminal degree from a large and honored university did not include that area, nor do the Ph.D.s of many of my contemporaries); and that accredited undergraduate programs still have a strong professional leaning.

Mr. Tebbel's self-conscious fear of sociologists appears to be based on the erroneous assumption that knowledge can be so neatly compartmentalized that social and behavioral theory has no relevance to communications acts. Surely Mr. Tebbel would not divorce medical research from the practice of medicine, jurisprudence from the practice of law, or experimental psychology from the work of the clinician. Why, then, does he recommend such a divorcement for journalism?

Mr. Tebbel recognizes the crucial importance of public communications but he fails to appreciate that only through research can the process and effects of such communications be fully understood. A field of learning that does not place research at its core is in danger of repetitive stagnation. Furthermore, the department or school of journalism has an obligation to its university to advance knowledge in its field. Both academic and professional stature will be gained by the faculty that contributes to a further understanding of its domain, even though the undefined boundaries of this domain may lead one into what Mr. Tebbel calls an "academic jungle." Better to try to clear the jungle than to stand before it in awe as something beyond human comprehension.

Careful examination of a greater number of journalism programs (especially those at the graduate level), course outlines, and Association for Education in Journalism convention programs would dispel Mr. Tebbel's fears. And if we don't read newspapers any more, Mr. Tebbel, it is perhaps because *SR* and others are doing such a commendable *research* job with their "communications" sections.

DONALD M. GILLMORE,
Department of Journalism,
University of North Dakota.
Grand Forks, N.D.

Destruction

Continued from page 27

about this. The types and degrees of insanity nearly defy man's powers of diagnosis and classification. They certainly defy man's predictive abilities. To know in advance who is or is not most likely to break under stress is a problem being given intensive investigation with results that are anything but reassuring. For one thing, the very qualities associated with unstable personalities rank high in the informal job specifications for a military career. Persons likely to find military careers attractive—especially in the extraordinary cold war conditions of the past few decades—may have a special psychological or ideological "fix" or "set."

THE fact that the consent of more than one man is required to launch an attack is only verbally, or logically, reassuring. It is by no means difficult to envision the possibility of two (or more) potentially unstable persons drawing duty assignment together. The awesome knowledge of the powerful monster under their "control" is not calculated to settle their nerves. Moreover, it is far from unusual for men in groups to lose their heads in unison. And even with sanity prevailing in the head of all but one man, that one man may be of such persuasiveness—typical among paranoids—as to overcome the restraints of the others. This is especially true in conditions of doubt or confusion. And unfortunately, our retaliatory situation is characterized by just such conditions.

Our systems experts, we must remember, no longer deal with men *and* machines, they deal with man-machine systems, a "bio-mechanical" linkage system between Presidential command and thermonuclear operations. Unfortunately, the mechanical part of the man-machine system is neither infallible nor definitive. Computers deal with probabilities. But when does a probability become a certainty? An unidentified flying object, for example, can be an almost infinite number of things. Machines can estimate these and their probabilities. But in the end, only men can decide the yes-or-no question. And when the issue remains in some statistical doubt, it will be men, not machines, that decide for or against an attack, placing the world at the mercy of the potential instability of human minds.

This is serious enough now. But with the growth of retaliatory systems, including Polaris subs and decentralized missile sites all over the world, the possibility of some accident, misjudgment, or crazed act of engagement somewhere in the retaliatory system becomes greatly magnified with the passage of time.

In addition, the notion of Presidential command is a perplexing one. Assuming that the President always makes the decision, he has the same problem. His information system is never absolute; the more the information is filtered, the more problematical it is. And beyond this, it is known that Presidential authority is decentralized. I. F. Stone states that as many as five officials have been identified who possess Presidential authority in thermonuclear matters. We do not know the facts of the case. However, the prospect of someone other than the President taking the decision certainly exists, and it adds another imponderable to the already disturbing features we classify under "human factors."

The fifth and final type of accidental war is technological. We have placed it last because it is the type that is importantly involved in *Fail-Safe*, and because it is the type that is most hotly debated in the current controversies over our book.

IN THE first place, there may be no such thing as a purely technological cause for accidental war. No matter what kind of technological failure one might imagine, one can also envisage the necessity for some human being to make some commitment—press some button or give some order—even though the human action might be virtually devoid of choice, so positive might be the information fed him through his computerized systems. Some people suggest that while this is true today, the time is far in the future that the whole retaliation system may become completely automated. The bio-mechanical link—man—is increasingly confronted with the attrition of his range of alternatives. As this happens, all that he can accomplish is to abort the system in the event of a true attack. The question arises: why keep him in the system at all? But we are told that this point has not arrived yet. Men are still at controls, if not "in" control. A technological failure, strictly speaking, would be a failure traceable to machinery alone with no contributory error by any human being. And while this is not a present likelihood in the strict sense, it is in another.

Systems designers do not think in terms of machines separately, and men separately, to be organized together as men and machines are organized in a factory. They think in terms of man-machine systems. The hyphen is important. The whole thing makes up one organic system: a man "hy-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phen" machine system. In training people for functioning in such a system, the thing that must be trained out of them is their discretionary functions. They must learn to trust their computer machines even when the machines tell their "overriders" things that defy human comprehension or credibility. The result is the creation of a "symbiotic" relationship between man and machine. In this sense, the combined system is a technological system, and any failure in it, even if it incorporated a contributory human element, would be in one sense a technological failure. Save for this way of interpreting man-machine systems, we seem not yet to have arrived at the point where a purely technological accident may trigger an accidental war. However, some degree of technological failure may be a contributory factor in all other types of potential accidents.

HAD the bomb that presumably dropped in North Carolina accidentally been detonated, it might have set in motion the sort of catastrophe described by Herman Kahn. Had it led to thermonuclear engagement, the initiatory cause would have been technological. This has been reinforced by England's Dr. J. C. Kendrew, who in 1962 was quoted as saying: "However many switches you have . . . it is inconceivable . . . that with one thing or another there will not be simply an accident, one will go off and will be misinterpreted and unleash much more than has been bargained for."

In April 1962 the Strategic Air Command confirmed earlier reports that during the Berlin crisis of 1961, five communications lines between the radar stations of the BEMEWS line and Omaha had failed. For an unstated period of time SAC was operating as if the only explanation was an enemy attack.

Three years previously occurred the famous incident in which Thomas J. Watson, president of IBM, and a member of Congress found themselves in the middle of what was assumed to be an all-out war. "For a half-hour," Mr. Watson said, "I did not know whether we were at war or not or whether we would ever see our families again."

Somewhat later a similar situation occurred and took us even closer to war. The explanation: new longer-range radar equipment had picked up signals bouncing from the rising moon and identified them as a transpolar Russian missile attack.

On October 3 the nation's newspapers carried an almost unbelievable story. NASA, in closing down its famed Project Mercury, indicted American industry for having supplied defective and malfunctioning equipment for use in the nation's space flights. NASA then admitted having lied previously about these technological failures. On the heels of this official statement that the country's most advanced space equipment was consistently accident-prone, Admiral Rickover repeated his statement that the same deficiencies had insistently bedeviled the nuclear submarine program.

Numerous other examples may be recalled by anyone who has been a careful reader of the press. Herman Kahn—reputedly one of the most knowledgeable persons in the world on these matters—has written: "I have put unpremeditated war (a euphemism for accidental war) at the top of the list, the fearful possibility that a war may occur almost unintentionally."

It is not putting the case too strongly to say that the issue of accidental war is the single most important political issue confronting the American people and the world. And it is the very issue which is least debated and least discussed in public, for people in general are helpless and mute, deprived of the security which might give voice to their fears and apprehensions were there only a responsible and reputable platform provided in which this issue were aired and made politically vital.

There was a time, not too remote in our history, in which this vacuum would have been filled by a responsible press. That was the day of personal and crusading journalism. It was a day in which the press contained many evils. It was the day of the great press lords —the day of yellow journalism. But it was also the day of the muckrakers: the day of the Ida Tarbells and the Upton Sinclairs. But those days, their virtues together with their sins, are gone. No longer does the press crusade in the public interest on the issues of greatest governmental sensitivity. Not even do politicians feel able to mount public debates on issues which their pollsters advise them might lead them too close to the area of "off limits" issues which could bring down upon their heads charges of irresponsibility and perhaps disloyalty. In view of this situation, how can average citizens be blamed for failing to speak out?

But there is a strong residue of critical capacity and thirst for truth in the American people. There is a silent, but nonetheless profound, disturbance over the *raison d'état* atmosphere of the cold war. It is this deep need that is being met, at least partially, by political novels like *Fail-Safe* and *Seven Days in May*. And it is this deep need that explains the otherwise inexplicable success of such novels. For they are testaments of protest against this age of suppressed issues and suppressed debate over the primary issue facing man: genocide by accident.

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 20

prised its way back into the inventory.

For all I know, the Army may have a simple system for taking care of such matters. Though from where I sat, nothing in the Army turned out to be simple except the minds of most of the G.I.s and all of the officers.

I don't really know how it would go, but I have mused at times over the mental picture of an ordnance officer checking and rechecking his accounts.

And then I have found myself imagining one of those decisive squareheads who would *make* it come out right. He is the one I think I am familiar with, the small-town Alexander with a Boy Scout knife with which to saw through any Gordian knot. Such a character would balance the books whether or not they liked being balanced. He is the one who would call out the local troops for a special fitness program, line them up on the firing range, and keep them there until the 12,000,000 rounds had been fired. At that point he would announce to the troops that they were fit, let them understand that they were lucky to have so farsighted an officer in command, send them off to make up the work they had been neglecting for their range practice, and himself return to a neatly balanced inventory—a place for every fiction and every fiction in its place.

AS I say, I am only indulging my imagination. I haven't a firm fact in sight on which to hang anything like a conclusion. But, if only as an exercise in conjecture, it seems reasonable enough. It might have been that way. That, at least, would have been recognizably an Army way of doing things.

In any case, if you happened to be working at that ammunition dump, and if you ever had occasion to wonder about those 12,000,000 rounds, this belated account will explain how they got there.

Or if you happened to G.I. at Mather in late 1945 or so, and if you found yourself doing a lot of range work with fifty calibers, this account may explain why.

And in case there are any left-over curiosities, let me say I had hit a crap game on my first arrival at Mather and was able to put in $480 for eight cases, which allowed me to set up housekeeping on Saipan with a whiskey cellar worth $3,360 at G.I. rates. Though as I figure it out at officer rates it only came to $105.60—which will once more illustrate the economic fallacy of being poor. It costs too much. At times, in fact, I think only the very rich can afford it.

—JOHN CIARDI.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES. 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

MEMO TO WRITERS: Helpful, honest advice, from authors and editors plus market lists showing where to sell manuscripts, monthly in THE WRITER magazine, $5 yearly. Send $1 for 3-month trial subscription. THE WRITER, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

BOOKS

THE BOOKLOVER'S ANSWER—New bimonthly magazine for book collectors! One year subscription $2.00. Sample 50¢. TBA, Webster 31, New York.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

FREE PAPERBACK CATALOGUE. New York Book Co., Mail Specialists, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

15¢ LITTLE BLUE BOOKS. Free catalogue. Larson's Books, Box 215, Cannon Falls, Minnesota.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

ART

JAPANESE HANDMADE PAPER. Comprehensive book-style catalogue, 108 samples tipped-in. Includes text and illustrations of paper-making. $3.50. IIS Crafts, CPO Box 1539, Tokyo, Japan.

ESKIMO PRINTS—1962 Cape Dorset, Povungnituk stonecuts, engravings. Approved Canadian Eskimo Art Committee. Alaska Art Gallery, 419 Second, Fairbanks, Alaska.

OUT-OF-PRINT

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

BOOKHUNTERS! Send Wants! Atlantic Book Service, 10K Cedar, Charlestown 29, Massachusetts.

LOCATE BOOKS! Aardvarks Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, 4 Brattle Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

GOOD BOOKS. Scholarly. Fine and Scarce, from stock. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT? Hard to find? We specialize in locating the difficult. Fast, reasonable. Ardsley Books, Box 4308, Sunnyside 4, N. Y.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Special collections built your needs. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee 38127. Book finders.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts — wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 S. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation. Free Search Service. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, California.

RECORD MART

MUSIC FROM GERMANY on imported records by Telefunken, Polydor and others. Ask for brochure. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

FREE! Just off the press! New fall catalogue of hundreds of classical and jazz record bargains—foreign and domestic. Write today: Dept. SL-10, Record Centre Stores, 821 Broadway, NYC.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

KEEP UP with life in Europe. Subscribe to German, Swiss, Austrian magazines. Catalogue on request. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, New York 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS — Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful 35 mm slides from 88 countries—all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it—restricted interiors—Holy Land narrations with new slides—Oberammergau 1960—Taniti—exciting peoples of the Far East! Send 25¢ for the big 88-page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi slides in true, living color. For more than 10 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 7113-A, Los Angeles 90025.

ARCHITECTURAL STUDIES: Western Europe, Greece. Catalogue 15¢. Educational Art Transparencies, 2371 Miramar, Cleveland, Ohio 44118.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

GUITAR KIT $24.95 (F.O.B. NYC). Fine spruce and maple wood. All materials and detailed assembling instructions supplied. DO IT YOURSELF and save (Assembled value $95). Also available to the trade. Hargail, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

FOLK GUITARS, BANJOS—Free brochure. Main Music, 4139 Main, Skokie, Illinois 60077.

DE BLAISE HARPSICHORDS: For Quality Craftsmanship, 453 West 21st, NYC 11.

HARPSICHORDS, constructed in the classical tradition, possessing a rich, sonorous tone. Four sizes are available, with either single or double keyboards. Virginals and spinets. For complete information contact: William Hyman, Harpsichord Builder, 61-29 170th Street, Flushing 65, N.Y. HIckory 5-4524.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

RUTH SLENCZYNSKA—NYC piano teaching studio. ENright 9-1093.

FOR THE GOURMET

INELUCTABLY ESCULENT! Look's "Atlantic" Maine seafoods. Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

ENJOY EXQUISITE DELICACIES from Europe. Ask for free Gourmet catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR CHRISTMAS. Pure Vermont maple syrup, fancy grade, guaranteed, prepaid listings on request. James M. Quimby, Jr., Maple Ridge Farm, Box 55, Peacham, Vermont.

HOBBIES

FABULOUS INTRODUCTORY GRAB BAG 25¢. Sensational approvals. Crown Stamps, Virgil 614, Ontario.

SPERM WHALE TOOTH, 4", $3.95. Free brochure. Peter Dirlam, Southbridge, Massachusetts.

FREE—50 Different stamps, with approvals. Alfred Fahsing, Atascadero, California.

(Continued on page 86)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 85)

PERSONALS

NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING? Find unusual, carefully selected gifts for all ages in our catalogue. House of Today, Box 354, Palo Alto, California.

2 X 2: NEW CARD GAME for people age 5 and up! Youngsters play-and-learn arithmetic without adult participation. School tested; educator endorsed. Sophisticated variations make corking cutthroat game for adults. Full instructions, attractively boxed deck 68 sturdy, colorful, 2½" x 4" cards: $2.00 ppd. Check, M.O., no C.O.D.s. Two Times Two, 1094 Hendersonville Road, Asheville, N.C. 28803.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue, New York 10021. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch. Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 11-3-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

OIL PORTRAIT, treasured gift, from photo. MAin 4-3961 NYC, evenings.

B.A. DEGREE PROGRAM FOR ADULTS. Six month independent study cycles begin and end with week on campus. College experience required. New enrollments accepted in February and August. Write Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

$5,000 ARTICLE WRITING CONTEST. Send for details to Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45210.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in San Francisco," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

CALIFORNIA JOBS! Tell us field you want; we'll mail listings postpaid. Send $2 to California Employment Directory, 582 Market, San Francisco 4.

PERSONALS

MONEY, FUN AND FAME for appearing on TV. Need unusual contestants for quiz show. Are your marriage, job, opinions unique? Call Mrs. Garrett, YUkon 6-3535 NYC between 10 and 6 weekdays.

FINNISH, DANISH, other hard-to-find cottons; Siamese silk. Irish handwoven tweeds and handknit sweaters; blankets such as you never dreamed of. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346. Circular.

DOG CHRISTMAS CARDS, hand colored. 25¢ brings sample. State breed. Betsey Brownell, 192 Bowen Street, Providence, Rhode Island 02906.

SHOWCASE THEATRE—Playwriting, Acting. Class and private. Showcases. 425 West 57th Street, NYC 19, COlumbus 5-0538, LExington 2-1100.

REQUEST OUR EXUBERANT CATALOGUE of Christmas gifts for intelligent individualists. Also brochure of eye-catching, inexpensive earrings. Kittery Carrousel, Kittery Point, Maine.

FOOT COMFORT, newest free catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

MATCH WITS WITH EXPERTS: Charades, Rebuses, Cryptograms, other word puzzle types. "Enigma," monthly; 6 issues $2. National Puzzlers' League, 292 Davis Street, Greenfield, Massachusetts 01301.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

STOPPERS—Glass Stoppers for Decanters. We can replace missing or repair broken stoppers, also china and glass covers. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 16.

WANTED: College and University Alumni and Alumnae directories published since 1960. Advise price and condition. Immediate payment. Herbert Dunhill & Associates, Ltd., 440 White Plains Road, Eastchester, New York.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN ORTHODOXY? American Humanist Association welcomes you! Nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Local chapters, publications. Three month trial membership $1; year, $5. American Humanist Association, Dept. SR5, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 135 Broadway, New York 6.

WORLD FAMOUS CLASSICAL GUITARS AND LUTES: Fine collection of the leading masters of Spain and Western Germany shipped on approval. Most reasonably priced. Write for particulars. Locker's—Importers, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

BROOKLYN COLLEGE GRADUATES: Often think of Professor Bernard Grebanier? Attend a testimonial dinner in his honor on Sunday, December 8th. $7.50 per ticket. Details, Box E-622. HURRY!

IMPORTED SCOTCH MOHAIR blankets, stoles, yarn. Scottish Woolens, 6531 Earl, Seattle, Washington.

REFINED YOUNG GENTLEMAN, versatile, prefers secretarial duties. Also landscaping, research. Box E-717.

ANYONE with formal education wishing to exchange research ability for food, home, etc.? Pleasant Los Angeles environs. Prefer mature, creative, knowledgeable person. Child no objection. Send resume. Box E-704.

RAUCOUS SATIRE on the orgy and other doings. 17" x 22" lithograph of the original engraving: William Hogarth's "Rake's Progress." Send $3.95 each, check or money order. Stock limited. Architectural Accessories, 8808 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90069.

PERSONALS

ALFRED DIXON SPEECH CENTER—a non-profit organization. JUdson 6-7579 NYC.

HARRIS TWEED $1.00 yard, buttons, 800, $1.00. Catalogue 50¢. Schaefer, Drummondville, Quebec.

FRESH FLOWER FRAGRANCES of exquisite fidelity to living flowers: Eau de May Cove in delightful flacons, charmingly packaged. Flower and price list from May Cove, Mathews, Virginia.

STUDENT CENTERED EDUCATION. Bright, creative students only. Blake College, Queretaro 171, Mexico City 7.

HARDWOOD CHESSBOARDS, 15" square. $10.95 postpaid. Chess tables, furniture. Simon Watts, South Newfane, Vermont.

MEXICAN PINATAS—Burros, Toros, Stars, Elephants. Postpaid $5.50. Casita de las Pinatas, Box 2271, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

HELP PASS a Cold War GI Bill. Write Committee to Aid Cold War Veterans, 431 West 121st Street, New York, N.Y. 10027.

WANTED: Presentation, association copies of Robert Frost; also M.S., A.L.S. Always interested. Howard Schmitt, 43 Rosedale, Hamburg, N.Y.

FOR SALE: Two violins, handmade from imported German wood. Excellent tone and craftsmanship. $125-$200. UNiversity 1-5189 NYC.

ADAPTABLE ENGLISH GIRL, university graduate, editing, personnel, professional experience, seeks post NYC. Box E-708.

MAN, 27, Harvard PBK, seeks European employment. Experienced (4 years) in editing/publishing. Box E-721.

PRIVATE FRENCH LESSONS by experienced, successful teacher. LOrraine 9-8323 NYC.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY available—experienced music, editorial international relations. German, French, Italian. Excellent references. NYC. Box E-699.

COLLEGE GRAD, 25, B.S. psychology, former Naval officer, seeks unusual travel opportunity. Box E-722.

ENGLISH TEACHER: 2 years high school teaching experience, recommendations, 30 hours beyond B.A., single, male, 25, employable November. Box E-711.

WANTED: Co-partner to assist running bookshop in Saint Augustine, Florida. Write SR Box E-709.

BASIC CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH. Private, group lessons by qualified native French lady. Will tutor students. NYC. Box E-728.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA employment opportunity. Provincial Archivist, Department of the Provincial Secretary, Provincial Museum, Edmonton. Applicants please state minimum acceptable salary. Will direct the development of a new Provincial Archives and advise on planning of a new building. Considerable experience in government archives; postgraduate degree in history or political science, plus courses in archives management; considerable knowledge of the History of the Great Plains. Competition No. 63-334. For details and application forms apply to the Personnel Administration Office, Room D 203, Terrace Building, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

SUMMERHILL INSPIRED—Lewis-Wadhams School. Housemother-teacher, age 20-30. Elementary age children. Write Wilf Blakeley, Headmaster, Lewis-Wadhams School, R.D., Westport, New York.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Houses, acreage for skiing, summer or retirement. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Broker. 802-824-5457.

WOODSTOCK, N.Y. (Summer theatre, etc.) Overlooking unspoiled lake, terraced hillside with heated greenhouse, rock garden, many rare plants. House winterized, 8 rooms, comfortable as old shoe. $18,800. Write Hector Black, Lake Hill, N.Y. Phone 914-679-8233.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale—Furnished

FULLY FURNISHED 5 room hunter's lodge. Gas heat, large patio, 100' x 100', corner fireplace. Mt. Lodge Park, vicinity of Monroe, N.Y. $7,200. 516-BA 3-8438.

For Rent—Furnished

SMALL, MODERN HOMES, completely furnished for comfortable living in Arizona's mild winter, at CAVE CREEK RANCH, 62 miles northwest of Douglas, Arizona. Secluded in foothills of Chiricahua Mountains; specially attractive for birders, photographers, nature lovers. Open all year. Write CAVE CREEK RANCH, Portal, Arizona.

HOUSE TO SHARE

AVAILABLE—house, mild climate, to share with writer or graduate student of comparable age and tastes of young businessman. Box E-725.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

VACATION LOAN A HOME SERVICE. Exchanges arranged between reputable people. Box 556, Carmichael, California.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

RIGHT IN THE CENTER. 16 popular ski slopes within an hour's drive. Build on open or wooded acreage adjoining small highland lake. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

BUY YOUR OWN private mountain! 172 wooded acres. Route 100 in heart of Vermont ski areas—Bromley, Magic, Stratton, Okemo. $100 acre. Box E-710.

CAMPS

FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

RETIREMENT HOTEL with the finest to offer in year-round living, low rates. The Manor Retirement Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina.

RETIREMENT LIVING. No cash investment. Couples, single persons. Church-sponsored, nondenominational. Beautiful surroundings, all new. Pay expenses like monthly rent. Write: First Community Village, 1800 Riverside Drive, Columbus, Ohio.

CO-OPS for intelligent clientele from $8,190. Monthly upkeep $16. Crystal, Box 973. Beautiful Hollywood, sunny Florida.

RETIRING? Work or play on the tranquil shores of beautiful Lake Chapala in Mexico. Lakeside lots $3,000 to $3,500. Golfing, boating, swimming, riding, duplicate bridge, chess. Acknowledged one of the world's five finest year-round climates. Inexpensive living, low taxes, servants, lights, water. Join the hundreds of creative Americans enjoying living at its best. Basic building costs $3.25 sq. ft. We're so sure we offer one round trip tourist air fare from anywhere continental US to inspect, if you buy. Write Fraccionamiento Tio Domingo, Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico.

VACATIONS

TUCSON, ARIZONA. WILMOT INN. Desert pleasures with maximum creature comforts in patio rooms and apartments. Swimming, transportation to University events. Varied menu, European Plan. Exciting plays weekly in the Inn's Dinner Theatre. 330 South Wilmot.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

HOW TO HAVE A BETTER VACATION—Try Florida's Distinctive Resort Area: Sarasota County. Literate, informal. Send for FREE fact-filled brochure. Color photographs of our beaches, fishing, golf, music, art, theatre, attractions. Answers your questions. Helps you plan. Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 308D, Sarasota, Florida.

EUROPEAN TRIP? English girl graduate will plan your holiday and drive you in her comfortable new car. Experienced driver, wide knowledge Europe/languages. Please write if interested to Box E-723.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments, TV, Pool, Public beach. FREE Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

GOOD HOPE in Jamaica. A paradise for Winter riding. 60 saddle horses. 20 marked trails. Ancient manor house, richly furnished. Swimming, lawn sports, calypso singing. 2,000 acre ranch. 3 hours from New York, 2 from Miami. Write for information. Good Hope, Falmouth, Jamaica, W. I.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

NOTHING TO OFFER but gracious living at the beautiful ALABAMA HOTEL in Winter Park, Florida. Spacious tropical park bordering scenic Lake Maitland, making out-of-doors living a delight. Every opportunity to enjoy Central Florida and the unsurpassed winter climate to the fullest. Cultural, private club atmosphere. American Plan. $14 to $24. Inquire about special rates for year round occupancy.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $11 to $15 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

FAMILY ADVENTURE? Bahamas Out-Islands housekeeping cottages for five, amidst blue water and lush tropical foliage. $100 per week including car. Box E-294.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Christmas! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

FREE ANTIQUITY CATALOGUE—Annotated Illustrations. Ancient Scarabs, Lamps, Figurines, Roman Glass, Coins, Weapons, Textiles and more! PLUS, Ancient Egyptian Jewelry colorfully displayed. Write Dept. SV-1, ALADDIN HOUSE, LTD., 520 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036.

HOUSEBOATS: You're the captain on an unforgettable houseboat vacation on central Florida's Chain-of-Lakes. Sun, swim, fish, write, in home comfort. Brochure. Pontoon Marina, Star Route, Box 25, St. Cloud, Florida.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

STUDY AND TRAVEL. Live with private families 30-60 days in either France, England, Germany, Italy, or Spain—ages 11-22; from $1,050. Students 17-27. 60 days residence and study at Le Fleuron, Florence and tour of Europe, $1,875. Paris France Europe Association for Study & Travel, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. CIrcle 5-3560.

LATIN AMERICA: a brilliantly conducted tour "in depth" for the intelligent traveler, a panorama of past and present in great cities, the wilds of the Andes, the Amazon jungles. July-August, six weeks, ten countries—a stimulating and supremely enjoyable vacation, unique for value. STUDY ABROAD Inc./250 West 57th, NYC/Box 1505, Escondido, California.

TRAVEL

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

TEACHERS—SUMMER 1964. Free travel to everywhere as tour leaders, with or without following. Call or write for weekend or evening appointment. Mrs. Ceroni, SITA World Travel, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, 212-265-7070.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL. 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, weekly $26 up, singles daily $7 up, doubles $11 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL GUIDEBOOK . . . Complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips from U.S. and Canada to all ports of the world. New, Winter 1963-64, 22nd edition is fully illustrated and contains 112 pages of descriptive information relating to the vessels, cost, departures, accommodations, length of voyage, ports of call, etc. Used as the "OFFICIAL GUIDEBOOK" by leading Travel Agents. Price $2.75 postpaid, subscription $5.00, two semi-annual issues (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 18, Box 505, Woodland Hills, California.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Singles from $6, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

YOU, TOO, can sail around the world! Visit four continents (including Australia and New Zealand!). Travel aboard spacious Dutch passenger liners "Oranje" of Nederland Line, or "Willem Ruys" of Royal Rotterdam Lloyd. Enjoy Continental cuisine and attentive service. 76 day voyages for as little as $13 a day. 8 sailings annually from Port Everglades, Florida. Some calls at New York. See your travel agent or write Dutch World Services, Holland America Line, Pier 40, New York 14, N. Y.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates—especially for package combinations. And if you are driving to New York write for helpful city driving map. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17. Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1544

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Caused to bridle.

B. Term of uncertain meaning in title of *Psalm xlvi*, taken as meaning the name of the tune for it.

C. Rendered invalid; contravened (a Federal law by act of a State).

D. English bookseller, first to publish works of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge (1770-1853).

E. Substance widely used in making alcoholic liquors, bread, etc.

F. Short, suggestive expression of a guiding principle.

G. Give as security; impignorate.

H. Followed by Word J, what "runs low", when "'tis time to close the five ports of Knowledge" (Sir Thomas Browne, 17th cent. poet; 2 wds.).

I. The most exquisite, all-round-best, object (2 wds.).

J. See Word H (2 wds.)

K. Thin bead strung between larger beads in a necklace.

L. Birthplace of Heinrich Heine.

M. One of the "bony fishes".

WORDS

118 45 100 80 35 110 182

123 13 106 161 93 49 168

64 146 127 72 190 189 87 104 59

41 101 12 21 126 162

96 172 125 132 148

8 111 32 124 98

82 2 112 14 86 31

92 103 5 145 34 50 20 58 135 83 25

150 15 43 108 175 179 139 56 121

54 38 74 27 48 120 89 94

11 23 166 4 114 136

137 116 37 186 62 95 178 42 68 188

73 152 113 181 39 159 144

DEFINITIONS

N. Fabric used, among many other ways, for window shades.

O. Describing the fife which Othello said goodby to, along with other familiar things of the camp (comp).

P. Shakespeare's word to turn upside down, cover as with a hollow vessel; now in only dialect use.

Q. Ancient city opp. N shore of island of Lesbos; Aristotle once taught there for seven years.

R. (Of one thing) as compared with (another; 2 wds.).

S. Place in a hollow container of glass or other substance, with comparatively narrow neck or opening.

T. Most spoiled (WNI III).

U. She whose hair was described as Word W by George Chapman *(Blind Beggar of Alexandria)*.

V. Perfumed powder to mask the odor of sweat.

W. See Word U (comp.).

X. Freed from coldness or reserve; caused to grow gentle or genial (2 wds.).

Y. Expression of the countenance.

Z. Often the last word.

WORDS

180 187 71 130 169 156 17

65 129 151 138 165 75 122 157 177 90 84

184 164 149 29 44 119

176 76 47 18 63

117 60 22 154 77 191

67 107 115 91 85 163 6 3

33 160 99 61 173 52 79 105 69

171 24 40 10 97 185 88 36

183 78 109 7 170 1

57 66 30 46 9 143 141 174 147 53 167

128 81 55 19 70 16 51 140 102

28 155 134 131 153

158 26 133 142

DIRECTIONS

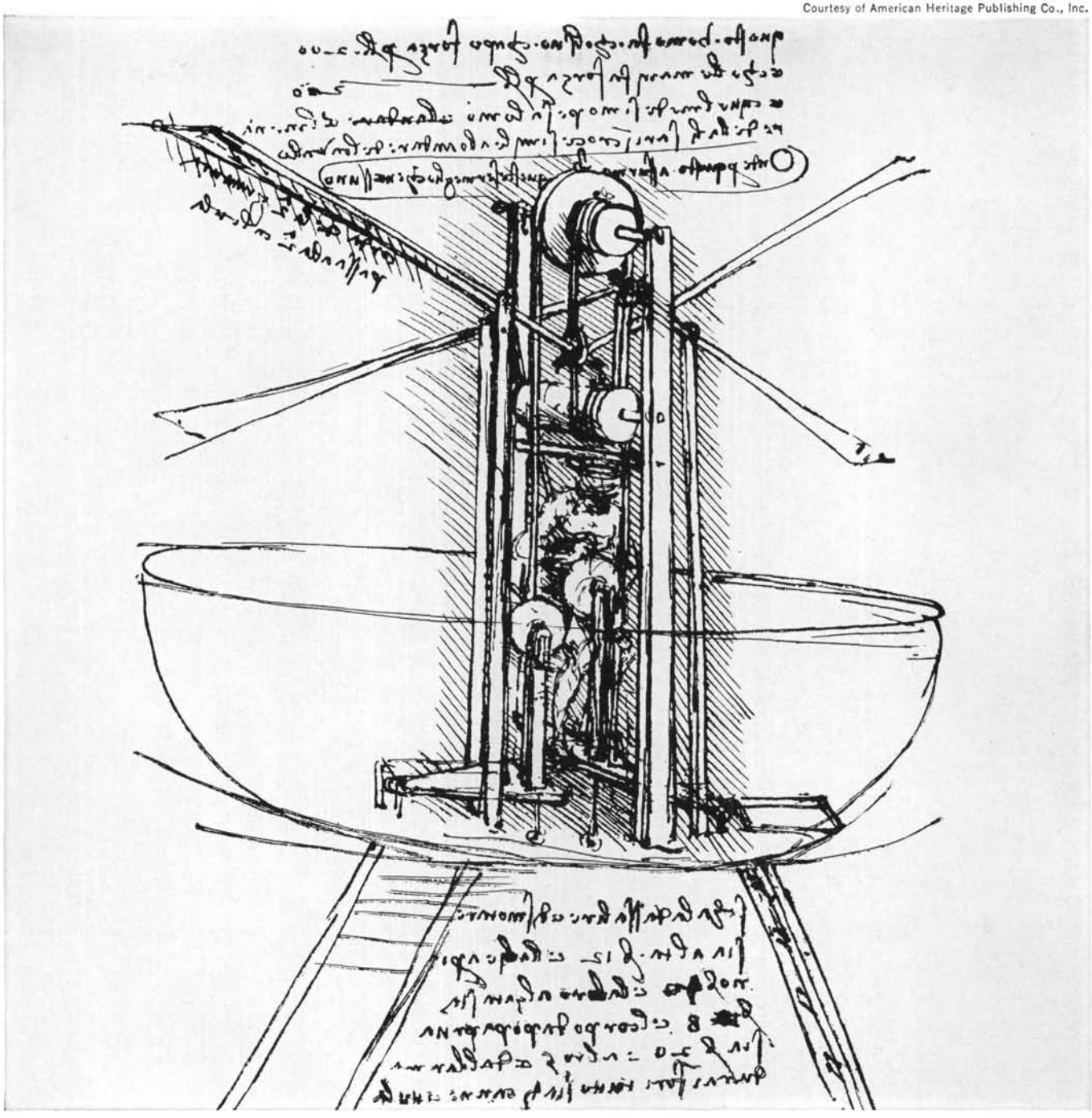
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 V	2 G	3 S		4 K	5 H		6 S	7 V	8 F	9 W	10 U	11 K	12 D		13 B								
14 G	15 I	16 X		17 N	18 Q	19 X	20 H		21 D	22 R	23 K		24 U	25 H	26 Z	27 J								
28 Y	29 P	30 W	31 G	32 F		33 T	34 H	35 A	36 U	37 L		38 J	39 M	40 U		41 D								
42 L	43 I	44 P	45 A	46 W	47 Q	48 J	49 B	50 H	51 X	52 T		53 W	54 J		55 X	56 I								
57 W	58 H	59 C	60 R	61 T	62 L	63 Q		64 C	65 O	66 W	67 S	68 L		69 T	70 X	71 N								
72 C		73 M	74 J	75 O		76 Q	77 R	78 V	79 T		80 A	81 X	82 G	83 H	84 O									
85 S	86 G	87 C	88 U	89 J		90 O	91 S	92 H		93 B	94 J	95 L	96 E		97 U	98 F								
99 T		100 A	101 D		102 X	103 H	104 C		105 T	106 B	107 S	108 I		109 V	110 A	111 F								
112 G	113 M	114 K		115 S	116 L	117 R		118 A	119 P	120 J	121 I	122 O		123 B	124 F									
125 E	126 D	127 C		128 X	129 O	130 N	131 Y		132 E	133 Z	134 Y	135 H	136 K	137 L		138 O								
139 I	140 X	141 W		142 Z	143 W	144 M		145 H	146 C	147 W	148 E	149 P		150 I	151 O	152 M								
153 Y	154 R		155 Y	156 N	157 O	158 Z		159 M	160 T	161 B	162 D	163 S	164 P	165 O	166 K	167 W								
	168 B	169 N	170 V		171 U	172 E	173 T	174 W		175 I	176 Q	177 O	178 L		179 I	180 N								
181 M		182 A	183 V	184 P		185 U	186 L		187 N	188 L	189 C		190 C	191 R										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy of American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc.



That eggbeater contraption is a flying machine.

Leonardo Da Vinci designed it back in the 15th century. He felt flying was an art.

O. K., so as a flyer he was a great painter. But we like his spirit.

You can paint, fly, play a violin or walk a tightrope with all the cold efficient precision in the world. And leave your customers cold, too.

Or, you can do it with warmth and vigor and color.

Like Leonardo.

Precision has its place but Alitalia believes it belongs up in the cockpit with the pilot.

And Alitalia (typically Italian) believes the romance and fun of flying and travel belong back in the cabin with the passengers.

So it is.

But don't take our word for it. Ask your Travel Agent for reservations and see for yourself.

Spoil yourself on one of our daily flights to London or Milan or Rome. Super DC-8 Jet service from New York, Boston, Chicago and Montreal.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

Serving 78 cities in 46 nations on 6 continents.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the wines you loved in Paris!

They come to you from France, with love. For these are wines of the best growths and the best years from Barton & Guestier —backed by more than two hundred years of wine authority. Ask for B&G—wherever fine wines are sold or served,

the finest wines of France

B&G

Browne-Vintners Co., New York, N.Y., Sole Dist. for the U.S.A.

FROM BORDEAUX:

Medoc, B&G. Medium, not too dry; red
St. Emilion, B&G. Robust, big-bodied; red
St. Julien, B&G. Charming, delicate, dry; red
Graves, B&G. Fresh, fruity, medium dry; white
Sauternes, B&G. Golden, velvety; full bodied

FROM BURGUNDY:

Macon, B&G. Delightfully soft red wine
Beaujolais, B&G. Lively, fruity; red
Pommard, B&G. Big, strong, rich; red
Pouilly Fuisse, B&G. White, fresh, delicate
Chablis, B&G. Crisp, dry; white

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED